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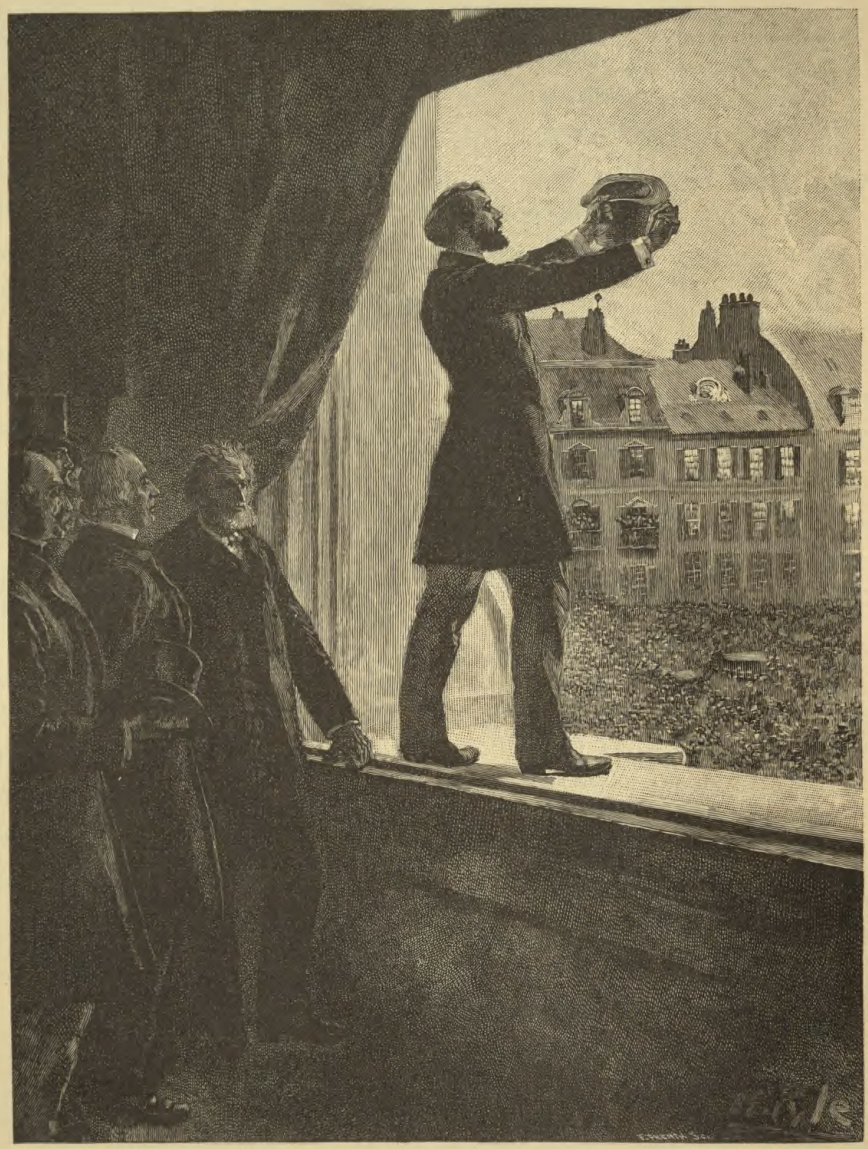

GAMBETTA PROCLAIMING THE REPUBLIC OF FRANCE.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1887. No. 1.

REMINISCENCES OF

THE SIEGE AND COMMUNE OF PARIS.

By E. B. Washburne, Ex-Minister to France.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE EMPIRE.

I WAS on the point of leaving Paris for a brief rest, when, toward the last of June, 1870, there arose so suddenly what was known as the "Hohenzollern incident;" which assumed so much importance, as it led up to the Franco-German war. In June, 1868, the Queen Isabella had been chased from Spain and had sought refuge in France. The Spanish Cortes, maintaining the monarchical form, offered the crown of Spain to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, a relation of the King of Prussia. The French Minister at Madrid telegraphed that Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern had been nominated to the throne of Spain and had accepted. This produced the utmost excitement and indignation among the French people. The Paris press teemed with articles more or less violent, calling on the government to prevent this outrage, even at the cost of war. The journals of all shades were unanimous in the matter, contending that it was an insult and peril to France, and could not be tolerated. The opposition in the Chamber made the incident an occasion for attacking the government, alleging that it was to its weak and vacillating policy that she was indebted for her fresh humiliation. The government journals, however, laid the whole blame upon the ambition of Count Bismarck, who had become to them a *bête noir*. He was accused of everything, and charged with doing everything for the grandeur of Prussia and the unification of Germany; all of which, they alleged, was on account of his hatred for France. The Duke de Gramont, Minister of Foreign Affairs, was interpellated in the Chamber on the subject, and, in reply, declared that France would not permit any foreign power to place one of its princes upon the throne of Charles the Fifth, and disturb, to the detriment of France, the present equilibrium of Europe. All parties in the Chamber received this declaration with the utmost enthusiasm. The opposition members, who were largely in the minority, made as much noise as the government deputies. Much of this was owing to the personal feeling against Bismarck, and both parties vied with each other in showing the extent of their dislike to the great Prussian Chancellor. Much pressure was soon brought to bear in the proper quarters, and the result of this was the withdrawal of the Hohenzollern candidacy. Explanations were made, better counsels seemed to prevail, and all immediate trouble appeared averted.

It became quite certain that all danger of a war between France and Germany was at an end; and, all being quiet on the banks of the Seine, on the 3d of July I left Paris in pursuit of health and recreation at the healing

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waters of Carlsbad in far-off Bohemia. I had hardly reached Carlsbad, when scanty news was received of a somewhat

Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern.

threatening character. I could hardly believe that anything very serious was likely to result; yet I was somewhat uneasy.

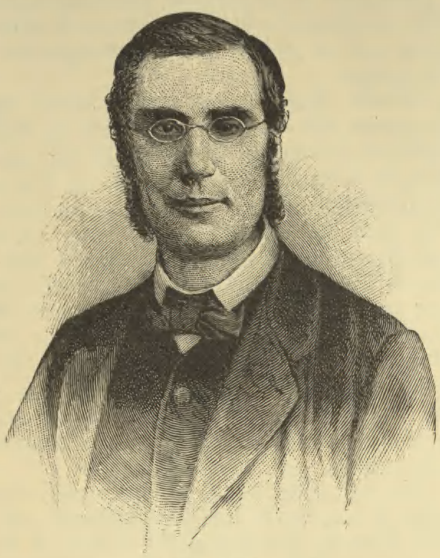
As I was going to drink the water at one of the health-giving springs, early in the morning of the 15th of July, my Alsatian valet brought me the startling news that a private telegram, received at midnight, gave the intelligence that France had declared war against Germany. The news fell upon the thousands of visitors and the people of Carlsbad like a clap of thunder in a cloudless sky, and the most intense excitement prevailed. The nearest railroad at that time was at Eger, thirty miles distant. The visitors were then all dependent upon the diligence, which only left Carlsbad at night. I immediately determined to return to Paris, as my post of duty. Hiring my seat in the diligence, I rode all night from Carlsbad to Eger. Taking the railroad from Eger to Paris, and passing through Bavaria, Baden, and the valley of the Rhine, the excitement was something prodigious, and recalled to me the days at home of the firing upon Sumter in 1861. The troops were everywhere rushing to the depots; the trains were all blocked, and confusion reigned supreme. After great delays and much discomfort, and a journey of fifty-two hours, I reached Paris at ten o'clock at night, July 18th. The great masses of people, naturally so excitable and turbulent, had been maddened by the false news, so skilfully disseminated, that King William, at Ems, had insulted the French nation through its Ambassador. The streets, the boulevards, the avenues, were filled with people in the greatest state of enthusiasm and excitation. The Champs Elysées, with their brilliant and flashing gas-lights and all the cafés and open-air concert gardens, were encumbered by an immense multitude who filled the air with cries of "*À Berlin en huit jours!*" and whose hearts were set on fire by the refrain of the Marseillaise, that hymn of free France:

"*Allons enfants de la Patrie,*
Le jour de gloire est arrivé."

It soon turned out that all the reports which had been spread over Paris, that King William had insulted the French Ambassador, were utterly false, and had not the slightest foundation to rest upon. The French Ambassador, M. Benedetti, denied that he had received the least indignity from the King. The plain truth seemed to be that the French Ambassador courteously approached the King, while walking in the garden of the Kursaal, and spoke to him in relation to the pending difficulties then existing between the two countries. The good old King was kind and polite, as he always is to everyone with whom he comes in contact, and when M. Benedetti began to speak in relation to matters of such a grave character, he politely stated that he would have to talk upon such questions with the German Foreign Office. All that was very proper; and nobody thought of it or supposed that there was any indignity, as there was not the slightest intended. The very spot where this meeting took place is now marked by a tablet, bearing date of the day of the occurrence.

The exaggerations in Paris and France of this simple incident surpassed all bounds, and they were apparently made to inflame the people still more. It really appeared that the Emperor and Government of France had determined

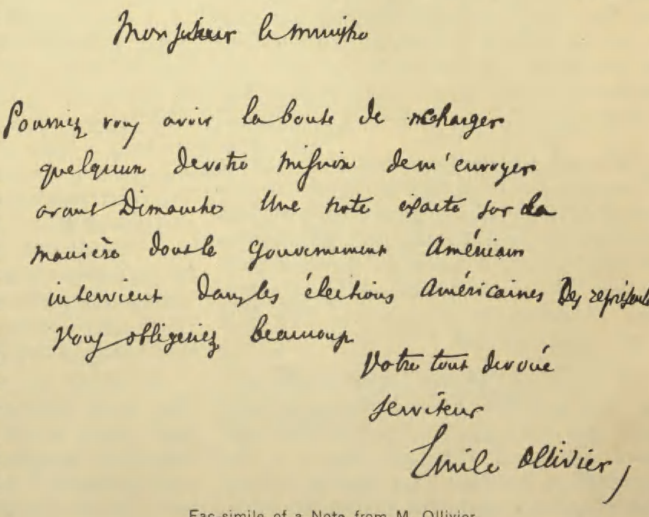
crowd had assembled, and delivered into the hands of a person, who was evidently



Emile Ollivier.

his confederate, what he pretended was an official despatch, which gave an account of a great battle having been fought in which the French were victorious, taking forty guns and twenty-five thousand prisoners, among whom was included the Crown Prince. A spark of fire falling upon a magazine could hardly have produced a greater explosion. The assembled multitude broke out into the wildest shouts, and the contents of the despatch were repeated from mouth to mouth, and men ran in every direction communicating the joyful intelligence. The people rushed into the streets; the tricolor was everywhere displayed; men embraced and kissed each other, shedding tears of joy; shouts, vociferations, and oaths filled the air, and such a delirium was never before witnessed. Rue Richelieu, the Boulevards of Montmartre and the Italiens, and the Rue de la Paix were filled with people singing the Marseillaise. Everybody declared that the news was true; the official report had been seen and closely scanned, and there could be no doubt of its correctness. Madame Sass, a distinguished opera-singer, was found in the street, and the crowd insisted upon her singing the Marseillaise from her carriage, which she did three times amid transports of enthusiasm. In another part of the streets the multitude forced another distinguished singer to mount to the top of an omnibus, also to sing the Marseillaise.

Soon the furor of the enthusiasm began to abate; and some persons were wise enough to suggest that it would be well to inquire more particularly into the news, and to see whether or not it should be confirmed. The result of the inquiry was that it was a stupendous hoax. The songs at once ceased, the flags were taken in, and the victims of the canard began to feel indignant. As the affair originated at the Bourse, the cry was raised in the crowd "*à la Bourse!*" and away the people went, breathing vengeance against the money-changers and speculators, who, it was alleged, had taken advantage of the



Fac-simile of a Note from M. Ollivier.

false report to get the benefit of a rise of about four per cent. in the stocks. Never were money-changers

troops were full of "*élan*," and that the situation was not yet compromised; but that the enemy was on French territory and a serious effort was necessary. Thereupon the proclamation went on to say that in the presence of the grave news the duty was clear; and that therefore:

"The Chambers are convoked; we shall place Paris in a state of defence; to facilitate the execution of military preparations, we declare it in a state of siege."

A decree of the Empress-Regent convoked the Senate and the *Corps Législatif* for Thursday, the 11th of August. Another decree placed the department of the Seine in a state of siege. No person not in Paris at the time could have any adequate idea of the state of feeling which the extraordinary news from the battle-field had created; and now these declarations were added to it. Never had Paris seen such a day since the time of the first revolution. The whole people appeared to be paralyzed by the terrible events which had burst upon them in such rapid and fearful succession. The rain had some influence in keeping the people from the street; but on going down-town, on the afternoon of Sunday, I found them collected in knots about the Grand Hôtel and on the boulevards, reading the newspapers and discussing the situation. Soon after, I saw large crowds of people proceeding in the rain toward the Ministry of Justice, in the Place Vendôme, which seemed to be the objective point, owing to the hostility which existed against Émile Ollivier. The rain, however, dampened the ardor of the crowd and it soon dispersed.

After these exhibitions, which would never have taken place had the people been advised of the true state of things in the field of military operations, the French Government wisely concluded that it was of no use to try any longer to conceal the real state of facts. Then they began to give out certain laconic and ambiguous despatches, which still increased the public anxiety. They all summed up that the French arms had been terribly beaten.

The full particulars of the fatal battles had, by this time, reached the Empress at the palace of St. Cloud. The last and most fatal and disquieting news reached her in the night of the 6th of August. Overcome and almost distracted by the terrible blow, she determined in the night to go at once to Paris and take up her residence at the Tuileries. Soon after the Emperor left Paris I had received a communication from my Government which, according to diplomatic etiquette, had to be presented to the Emperor in person. In his absence it had to be presented to the Empress-Regent. I had announced at the Foreign Office the mission with which I was charged, and asked when I could be received by the Empress-Regent. An early day was designated, and at the palace of St. Cloud. Early in the morning of the day named I received a note stating that I would be received at the Tuileries at eleven o'clock of that day, instead of at St. Cloud. It was the night before that the terrible news had been received from the battle-field which had brought the Empress back.

At the hour fixed I went to the palace to perform my mission. Received by the Master of Ceremonies, I was soon ushered into the presence of the Empress-Regent. After the ordinary salutation and the delivery of my message, we entered into conversation in respect to the news which had just been made public over Paris. She had evidently passed a sleepless and agitated night, and was in great distress of mind. She at once began to speak of the news which she had received, and of the effect it would have on the French people. I suggested to her that it might not be as bad as reported, and that the consequences, in the end, might be far better than the present circumstances indicated. I spoke to her about our first battle of Bull Run and the defeat that the Union armies had received; and that such defeat had only stimulated greater exertions, and had led to that display of courage, heroism, and endurance which had, in the end, suppressed the Rebellion. She replied: "I only wish the French, in these respects, were like you Americans; but I am afraid they would be too much discouraged and give up too soon." On the same day she issued a proclamation to the

Paris; and that, in order to save the country, the Chamber should take all the powers into its own hands. He then proposed a decree providing for an Executive Committee of fifteen deputies, who should be invested with the full power of government to repel foreign invasion. This proposition was received with yells of denunciation by the Right, who denounced it as revolutionary and unconstitutional, and the President so decided.

After M. Favre had concluded, Granier de Cassagnac, a member of the Extreme Right, rushed to the tribune, and his first words were to denounce the proposition of Favre as the commencement of revolution. He proceeded in a strain of bitter denunciation, amid the shouts, vociferations, and the gestures of almost the entire Left. He accused them of hiding behind their privileges to destroy the government of the Emperor, who was in the face of the enemy. Here there came interruptions, calls to order, and threats. Thirty members of the Left rose to their feet, yelling at Cas-

Garnier-Pagès.

sagnac and shaking their fists toward him, and he returned the compliment by shaking his fist at them. All this time the members of the Right were applauding Cassagnac, who finally wound up with the terrible threat that if he were a minister he would send the members of the Left to a military tribunal before night. This was followed by one of the most terrific explosions ever witnessed in a legislative body. All the deputies of the Left jumped to their feet and raised their voices in most indignant protest. And then rose up the deputies of the Right to drown the cries of the Left with their own vociferations. Jules Simon, who was then simply a deputy from Paris, and who has since occupied so many high positions in France, rushed into the area in front of the tribune, gesticulating with vehemence and saying that if they dared to send them to a council of war they were ready to go; and if they wanted to shoot them they would find them ready. That added to the tumult. Nearly all the members were on their feet. The voice of Simon was heard above the din: "If you want violence, you shall have it." At that moment, Estancelin, under great excitement, cried out, "The Minister of Foreign Affairs laughs!" And that absurd ejaculation caused many others to laugh.

Jules Ferry, also a member of the *Corps Législatif* at that time, and since Prime Minister under President Grévy, was heard in the uproar to say that it was not proper "for a minister who was attempting to negotiate peace to——" and here his voice was lost in the tumult. Nearly the entire Left then started from their seats and rushed to the area in front of the tribune and up to the seat of the ministers; Estancelin, Ferry, and old Garnier-Pagès in front. Estancelin and Ferry were young men and advanced republicans. Garnier-Pagès was an old-time republican, at that time nearly seventy years of age, and had for a long time been a prominent man in France—a republican always, but considered somewhat conservative. He was a member of the provisional government of 1848, and was assigned to the Ministry of Finance, but was not entirely happy in his administration of it. At this time he was a man of striking personal appearance. Tall and slim, and with long white hair, he could not otherwise than attract attention wherever he went. As a speaker he was described as having the "*parole chaleureuse*," and such was his benevolent and exemplary character that he enjoyed the esteem of all men, even of his adversaries. After

Avant peu de jours, une armée nouvelle sera sous les murs de Paris, une autre armée se forme sur les rives de la Loire.

Votre patriotisme, votre union, votre énergie sauveront la France.

L'Empereur a été fait prisonnier dans la lutte.

Le Gouvernement, d'accord avec les pouvoirs publics, prend toutes les mesures que comporte la gravité des événements

Le Conseil des ministres :

Pte de Palikao, N Chevreau, Gal Reguault de Genouilly, Jules Brames, prince de La Tour-d'Auvergne, Grandperret. Clément Duvernois, Magne, Button-Billault, Jérome David.

This proclamation was issued Saturday evening September 3. 1870, and brought to me at my lodgings at twelve o'clock that night by Col Stoffel.

Blanchard

river; for it was upon the signal of the people on the steps that the guard and the people broke through the military force that was holding the bridge. As the crowd mounted the steps of the Palais Bourbon it was received with terrific cheers, and with shouts of "*Vive la République!*" and "*Déchéance!*"

Making our way into the street, Mr. Eustis and myself managed to pass through the crowd and to reach the building of the Agricultural Club, in the immediate neighborhood, and from the balcony of which we could see all that was going on. And now the soldiers of the guard, many of them with their hats on the ends of their muskets, accompanied by an indiscriminate mass of men, women, and children, poured over the Pont de la Concorde and filled the entire space, all in one grand fraternization, singing the Marseillaise and shouting "*Vive la République!*" The Municipal Guard, with its shining helmets and brilliant uniform, was forced back, inch by inch, before the people, until, finally, all military authority became utterly powerless. During this time the National Guard and the people had invaded the hall of the deputies, which they found vacant. M. Schneider and about a dozen of the members rushed in. The President in vain made appeals for order, and finally covered himself by putting on his hat, according to the immemorable usage of the French assemblies under such circumstances. Gambetta addressed a few energetic words to the invaders, and, a little order being restored, quite a number of deputies entered the hall. But at three o'clock a grand irruption into the Chamber took place. M. Jules Favre then ascended the tribune and was listened to for a moment. "Let there be no scenes of violence," he said; "let us reserve our arms for the enemy, and fight it to the last. At this moment union is necessary, and for that reason we do not proclaim the republic." The President then precipitately left his seat, and it turned out that it was for the last time. The irruption into the Chamber continued.

The floor and the seats of the deputies, on which a few members of the Left only remained, were filled with a motley crowd in blouses and coarse woollen shirts, or in the uniform of the National Guard or the Guard Mobile. They wore caps and *kepis* of all colors and shapes, and carried muskets with their muzzles ornamented with sprigs of green leaves. The tumult became indescribable, and some of the invaders seized on the pens and paper of the deputies and commenced writing letters, while different persons were going up to the President's chair and ringing his bell continually. The crowd in the hall now demanded the "*déchéance*" of the Emperor, which was declared, and then it was proposed to go to the Hôtel de Ville and proclaim the republic. The cry was therefore raised, "*À l'Hôtel de Ville!*" mingled with other cries, "*Cherchez Rochefort!*" etc., and then this vast multitude commenced moving away from the Palais Bourbon. The crowd having soon sufficiently dispersed, we were enabled to make our way back to the *Corps Législatif* and to enter the diplomatic tribune.

The hall was filled with dust, and was in the greatest possible confusion. A rough-looking man was in the President's chair, surrounded by a number of men still more rough in appearance. The soldiers and the people were occupying the seats of the deputies indiscriminately, writing letters, looking over documents, and talking and laughing, all in the best of humor. In the hall, at this time, I recognized Garnier-Pagès, Raspail, and a few other members of the Left. Leaving the Chamber, we went at once to the Hôtel de Ville. The number of people assembled there was enormous, and we found the same frater-

TRANSLATION OF PROCLAMATION.

FRENCHMEN:

A great misfortune has just fallen upon our country. After three days of heroic struggle kept up by the army of Marshal MacMahon against three hundred thousand of the enemy, forty thousand men have been made prisoners.

General Wimpffen, who had taken command of the army in place of Marshal MacMahon, severely wounded, has signed a surrender.

This cruel defeat does not shake our courage.

Paris is now in a state of defense.

The military forces of the country are organizing.

In a few days a new army will be under the walls of Paris, and still another army is forming on the banks of the Loire.

Your patriotism, your union, and your energy will save France.

The Emperor was made prisoner in the melee.

The Government in accord with the public authorities is taking every measure which befits the gravity of these events.

[Signed by the Council of Ministers.]

nization existing between them and the National Guard as elsewhere. The building had been invaded by the people, and all the windows fronting on the square were filled with rough and dirty-looking men and boys. Soon we heard a terrific shout go up. Rochefort was being drawn in a cab by a multitude through the crowd. He was ghastly pale; he stood up in the vehicle, covered with sashes of red, white, and blue, waving his hat in answer to the acclamations. As he was slowly hauled through the multitude to the main door of the Hôtel de Ville, the delirium seemed to have reached its height, and it is impossible to describe the frantic acclamations which were heard.

At precisely four o'clock and forty-five minutes in the afternoon, as I marked it by the great clock in the tower of the Hôtel de Ville, at one of the windows appeared Gambetta; a little behind him stood Jules Favre and Emanuel Arago; and then and there, on that historic spot, I heard Gambetta proclaim the republic of France. That proclamation was received with every possible demonstration of enthusiasm. Lists were thrown out of the window, containing the names of the members of the provisional government. Ten minutes afterward Raspail and Rochefort appeared at another window and embraced each other, while the crowd loudly applauded them. During this time the public were occupying the Tuileries, from which the Empress had just escaped. Sixty thousand human beings had rolled toward the palace, completely levelling all obstacles; the vestibule was invaded, and in the courtyard, on the other side of the Place du Carrousel, were to be seen soldiers of every arm, who, in the presence of the people, removed the cartridges from their guns, and who were greeted by the cries, "Long live the nation!" "Down with the Bonapartes!" "To Berlin!" etc. During all this time there was no pillage, no havoc, no destruction of property, and the crowd soon retired, leaving the palace under the protection of the National Guard.

Some discussion had been raised at the Hôtel de Ville about changing the flag, but Gambetta declared that the tricolor was the flag of 1792–93, and that under it France had been, and yet would be, led to victory. From the Hôtel de Ville Mr. Eustis and myself went back to the Chamber of Deputies, to find it still in the possession of the people. From there I returned to my legation, which I reached at half-past six o'clock in the evening. At eight o'clock I rode down to the *Corps Législatif* to see what the situation was there, but on my arrival I found everything closed and the lights extinguished. The doors leading to the hall of the deputies had been shut and seals put upon them. I then drove through some parts of the city, and found everything remarkably quiet. The day had been pleasant and the night was beautiful beyond description. Before returning to my lodgings I called upon Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador, to talk over the events of the day which we had witnessed, and which we were certain would become one of the most memorable in the history of France. In a few brief hours of a Sabbath day I had seen a dynasty fall and a republic proclaimed, and all without the shedding of one drop of blood.

SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER I.

THE HIRED FOLK.

"Ef ther' ain't a flare-up in *this* haouse 'fore long, I miss *my* guess," said Alvira, as she kneaded the pie-crust, and pulled it out between her floury fingers to measure its consistency. "Ole Sabriny's got her back up this time to stay."

"Well, let 'em flare, says I. 'Taint none o' aour business, Alviry."

"I knaow, Milton; but still it seems to me she might wait at least till th' corpse was aout o' th' haouse."

"What's thet got to dew with it?"

The callousness of the question must have grated upon the hired girl, for she made no reply, and slapped the dough over on the board with an impatient gesture.

It was near the close of a fair day, late in May, and the reddened sunlight from the West would have helped to glorify any human being less hopelessly commonplace than Milton Squires as he sat in its full radiance on the doorstep, peeling and quartering apples over a pan which he held between his knees. This sunlight, to reach him, painted with warm tints many objects near at hand which it could not make picturesque. The three great barns, standing in the shadow to the south, were ricketty and ancient without being comely, and the glare only made their awkward outlines and patched, paintless surfaces the meaner; the score of lean cows, standing idly fetlock-deep in the black mire of the barnyard, or nipping the scant tufts of rank grass near the trough, seemed all the dingier and scrawnier for the brilliancy of the light which covered them; the broken gate, the bars eked out with a hop-pole, the wheelbarrow turned shiftlessly against a break in the wall, the mildewed well-curb, with its antiquated reach—all seemed in this glow of dying day to be conscious of exhibiting at its worst their squalid side. The sunset could not well have illuminated, during that hour at least, a less inspiring scene than this which Alvira, looking out as she talked, or the hired man, raising his head from over the apples, could see from the kitchen door of Lemuel Fairchild's farm-house. But any student of his species would have agreed that, in all the uninviting view, Milton was the least attractive object.

As he rose to empty his pan within, and start afresh, he could be seen more fully. He was clumsily cased from neck to ankle in brown overalls, threadbare, discolored, patched, with mud about the knees and ragged edges lower down. He wore rubber boots, over the bulging legs of which the trousers came reluctantly, and the huge feet of these were slit down the instep. His hat had been soft and black once; now it seemed stiffened with dirt, to which the afternoon milking had lent a new contribution of short reddish hair, and was shapeless and colorless from age. His back was narrow and bent, and his long arms terminated in hands which it seemed sinful to have touch anything thereafter to be eaten. Viewed from behind Milton appeared to be at least fifty. But his face showed a somewhat younger man, despite its sun-baked lines and the frowzy beard which might be either the yellow of unkempt youth or the gray of untidy age. In reality he was not yet thirty-six.

He slouched out now with a fresh lot of apples, and, squatting on the doorstone, resumed the conversation.

"I s'pose, naow Sissly's gone, ther' won't be no livin' under th' same roof with Sabriny fer any of us. Ther' ain't nobuddy lef' fer her to rassle with 'cep' us. Ole Lemuel's so broken up, he won't dare say his soul's his own; 'n John—well, Lize Wilkins says she heerd him say he did n't know 's he 'd come to th' funer'l 't all, after th' way him 'n' Sabriny hed it aout las' time he was here."

"I was n't talkin' o' *them!*" said Alvira, slapping the flour from her hands and beginning with the roller; "it 'd be nothin' new, her tryin' to boss *them.*

But she 's got her dander up naow agin somebuddy that beats them all holler. They won't no Richardsons come puttin' on airs 'raoun' here, an' takin' th' parlor bedroom 'thaout askin', not ef th' ole lady knaows herself—'n' I guess she does."

"What Richardsons?" asked Milton. "Thought Sissly was th' last of 'em—thet they wa'n't no more Richardsons."

"Why, man alive, ain't Albert's wife a Richardson, th' daughter of Sissly's cousin—you remember, that pock-pitted man who kep' th' fast hoss here one summer. Of course she's a Richardson—full-blooded! When she come up from th' train here this mornin', with Albert, I see by th' ole lady's eye 't she meant misch'f. I didn't want to see no raow, here with a corpse in th' haouse, 'n' so I tried to smoothe matters over, 'n' kind o' quiet Sabriny daown, tellin' her thet they had to come to th' funer'l, 'n' they 'd go 'way soon 's it was through with, 'n' that Albert, bein' the oldest son, hed a right to th' comp'ny bed-room."

"'N' what 'd she say?"

"She did n't say much, 'cep' thet th' Richardsons hed never brung nothin' but bad luck to this haouse, 'n' they never would, nuther. 'N' then she flaounced upstairs to her room, jis 's she allus does when she 's riled, 'n' she give Albert's wife sech a look, I said to m'self, 'Milady, I wouldn't be in *your* shoes fer all yer fine fixin's.'"

"Well, she's a dum likely lookin' woman, ef she *is* a Richardson," said Milton, with something like enthusiasm. "Wonder ef she wears one o' them low-necked gaowns when she's to hum, like th' picters in th' *Ledger*. They say they all dew, in New York."

"Haow sh'd I knaow!" Alvira sharply responded. "I got enough things to think of, 'thaout both'rin' my head abaout city women's dresses. 'N' you ought to hev, tew. Ef you 'n' Leander 'd pay more heed to yer work, 'n' dew yer chores up ship-shape, 'n' spen' less time porin' over them good-fer-nothin' story-papers, th' farm wouldn't look so run-daown 'n' slaouchy. Did yeh hear what Albert said this mornin', when he looked 'raoun'? 'I swan!' he said, 'I b'lieve this is th' seediest lookin' place 'n all Northern New York.' Nice thing fer him to hev to say, wa'n't it!"

"What d' I keer what *he* says? He ain't th' boss here, by a jug-full!"

"'N' more's th' pity, tew. He'd make yeh toe th' mark!"

"Yes, 'n' Sabriny 'd make it lively fer his wife, tew. Th' ole fight 'baout th' Fairchileses 'n' th' Richardsons would n't be a succumstance to thet. Sissly 'd thank her stars thet she was dead 'n' buried aout o' th' way."

These two hired people, who discussed their employer and his family with that easy familiarity of Christian names to be found only in Russia and rural America, knew very well what portended to the house when the Richardson subject came up. Alvira Roberts had spent more than twenty years of her life in the thick of the gaseous strife between Fairchild and Richardson. She was a mere slip of a girl, barely thirteen, when she had first hired out at the homestead, and now, black-browed, sallow from much tea-drinking, and with a sharp, deep wrinkle vertically dividing her high forehead, she looked every year of her thirty-five. Compared with her, Milton Squires was a new comer on the farm, but still there were lean old cows over yonder in the barnyard, lazily waiting for the night-march to the pastures, that had been ravenous calves in their gruel-bucket stage when he came.

What these two did not know about the Fairchild family was hardly worth the knowing. Something of what they knew the reader ought here to be told.

CHAPTER II.

THE STORY OF LEMUEL.

LEMUEL FAIRCHILD, the bowed, gray-haired, lumpish man who at this time sat in the main living room within, feebly rocking himself by the huge wood-stove, and trying vaguely, as he had been for thirty-six hours past, to realize that his wife lay in her final sleep in the adjoining chamber, had forty odd years before been as likely a young farmer as Dearborn County knew. He was fine-looking and popular in those days, and old Seth Fairchild, dying unexpectedly, had left to this elder son his whole pos-

There has been a considerable army of State Senators since New York first took on the honors of a Commonwealth, and unto them a great troop of daughters have been born, but surely no other of all these girls ever exulted so fondly, nay, fiercely, in the paternal dignity as did Sabrina. She knew nothing of politics, and little of the outside world; her conceptions of social possibilities were of the most primitive sort; one winter, when she went to Albany with her father, and was passed in a bewildered way through sundry experiences said to be of a highly fashionable nature, it had been temporarily apparent to her own consciousness that she was an awkward, ignorant, red-armed country-girl—but this only for one wretched hour or so. Every mile-post passed on her homeward ride, as she looked through the stage window, brought restored self-confidence, and long before the tedious journey ended she was more the Senator's daughter than ever.

Through this very rebound from mortification she queened it over the simpler souls of the village with renewed severity and pomp. The itinerant singing-master who thought to get her for the asking into his class in the schoolhouse, Wednesday evenings, was frozen by the amazed disdain of her refusal. When young Smith Thurber, the kilnkeeper's son, in the flippant spirit of fine buttons and a resplendent fob, asked her to dance a measure with him at the Wallaces' party, the iciness of her stare fairly took away his breath.

Something can be guessed of her emotions when the brother brought home his bride. With a half-cowardly, half-kindly idea of postponing the trouble certain to ensue, he had given Sabrina no warning of his intention, and, through the slow mails of that date, only a day's advance notice of his return with Mrs. Lemuel. The storm did not burst at once. Indeed it may be said never to have really burst. Sabrina was not a bad woman, according to her lights, and she did nothing consciously to make her sister-in-law unhappy. The young wife had a light heart, a sensible mind, and the faculty of being cheerful about many things which might be expected to annoy. But she had some pride, too, and although at the outset it was the very simple and praiseworthy pride of a well-meaning individual, incessant vaunting of the Fairchilds quite naturally gave a family twist to it, and she soon was able to resent slights in the name of all the Richardsons.

After all, was she not in the right? for while the grass was scarcely green on the grave of the first Fairchild who had amounted to anything, there were six generations of Richardsons in Albany chronicles alone who had married into the best Dutch families of that ancient, aristocratic town, to say nothing of the New England record antedating that period. Thus the case appeared to her, and came gradually to have more prominence in her mind than, in her maiden days, she could have thought possible.

So this great Forty Years' War began, in which there was to be no single, grand, decisive engagement, but a thousand petty skirmishes and little raids, infinitely more vexatious and exhausting, and was waged until the weaker of the combatants, literally worn out in the fray, had laid down her arms and her life together, and was at peace at last, under the sheet in the darkened parlor.

The other veteran party to the feud, her thin, iron-gray hair half concealed under a black knit cap, her bold, sharp face red as with stains of tears, sat at the window of her own upper room, reading her Bible. If Milton and Alvira had known that she was reading in Judges, they might have been even more confident of a coming "flare-up."

CHAPTER III.

AUNT SABRINA.

Neighboring philosophers who cared, from curiosity or a loftier motive, to study the Fairchild domestic problem, in all its social and historic ramifications, generally emerged from the inquiry with some personal bias against Miss Sabrina, tempered by the conclusion that, after all, there was a good deal to be said on the old lady's side.

Certainly, as the grim old maid in the

she wouldn't get threw th' spring. 'N' ef Seth's goin' to make up to Annie, you ought to begin to smooth things over 'fore she dies. There's no tellin' but what she mightn't leave the farm away f'm th' girl at th' last minute, jis' to spite you."

"Yeh needn't talk as if *I* wanted her pesky farm!"

"Oh, well now, you knaow what I mean 's well 's I dew. What 's th' use o' harpin' on what yer brother William did, or what ole Matildy said, 'fore I was born, when you knaow th' tew farms jine, and yer heart's sot on havin' 'em in one. Yes, 'fore I was born," repeated the domestic, as if pleased with the implication of juvenility.

Miss Sabrina hesitated, and looked at Alvira meditatively through her spectacles, in momentary doubt about the propriety of saying a sharp thing under all the circumstances; but the temptation was not to be resisted. "'N' you ain't percisely a chicken yourself, Alviry," she said and left the kitchen.

Later, when Milton had returned from the pasture, and hung about the kitchen, mending the harness that went with the democrat-wagon while waiting for Leander to return from the cheese factory, Alvira remarked:

"Seems 'if Sabriny 'd lost all her sper't this last day or tew. Never see sech a change. She don't answer up wuth a cent. I shouldn't be s'prised if she didn't tackle Albert's wife after all. Oh yes, 'n' you ain't to go to Warren's for them chairs. Sabriny's dead-set agin that."

"What's up?" asked Milton. "Hez Seth broke off with Annie?"

"Don't knaow 's they ever was anything particular to break off. No, 't 'aint that; it's the same raow 'tween the two ole women. Goodness knaows, I'm sick 'n' tired of hearin' 'baout it."

"No, but ain't Seth 'n' Annie fixed it up?" persisted Milton. "Daown 't th' corners they say it's all settled." Then he mutteringly added, as he slouched out to meet Leander, who drove up now with a great rattle of empty milk-cans, "I wish 't *I* was in Seth's shoes."

"Oh, you *dew*, dew yeh!" said Alvira, thus left to herself.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TWO YOUNG WOMEN.

The young girl whose future had been settled down at the corners, came along the road next morning toward the Fairchild house, all unconscious of her destiny. She lived in a small, old-fashioned farm-dwelling back in the fields, alone with her grandmother, and although there was a bitter feud between the heads of the two houses, it had not stopped her from being a familiar and helpful figure in her uncle's homestead.

Annie Fairchild was a country girl in some senses of the term, calm-faced, clear-eyed, self-reliant among her friends, but with a curious disposition toward timidity in the presence of strangers. She was held to be too serious and "school-ma'am-ish" for pleasant company by most rural maidens of her acquaintance, and the few attempts of young farmers of the country-side to establish friendly relations with her had not been crowned with conspicuous success. It could scarcely be said that she was haughty or cold; no one could demonstrate in detail that her term of schooling in a far-off citified seminary had made her proud or uncivil; but still she had no intimates. This was the more marked from the fact that she was a pretty girl—or if not precisely pretty, very attractive and winning in face. No other girl of the neighborhood had so fine and regular a profile, or such expressive, dark eyes, or so serenely intelligent an expression. It had been whispered at one time that Reuben Tracy, the schoolmaster, was likely to make a match of it with her, but this had faded away again as a rootless rumor; by this time everybody on the Burfield road tacitly understood that eventually she was to be the wife of her cousin Seth, when it "came time for the two farms to join." And she had grown accustomed long since to the furtive, half-awed, half-covetous look which men cast upon her, without suspecting the spirit of reluctant renunciation underlying it.

She met Milton Squires on the road, close in front of the Fairchild's house, this morning, and, nodding to him, passed on. She did not particularly note the gaze he bent upon her as she

went by, and which followed her afterward, almost to the Fairchild gate. If she had done so, and could have read all its meaning, she would not have gone on with so unruffled a face, for it was a look to frighten an honest young woman —an intent, hungry, almost wolfish look, unrelieved by so much as a glimmer of the light of manliness. But she was alike unconscious of his thoughts and of the gossip he had heard at the corners. Certainly no listener who followed her to the gate, where she encountered Seth at work screwing on a new hinge, would have gathered from the tone or words of the greeting on either side any testimony to confirm the common supposition that they were destined for each other.

"Good morning, Seth," she said, halting while he dragged the great gate open for her, "you 're all through breakfast, I suppose?"

"No, I think Albert and his wife are at the table still. We didn't call them when the rest got up, you know. They 're not used to country ways."

"Anybody else here?"

"No, except John."

"Oh, I'm so glad he came. That Lize Wilkins has been telling everybody he would n't come on Sabrina's account. And it would have looked *so* bad."

"Yes, Lize Wilkins talks too much. All John ever said was that he would n't stay here in the house any more than he could help. It's too bad he can't get along better with Aunt; it would make things so much pleasanter."

"How 's your father, Seth? He seemed at first to take it pretty hard."

"He appeared a little brighter yesterday, after Albert came, but he's very poorly this morning. Poor old man, it makes a sad difference with him—more I suppose than with us boys, even with me, who never have been away from her hardly for a day."

"Yes, Seth, a boy outgrows his mother, I suppose, but for an old couple who have lived together forty years a separation like this must be awful. I shall go up to the house now."

Seth followed her with his eyes as she walked up the road, past the old-fashioned latticed front door with its heavy fold of crape hanging on the knocker, and turned from sight at the corner of the house; and the look in his face was soft and admiring, even if it was hardly loverlike. In his trouble—and he felt the bereavement most keenly—it seemed restful and good to have such a girl as Annie about. Indeed, a vague thought that she never before seemed so sweet and likeable came to him, as he turned again to the hinge, and lightened his heart perceptibly, for almost the last words his mother had spoken to him had been of his future with Annie as his wife.

"You will have the farm before long, Seth," she said, smiling faintly as he stroked her pale hair—somehow to the last it never grew gray—and looked at her through boyish tears, "and Annie will bring you the Warren farm. Her grandmother and I have talked it over many a time. Annie 's a good girl, there's no better, and she'll make my boy a good, true, wife."

For a year or two back Seth had understood in a nebulous way that his parents had an idea of his eventually marrying Annie, but his mother's words still came to him in the form of a surprise. First, it had been far from his thoughts that old Mrs. Warren, Annie's invalid grandmother, would listen to such a thing, much less plan it. There was a bitterness of long standing between the two families, he knew. His father's younger brother—a half-brother —named William Fairchild, had married Mrs. Warren's only daughter under circumstances which he had never heard detailed, but which at least had enraged the mother. Both William and his wife had died, out West he believed, years and years ago, leaving only this girl, Annie Fairchild, who came an orphan to the grandmother she had never seen before, and was reared by her. In this Mrs. Warren and his aunt Sabrina had found sufficient occasion for a quarrel, lasting ever since he could remember, and as he had always understood from his aunt that her battle was in defence of the whole family, he had taken it for granted that he not less than the other Fairchilds was included in Mrs. Warren's disfavor. He recalled, now, indeed, having heard Annie say once or twice that her grandmother liked him; but this he had taken in a negative way, as

through, I suppose," said Seth, with something very like a sigh.

"John has seen a good deal of the world they tell me, and been on papers in large cities. I wonder how he can content himself with that little weekly in Thessaly after that."

"I don't think John has much ambition," answered Seth, meditatively. "He doesn't seem to care much how things go, if he only has the chance to say what he wants to say in print. It doesn't make any difference to him, apparently, whether all New York State reads what he writes, or only thirty or forty fellows in Dearborn County—he's just as well satisfied. And yet he's a very bright man, too. He might have gone to the Assembly last fall, if he could have bid against Elhanan Pratt. He *will* go some time, probably."

"Why, do you have an auction here for the Assembly?"

"Oh, no, but the man who's willing to pay a big assessment into the campaign fund can generally shut a poor candidate out. John did n't seem to mind much about being frozen out though—not half so much as I did, for him. Everybody in Thessaly knows him and likes him and calls him 'John,' and that seems to be the height of his ambition. I can't imagine a man of his abilities being satisfied with so limited a horizon."

"And, you, Seth, what is your horizon like?" asked Isabel.

They had entered the orchard, now, and the apple blossoms close above them filled the May morning air with that sweet spring perfume which seems to tell of growth, harvest, the fruition of hope.

"Oh, I'm picked out to be a countryman all the days of my life I suppose." There was the sigh again, and a tinge of bitterness in his tone, as well.

"Oh, I hope not—that is, if you don't want to be. Oh, it must be such a dreary life! The very thought of it sets my teeth on edge. The dreadful people you have to know; men without an idea beyond crops and calves and the cheese-factory; women slaving their lives out doing bad cooking, mending for a household of men, devoting their scarce opportunities for intercourse with other women to the weakest and most wretched gossip; coarse servants who eat at the table with their employers and call them by their Christian names; boys whose only theory about education is thrashing the school teacher, if it is a man, or breaking her heart by their mean insolence if it is a woman; and girls brought up to be awkward gawks, without a chance in life, since the brighter and nicer they are the more they will suffer from marriage with men mentally beneath them—that is, if they don't become sour old maids. I don't wonder you hate it all, Seth."

"You talk like a book," said Seth, in tones of unmistakable admiration. "I didn't suppose any woman could talk like that."

"I talk as I feel always, when I come into contact with country life, and I get angry with people who maunder about its romantic and picturesque side. Where is it, I should like to know?"

"Oh, it isn't all so bad as you paint it, perhaps, Isabel. Of course——" —here he hesitated a little—"you don't quite see it at its best here, you know. Father hasn't been a first-rate manager, and things have kind o' run down."

"No, Seth, it isn't that; the trail of the serpent is over it all—rich and poor, big and little. The nineteenth century is a century of cities; they have given their own twist to the progress of the age—and the farmer is almost as far out of it as if he lived in Alaska. Perhaps there may have been a time when a man could live in what the poet calls daily communion with Nature, and not starve his mind and dwarf his soul, but this isn't the century."

"But Webster was a farm boy, and so was Lincoln and Garfield and Jackson; almost all our great men. Hardly any of them are born in cities, you will find."

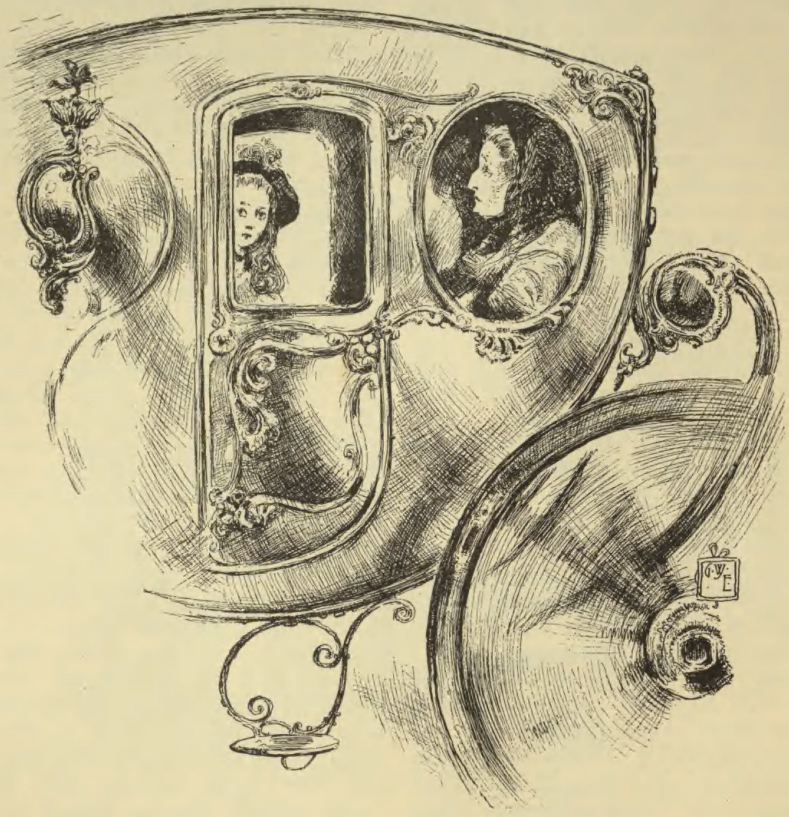
"Oh, the country is just splendid to be born in, no doubt of that; but after you are born, get out of it as soon as you can."

"I don't know as I can leave Father very well," said Seth, slowly, and as if in deep thought.

They walked to the end of the pasture beyond the orchard, to within view of the spot where all the Fairchilds for three generations had been laid, and where, among the clustering sweet-briars and wild strawberry vines Milton had

for the timber of which the *Ursa Minor* was built.

And everybody seemed willing to make acquaintance with young Jacob's London-made kerseymere breeches, of a bright canary-color, and with his lavender silk coat, and with his little *chapeau de Paris*. Indeed, young Jacob was quite the most prominent moving spectacle on Broadway, until they came to John Street, and saw something rolling down the street that quite cut the yellow kerseymeres out of all popular attention.



This was a carriage, the body of which was shaped like a huge section of a cheese, set up on its small end upon broad swinging straps between two pairs of wheels. It was not unlike a piece of cheese in color, for it was of a dull and faded grayish green, like mould, relieved by pale-yellow panels and gilt ornaments. It was truly an interesting structure, and it attracted nearly as much notice on Broadway in 1807 as it might to-day. But it was received with far more reverence, for it was a court coach, and it belonged to the Des Anges family, the rich Huguenots of New Rochelle. It had been built in France, thirty years before, and had been sent over as a present to his brother from the Count des Anges, who had himself neglected to make use of his opportunities to embrace the Protestant religion.

When the white-haired old lady who sat in this coach, with a very little girl by her side, saw Mr. Dolph and his son, she leaned out of the window and signalled to the old periwigged driver to stop, and he drew up close to the sidewalk. And then Mr. Dolph and his son came up to the window and took off their hats, and made a great low bow and a small low bow to the old lady and the little girl.

"Madam Des Anges," said Mr.

Dolph, with an idiom which he had learned when he was presented at the court of Louis the Sixteenth, "has surely not driven down from New Rochelle this morning? That would tax even her powers."

Madam Des Anges did not smile—she had no taste for smiling—but she bridled amiably.

"No, Mr. Dolph," she replied; "I have been staying with my daughter-in-law, at her house at King's Bridge, and I have come to town to put my little granddaughter to school. She is to have the privilege of being a pupil of Mme. Dumesnil."

Madam Des Anges indicated the little girl with a slight movement, as though she did not wish to allow the child more consideration than a child deserved. The little girl turned a great pair of awed eyes, first on her grandmother, and then on the gentlemen, and spoke no word. Young Jacob Dolph stared hard at her, and then contemplated his kerseymeres with lazy satisfaction. He had no time for girls. And a boy who had his breeches made in London was a boy of consequence, and need not concern himself about everyone he saw.

"And this is your son, I make no doubt," went on Madam Des Anges; "you must bring him to see us at King's Bridge, while we are so near you. These young people should know each other."

Mr. Dolph said he would, and showed a becoming sense of the honor of the invitation; and he made young Jacob say a little speech of thanks, which he did with a doubtful grace, and then Mr. Dolph sent his compliments to Madam Des Anges's daughter-in-law, and Madam Des Anges sent her compliments to Mrs. Dolph, and there was more stately bowing, and the carriage lumbered on, with the little girl looking timorously out of the window, her great eyes fixed on the yellow kerseymeres, as they twinkled up the street.

"Papa," said young Jacob, as they turned the corner of Ann Street, "when may I go to a boys' school? I'm monstrous big to be at Mrs. Kilmaster's. And I don't like to be a girl-boy."

"Are you a girl-boy?" inquired his father, smiling.

"Aleck Cameron called me one yesterday. He said I was a girl-boy because I went to dame-school. He called me Missy, too!" the boy went on, with his breast swelling.

"We'll see about it," said Mr. Dolph, smiling again; and they walked on in silence to Mrs. Kilmaster's door, where he struck the knocker, and a neat mulatto girl opened the narrow door. Then he patted his boy on the head and bade him good-by for the morning, and

told him to be a good boy at school. He took a step or two and looked back. Young Jacob lingered on the step, as if he had a further communication to make. He paused.

"I thumped him," said young Jacob, and the narrow door swallowed him up.

They were admiringly critical. One man was vociferously enthusiastic.

"It's a marvellous fine building say I, sir! Worthy of the classic shades of antiquity. If Europe can show a finer than that will be when she's done, then, in *my* opinion, sir, Europe is doing well."

"You admire the architecture, Mr. Huggins?" asked Mr. Dolph, coming up behind him. Mr. Huggins turned around slightly disconcerted, and assumed an amiability of manner such as can only be a professional acquirement among us poor creatures of human nature.

"Ah, Mr. Dolph—Colonel, I should say! I have purposed to do myself the honor of presenting myself at your house this afternoon, Colonel Dolph, to inquire if you did not desire to have your peruke *frisée*. For I had taken the liberty of observing you in conversation with Madam Des Anges this morning, in her equipage, and it had occurred to me that possibly the madam might be a-staying with you."

"Madam Des Anges does not honor my house this time, Huggins," returned Mr. Dolph, with an indulgent little laugh; "and my poor old peruke will do very well for to-day."

There was a perceptible diminution in Mr. Huggins's ardor; but he was still suave.

"I hope the madam is in good health," he remarked.

"She is, I believe," said Mr. Dolph.

"And your good lady, sir? I have not had the pleasure of treating Mrs. Dolph professionally for some time, sir. I——"

Mr. Dolph was weary. "I don't think Mrs. Dolph is fond of the latest modes, Huggins. But here comes Mr. Van Riper. Perhaps he will have his peruke *frisée*."

Mr. Huggins got out of a dancing-master's pose with intelligent alacrity, bade Mr. Dolph a hasty "Good afternoon!" and hurried off toward his shop, one door above Wall Street. Mr. Van Riper did not like "John Richard Desbrosses Huggins, Knight of the Comb."

There was something else that Mr. Van Riper did not like.

"Hullo, Dolph!" he hailed his friend. "What's this I heard about you building a preposterous tom-fool of a town house out by Greenwich? Why don't you hire that house that Burr had, up near Lispenard's cow-pasture, and be done with it?"

Mr. Dolph seized his chance.

"It 's not so preposterous as all that. By the way, talking of Burr, I hear from Richmond that he'll positively be tried next week. Did you know that young Irving—William's son, the youngest, the lad that writes squibs—has gone to Richmond for the defence?"

"William Irving's son might be in better business," grunted Mr. Van Riper, for a moment diverted. "If we'd got at that devil when he murdered poor Hamilton—'fore gad, we'd have saved the trouble of trying him. Do you remember when we was for going to Philadelphia after him, and there the sly scamp was at home all the time, up in his fine house, a-sitting in a tub of water, reading French stuff as cool as a cowcumber, with the whole town hunting for him?" Then he came back. "But that house of yours. You haven't got this crazy notion that New York's going to turn into London while you smoke your pipe, have you? You're keeping some of your seven business senses, ain't you?"

"I don't know," Mr. Dolph mildly defended his hobby; "there is a great potentiality of growth in this city. Here 's an estimate that John Pintard made the other day——"

cried the father; "I'll thank God—I'll ask no more—I'll ask no more!"

And then he broke down and cried a little, feebly, and got his son's hand in the darkness and put on his own shoulder.

It was nearly two when they came to St. Paul's and turned the corner to the gate. It was dark below, but some frenzied fools were burning tar-barrels far down Ann Street, and the light flickered on the top of the church spire. They crossed the church-yard to where a shallow grave had been dug, half way down the hill. The men lowered the body into it; the old negro gave them a little

rouleau of coin, and they went hurriedly away into the night.

The clergyman came out by and by, with the sexton behind him. He stood high up above the grave, and drew his long cloak about him, and lifted an old pomander-box to his face. He was not more foolish than his fellows; in that evil hour men took to charms and to saying of spells. Below the grave and apart, for the curse rested upon them, too, stood Jacob Dolph and his son, the old man leaning on the arm of the younger. Then the clergyman began to read the service for the burial of the dead, over the departed sister—and wife and mother. He spoke low; but his voice seemed to echo in the stillness. He came forward with a certain shrinking, and cast the handful of dust and ashes into the grave. When it was done, the sexton stepped forward and rapidly threw in the earth until he had filled the little hollow even with the ground. Then, with fearful precaution, he laid down the carefully cut sods, and smoothed them until there was no sign of what had been done. The clergyman turned to the two mourners, without moving nearer to them, and lifted up his hands. The old man tried to kneel; but his son held him up, for he was too feeble, and they bent their heads for a moment of silence. The clergyman went away as he had come; and Jacob Dolph and his son went back to the carriage. When his father was seated, young Jacob Dolph said to the coachman: "To the new house."

The heavy coach swung into Broadway, and climbed up the hill out into the open country. There were lights still burning in the farm-houses, bright gleams to east and west, but the silence of the damp summer night hung over the sparse suburbs, and the darkness seemed to grow more intense as they drove away from the city. The trees by the road-side were almost black in the gray mist; the raw, moist smell of the night, the damp air, chilly upon the high land, came in through the carriage windows. Young Jacob looked out and noted their prog-

tempting the conquest of this country may be rejected as purely chimerical. To attack us with 100,000 men would be but child's play, and to attempt to carry on a war across three thousand miles of ocean, with a nation which has maintained over one million of men under arms, would be the act of a madman. But the very elements of wealth and population which have made an invasion impossible have brought an increase of danger in another direction. They have built up on the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and the northern lakes a series of great cities, containing an aggregate population of more than five million souls, and destructible property which is carried on the assessors' books with a valuation of $4,000,000,000 (and has probably an actual value of nearly twice as much), yielding annually a product in manufactured goods alone valued at over one thousand million dollars.*

Every man, woman, and child in this great population, every dollar in this vast aggregation of wealth, is to-day in danger of destruction by a hostile fleet; for it is certainly a fact that the shells of an enemy's vessels could, in a few weeks, or even days, after declaration of war, reach every portion of it—so utterly defenceless are our harbors against the ships and guns which have been developed in the last twenty years, during which we have done nothing. So that while the idea of invasion and conquest may now be dismissed as visionary, the problem of national defence has simplified itself to merely protecting life and property against a possible enemy in our sea-board and lake-board cities. It is, in brief, a problem of national insurance on life and property, to provide for just those cases of danger which are specially excepted from all ordinary policies—cases which lie beyond the grasp of private enterprise, and not only fall within the legitimate province of general government, but are expressly provided for in the Constitution, which gives power to Congress to provide for the common defence. The usual annual premium on policies of insurance on life or property, with good risks, is from one to one and a half per cent. One per cent. on the $4,000,000,000 of destructible property within reach of hostile shells is $40,000,000. Less than half that amount, viz., $20,000,000, expended annually for six years, would give us a complete system of insurance—*i.e.*, it would give us harbor defences stronger than any ships which could be brought against them. It is probable that so large a sum could not be judiciously expended in one year, and the expenditure would be less, and the number of years greater; but with $10,000,000 a year for six years, fully three-fourths of the lives and property on our coasts could be placed out of danger. This amount is about three per cent. of our annual appropriations for the support of the Government and its obligations. During the ten years from 1826 to 1836, with an average total expenditure of $17,000,000 per annum, the yearly expense for fortifications was about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or four and a half per cent., so that it would be within precedent to spend three per cent. of our revenue for the same purpose now. And while the existence of an overflowing treasury affords no good grounds for lavish and unnecessary expenditure, with its attendant extravagance and demoralization, yet such a condition removes the only possible objection to proper expenditures for worthy objects. We have the ready cash to invest in insurance; and if we fail to make the investment, we incur a risk which no prudent man would

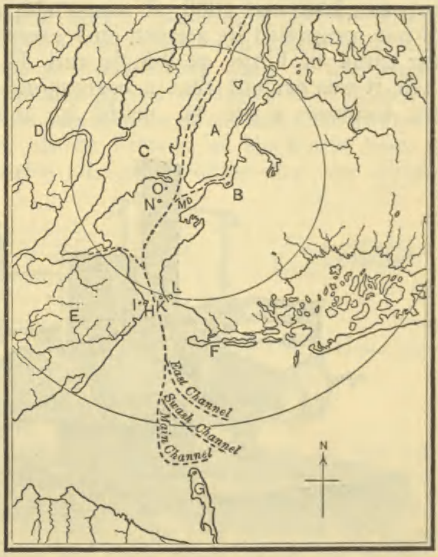
* The principal cities on the sea and lake coasts, with their population, valuation, and manufactured products, are as follows, the figures being taken from the Compendium to the Tenth Census, 1880:

	Population.	Assessed valuation of property.	Annual value of manufactured products.
Baltimore	332,313	244,044,181	78,417,304
Boston	362,829	658,220,621	130,531,993
Brooklyn	566,663	244,556,977	177,223,142
Buffalo	155,134	118,454,621	42,937,701
Chicago	503,185	148,982,393	249,022,948
Cleveland	160,146	88,353,139	48,604,050
Detroit	116,340	100,206,905	30,181,416
Jersey City	120,722	90,371,969	60,473,965
Milwaukee	115,587	53,774,035	43,473,812
New Orleans	216,090	91,794,350	18,803,696
New York	1,206,299	1,094,069,335	472,926,437
Philadelphia	847,170	581,729,759	324,342,925
Providence	104,857	178,448,469	42,597,512
San Francisco	233,959	244,626,760	77,824,299
Washington	159,871	99,401,787	11,882,316
Total	5,201,175	4,037,034,281	1,109,243,466

for fortifications. In the ocean entrance it is the Narrows, and in the sound entrance it is at Throgg's Neck, which might well be called the Eastern Narrows. There are no other points in coming from the sound which are specially adapted for defence; but in the lower bay the main channel runs very close to Sandy Hook, giving an outer line of defence at that point, and there are islands and shoals near the junction of the Hudson and East Rivers, which, before the days of long-range guns, were thought to afford good points for an inner line of defence.

The first permanent work to be erected in New York Harbor was on this inner line of defence. This was Castle Williams, the reddish stone tower on Governor's Island, just opposite the Battery, which is a familiar object to everyone who has been on the bay. It was built in 1807–10. In 1812 a somewhat similar structure—Fort Lafayette—was erected on a shoal near the eastern shore of the Narrows. In 1824 the land was purchased on the adjacent shore of Long Island, at New Utrecht Point, and the construction of Fort Hamilton was commenced and rapidly pushed to completion. In 1826 the land was acquired at Throgg's Neck for Fort Schuyler. General Totten had urgently insisted in his earliest reports upon the necessity of fortifying this point, but his views were opposed on the grounds that it was too far distant from the city, and that the difficult navigation of Hell Gate was in itself a sufficient defence on the side of the sound. His views finally prevailed, however, and in 1833 the construction was commenced in earnest. Between 1831 and 1834 Fort Columbus was built—to the south of Castle Williams, on Governor's Island.

In 1841 the old work on Bedlow's Island, on the inner line of defence, was removed, and the existing fort—within which the Liberty Statue has just been erected—was built in the next few years. At the same time a small work was built on Ellis Island, between Bedlow's Island and the New Jersey shore. In 1846 the fine masonry work at the water's edge on the west side of the Narrows — Fort Wadsworth — was commenced; and in 1850 Battery Hudson, on the hills behind it. In 1857 steps were taken to build three large and expensive works, to cost between one million and two million dollars each. One of them was on the sound entrance, at Willet's Point, opposite Fort Schuyler; another was at Sandy Hook; and the third was the rebuilding on a larger scale of Fort Tompkins, on the Staten Island hills at the Narrows. But little progress was made on these three works until the outbreak of the civil war, when they were vigorously prosecuted, although the works at Willet's Point and Sandy Hook have never been fully completed. In the early reports of the Board of Engineers there was a project for building works on the Middle Ground and East Bank, between Sandy Hook and Coney Island, but owing to doubts as to the stability of these shoals the project has never been carried out. After the civil war



Sketch Map of New York Harbor.

A, New York.
B, Brooklyn.
C, Jersey City.
D, Newark.
E, Staten Island.
F, Coney Island.
G, Sandy Hook (Ft.).
H, Ft. Wadsworth.
I, Ft. Tomkins and Batt'y Hudson.
K, Ft. Lafayette.
L, Ft. Hamilton.
M, Castle Williams and Ft. Columbus
N, Ft. on Bedlow's Island.
O, Ft. on Ellis Island.
P, Ft. Schuyler.
Q, Ft., Willet's Point.

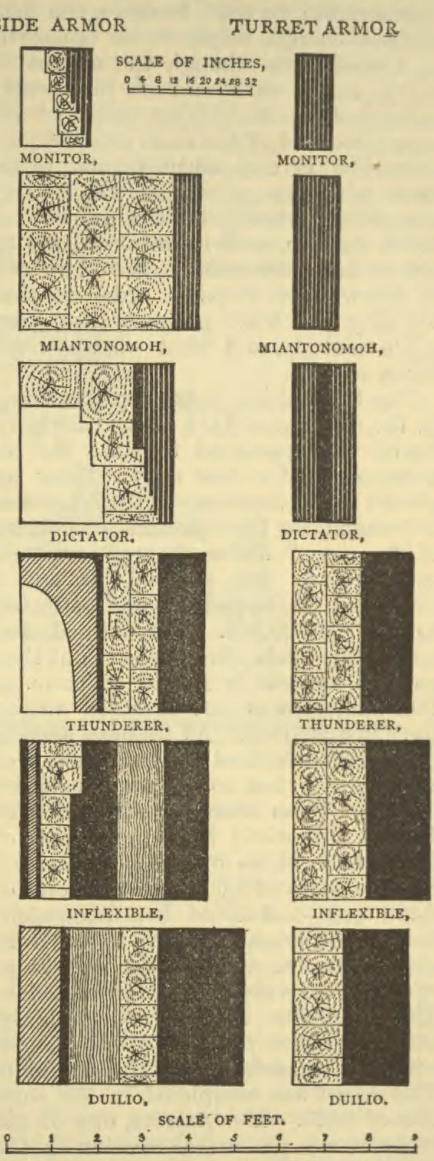
[The circles are drawn with radii of seven and fourteen miles respectively, and centres at City Hall.]

a large amount of work was done in building several lines of earthern batteries on both sides of the Narrows and at

of large guns which they mount is far superior to the number that could be brought against them afloat, and in connection with torpedoes and iron-clad ships they afford a secure defence.

On the Continent the problem was not taken up until guns had reached a greater development, and then it was solved generally in the direction of using iron alone, in the form of turrets or domes. Some of these were of wrought-iron, some of steel, and some of cast-iron. The latter were the Gruson cupolas, of which 28 have been constructed in various harbors of Germany, Austria, Belgium, and Holland. Recently the Italian Government gave an order for two of these cupolas, to mount two 120-ton Krupp guns each, for the defence of their naval station at Spezzia. The order was conditioned on a test shield, or segment of the cupola, resisting three shots of the Armstrong 100-ton gun—a test which it successfully withstood, although the same gun has pierced every other form of construction yet devised.

It is generally conceded that a complete system of defence must consist of three distinct elements—land forts, torpedoes, and ships or floating batteries. If an undoubted superiority in naval force can be maintained at every port against anything that can be brought against it, the forts and torpedoes could be dispensed with. But this is manifestly impossible. The small extent of coast-line in the British Islands, and the proximity of her harbors to each other, enable England to rely much more on her naval force than other nations; but for us, with 3,000 miles of coast on the Atlantic, 1,200 miles on the Pacific, and 2,200 miles on the lakes, the idea of having a great squadron at every port is out of the question. Our main reliance must be on forts and torpedoes. Forts, torpedoes, ships, and guns are thus the four great branches of defensive science, each of them involving a distinct branch of manufacturing industry, and each of them (except torpedoes) requiring large capital and payments for manufactured product commensurate with the millions of property which they are intended to defend. As before stated, since the war we have contented ourselves with watching other nations, and have done nothing ourselves except accumulate a certain amount of torpedo material. In forts, we built some earthworks from 1866 to 1875, when the money was withheld and all work stopped. In guns, we converted a few smooth-bores into small rifles of doubtful efficiency. In ships, we patched up or rebuilt, under the



The Development of Armor from 1860 to 1880.

name of repairs, the wooden vessels of the ante-bellum period.

With the incoming of Garfield's administration, in 1881, however, the first signs of change began to be apparent, and since then, though the output as yet is small, we have been incessantly investigating the subject, until we are now possessed of the most complete information, in convenient printed form, concerning guns, armor, ships, and everything relating to the subject of coast defence, and it only remains to act on this information. It will be well to follow these steps in order, so that we may see what progress has been made in study, and what we may hope for in results.

The first subject taken up was ships. In the summer of 1881 a naval advisory board was appointed to state the requirements of a new navy. They reported to the Secretary of the Navy that we needed, for the "present exigencies of the navy," 38 unarmored cruisers, estimated to cost $26,000,000, and 5 rams and 25 torpedo-boats, estimated to cost $4,000,000. They stated that heavy iron-clads were needed; but they gave no estimate in regard to them, as that subject was not included within their instructions. At its next session Congress authorized the construction of two cruisers; but no contracts had been made for them when, in the spring of 1883, it authorized the construction of four vessels, three of them to be steel cruisers—two of 3,000 tons and one of 4,500 tons—and one of them a despatch-boat. The armament was to be from eight to twelve rifle-guns for each ship, of calibre from six inches to eight inches. The contracts were signed in July, 1883, and the new navy was begun with the launching of the Dolphin. This vessel was completed in the summer of 1885. The Atlanta, one of the cruisers, was put in commission in the summer of 1886, and the other two are not yet finished, nearly three years after the passage of the act authorizing their construction. No appropriation for ships was made during the session of 1884, but during the sessions of 1885 and of 1886 authority was given for three more cruisers, two gun-boats, two large armored iron-clads, one torpedo-boat, and one pneumatic dynamite-gun ship, and for the completion of five large double-turretted monitors, whose construction was commenced, under the name of repairs, during Grant's administration. These 14 ships, added to the 4 authorized in 1883, make a total of 18 modern vessels for which authority has been granted. This is the outcome of more than five years' consideration of the subject, and the practical result to date is 2 ships in commission, 7 (including the 5 monitors) launched, but not finished; 5 designed, but not contracted for; and 4 not yet designed. The length of time thus consumed shows how large and complicated is the problem, and how many years must elapse between granting authority for ships and seeing them in commission.* As to the value of the ships thus far acquired, the only serious criticism made upon them is in regard to their speed. A cruiser which makes fifteen knots an hour, when the fast passenger steamers, that would be pressed into service in war, make eighteen to nineteen knots on every voyage, is of somewhat doubtful utility. The cruisers recently designed, however, are intended to have a speed of eighteen and nineteen knots. But, except in the matter of speed, all are agreed that the new vessels are well designed and well built, and that they make an excellent beginning for a naval force suited to the requirements of modern times.

In guns the progress has been of a somewhat similar character. In March, 1881, Congress ordered a board of engineer, ordnance, and artillery officers, to examine into the whole question of guns and projectiles. This was commonly known as the Getty Board, from the name of its senior officer. They examined several hundred designs, out of which they selected a small number as worthy of trial. They also made a thorough examination of the merits of cast-iron, wrought-iron, and steel, as material for guns, and decided in favor of steel—an opinion which is in accord with that of the majority of gun-builders

* The Collingwood, one of the most recent English iron-clads, was laid down in 1880, launched in 1882, and went into commission in 1886, six years after her construction was begun. She cost about three million five hundred thousand dollars.

another select committee of the Senate, with Senator Hawley as chairman, known as the Committee on Ordnance and War Ships, was appointed in the summer of 1884, for the purpose of examining the same subject. They made their report in the winter of 1886; it contained a large amount of information, and confirmed the views and conclusions of the Gun Foundry Board, but made no specific recommendations. Meantime, still another congressional committee had been appointed, composed of members of both Houses, with Mr. Randall as chairman, to investigate the same subject. This also submitted, in the spring of 1886, a report containing considerable information, but no positive plan of action.

While these committees were studying the problem the new cruisers were building, and it was necessary to provide guns for them. The necessary money had been appropriated in 1883, and the size of the guns was fixed at 6-inch and 8-inch rifles. The Navy Department began the construction of thirty of these guns, contracting for a small portion of their steel with the Midvale Steel Works, of Philadelphia, and for the bulk of it with Whitworth, of England. The finishing of the guns was to be done at the Washington Navy Yard. A few of these guns have been finished, and have proved in the highest degree satisfactory at the Annapolis proving-grounds, but none of them are yet on board of ships. It is expected to have the Atlanta's armament of two 8-inch and six 6-inch guns ready during the present winter.

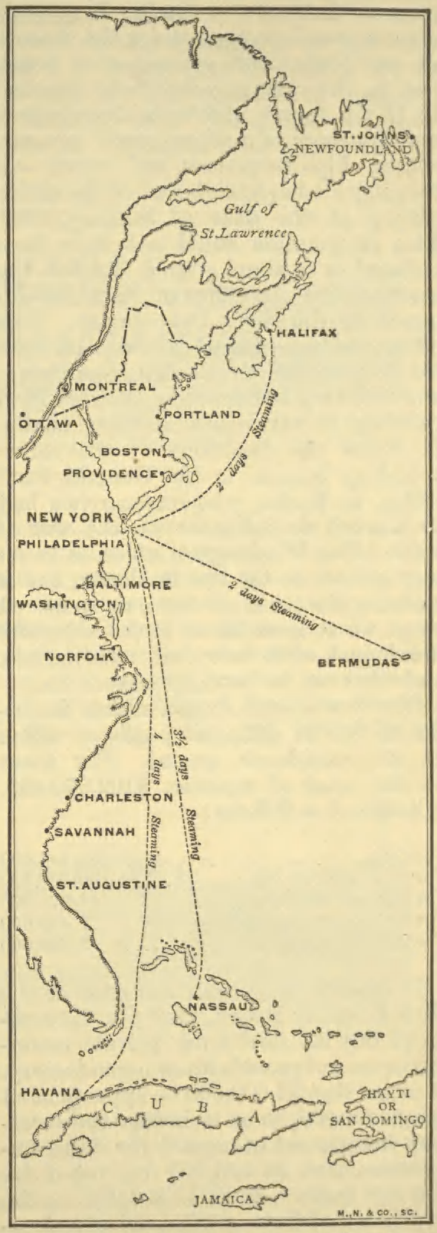
A certain amount of progress had thus been made on the policy outlined by the Gun Foundry Board—viz., to buy steel forgings of private manufacturers, and to build the guns at Government shops—when the bill authorizing the additional cruisers and iron-clads was passed, last July. That bill appropriated $1,000,000 toward the armament of these vessels, and distinctly authorized the Secretary of the Navy to expend as much of this as he deemed necessary in fitting up one of the navy-yards as a gun factory, provided the gun-steel was purchased from private factories. Under this law the Washington Navy Yard is now being transformed into a gun shop exclusively, and advertisements have been issued calling on steel manufacturers to submit proposals for furnishing about thirteen hundred tons of gun-steel, in masses from three to twelve tons, suitable for making modern rifled guns from six to twelve inches in calibre and from five to thirty-five tons in weight.

We are thus fairly started, after nearly five years of investigation and discussion, in the business of building modern guns for the Navy. For the Army little has yet been done. The 8-inch and 10-inch steel guns authorized in 1883 are not yet finished, and the experimental guns ordered at the same time are still in the experimental stage, with results not altogether satisfactory. When the fortification bill, appropriating a few hundred thousand dollars for the care of forts and further experiments with guns, reached the Senate, last summer, Senator Hawley offered an amendment appropriating $6,000,000 for the purchasing of 10,000 tons of gun-steel of domestic manufacture. The Senate adopted this, but the House refused to accept it, and the bill failed altogether—with the understanding that a new conference should be held, after the elections, in the first ten days of this winter's session. It remains to be seen whether the manufacturers will be willing to bid on the comparatively small amount of 1,300 tons authorized for the Navy. Even should they decline it is almost certain that a larger amount will be authorized at the present session, and then the work will begin. It will probably be four years, however, before we can have any guns as large as 10-inch and 12-inch. The bids for the Navy give the manufacturers two years and a half in which to deliver their forgings, and after that the guns are yet to be fabricated.

In the matter of forts, the Engineer Department has, year by year, represented in its annual reports, in the strongest possible language, that our forts are antiquated and our harbors at the mercy of an enemy's fleet. It has tried to dispel the popular fallacy that we can rely on torpedoes alone, by showing that forts and torpedoes are mutually dependent. With forts alone

an armored fleet can run by them, and with torpedoes alone a fleet can pick them up or explode them harmlessly. For the immediate protection of torpedo lines from derangement some of our present small guns and masonry forts or earthworks would still be very useful, provided there are forts and great guns that can keep the hostile iron-clads at a distance. But in our present condition the armored ships, with their 12-inch and 16-inch rifles, can demolish our forts completely, and then take up the torpedoes at their leisure. The lesson of the bombardment of Alexandria—the only instance of the attack of forts by ships since the development of the present types of iron-clads and guns — should not be lost upon us. These fortifications were somewhat inferior in construction, but in their general design and character they were quite similar to ours, and their armament was more powerful than any that we have. The English brought eight iron-clads against them, and in one day's bombardment rendered them useless and caused their evacuation. If our relations with England should become strained on account of the fisheries, the interoceanic canal, or any other question, the same, or a stronger, fleet would naturally rendezvous at Halifax or Bermuda, just as a similar fleet went to Constantinople in 1879, and to Alexandria in 1882. Forty-eight hours would suffice to bring them to New York, where a few days at the most would be necessary to destroy our existing fortifications, a few more to remove the torpedoes that we might meanwhile have placed, and then the city of New York would be at its mercy. Its destruction, or a ransom running into the hundreds of millions, would be the inevitable result, unless we yielded our diplomatic claims—which would not be probable.

All these risks have been set forth year by year in annual reports and messages, and in countless other publications, until the tale has become threadbare ; yet, up to this time, the only result has been the well-worn expedient of another board of officers to consider and report. This board was authorized by the act approved March 3, 1885. The Secretary of War was its chairman, and its members comprised four officers of

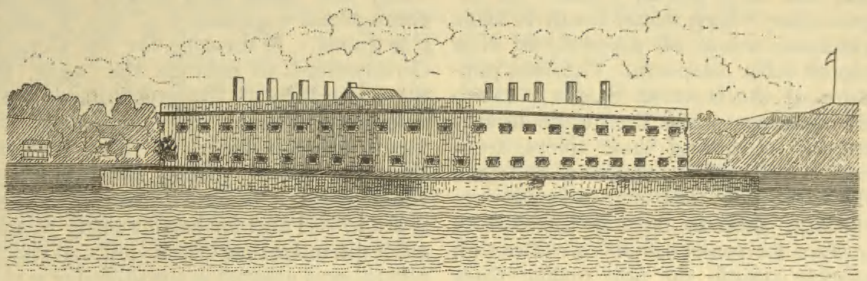


Sketch Showing the Cities on the Atlantic Coast and the Proximity of Foreign Naval Stations.

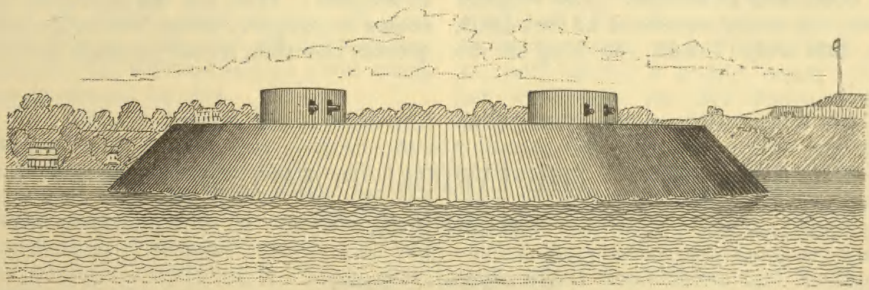
the Army and two of the Navy, who were well known as eminent authorities on this subject, and two civilians, equally well known as metal manufacturers.

single gun, and 10 earth-and-concrete batteries, also each for a single gun, mounted on a carriage to lower or disappear behind the parapet after each shot. At Sandy Hook would be 17 similar casemates and batteries. These guns would be 12-inch (50 tons) and 10-inch (27 tons). On Coney Island and thence back along the shore to Fort Hamilton, and on the Staten Island side on the hills above Fort Wadsworth, would be a series of 12-inch rifled mortars, 96 in all. For the eastern entrance the same plan of torpedoes and torpedo-boats, steel turrets, armored casemates and barbette batteries, and mortars would be followed. For the entire defence there are 9 turrets, with 18 guns of 115 tons, casemates and batteries for 77 slightly smaller guns, 144 mortars, 18 torpedo-boats, and 690 torpedoes. The total cost is estimated at $8,000,000. (The total value of property protected is nearly two billion dollars, and the cost of protection less than half of one per cent.) In addition to these defences, as there is anchorage- and cruising-ground off Coney Island, which is but seven miles from a portion of Brooklyn, though the heavy guns will carry nine or ten miles, it is proposed to have armored floating batteries, carrying the largest guns, to aid in the defence.

This report, containing, as has been said, a complete plan of defence for all our harbors, was presented to Congress in January, 1886. No action was taken upon it. We have now exhausted our ingenuity in forming boards to collect information and report. Our information is complete, and it can be kept up to date from month to month by the Office of Naval Intelligence. We have obtained the best attainable expert advice and opinion, and we have a complete plan of defence, based on modern requirements, with full estimates of cost. The question now is, Shall forts be built? And the answer to that depends on two factors—one of which is public opinion, and the other is the necessities of partisan politics as interpreted by the leaders in Congress. Mr. Tilden wrote, last June, that he knew that public opinion was overwhelmingly in favor of fortifications, and he based his judgment on the views of over seven hundred newspapers. On the other



Fort Lafayette, East Side of the Narrows, New York Harbor.



Proposed Arrangement of Turrets on the Site of Fort Lafayette, New York Harbor.

hand, Mr. Randall thinks it not good politics for his party to spend large sums on forts—and he is a very shrewd judge of popular opinion.

As for the public at large, it is doubtful if it is as yet actively in favor of forts. The citizens of St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Louisville know very well that no foreign force can directly injure them, and they hardly realize the indirect injury which would result to their trade from a loss of property in New York or other seaports. The vast population of the interior States is much more anxious to see the public money spent for improving their rivers, from which, in spite of the abuses of the river and harbor bills, they see an immediate advantage, than to have it invested in insurance for sea-coast cities. Even on the lakes people do not realize their danger. They have seen comparatively small expenditures in making lake harbors and ports result in building up a commerce which rivals that of the entire sea-coast. They do not realize that while under existing treaties neither England nor the United States can maintain any naval force on the lakes, yet on the outbreak of war England can send through the Welland Canal 111 vessels, with over four hundred guns, while we are absolutely powerless. The Welland Canal can carry vessels of 13 feet draft, the Erie only 7 feet. So long as we leave the Erie Canal in its present condition we leave it in England's power, on the outbreak of war, to destroy Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, and a number of smaller cities; and, unless the English vessels could be stopped by torpedoes in the Detroit River, Chicago, and Milwaukee as well. The State of New York spent its money freely to build this canal, and thereby gain the commercial supremacy of the Western Continent. It remains for the General Government to enlarge the work, for the protection of the great States from whose lake-shores the commerce annually passes through it. But it is one thing to spend money for a purpose which yields a quick commercial return; it is another and far harder thing to sink money in insurance which yields no visible return, and against a contingency which millions of people insist on considering too remote to take cognizance of.

The question finally resolves itself to this: Our harbors on the ocean- and lake-shores are defenceless against existing navies. Is it wise to leave them so when we have the means to protect them? It never has been so considered until within the last few years. Who can name any reasons why such a risk is more justifiable now than it has been in the past? Does not the enormous increase in property values render the risk greater now than it ever has been before?

IN A COPY OF THE LYRICAL POEMS OF ROBERT HERRICK.

By Austin Dobson.

MANY suns have set and shone,
Many springs have come and gone,
Herrick, since thou sang'st of Wake,
Morris-dance, and Barley-break;
Many men have ceased from care,
Many maidens have been fair,
Since thou sang'st of *Julia's* eyes,
Julia's lawns and tiffanies;
Many things are past—but thou,
Golden-Mouth, art singing now,
Singing clearly as of old,
And thy numbers are of gold.

beauty entreated him, and whose Latin-Indian blood was flame. These were not safe thoughts, still less safe were they when from generalities they descended to particulars; when he came to think how his life might have been shaped had he been born not in Massachusetts but in Chihuahua, had he won not the prettiest girl in Salem but the most beautiful woman in Santa Maria de la Cañada for his wife. Now the most beautiful woman in Santa Maria was Joséfa, daughter of the old Mexican in whose house he lived.

Possibly, then, Rand's enjoyment of the awakening life in the village that evening was less wholesome than keen. It was keen, most certainly. Santa Maria was a mere mite of a village, but it was perfect as a type. Low *adobe* houses straggled around three sides of the treeless plaza; on the fourth side was the church. Back of the houses lay corrals and gardens, and back of these again the cultivated fields, crossed and recrossed by *acequias*, through which the water came that made fruitful the land. And back of all, towering up grandly, in blue-black masses against the evening sky, the mountains. Rand had seen fifty villages like this since he came into Mexico; he had seen this very village under precisely these conditions more than fifty times—for he had been quartered there near two months—but his enjoyment of it all was as fresh and full as though that night it all were new to him. But with his enjoyment of it was blended now a deeper feeling than that which in the beginning he had known. When he came to it at first, he had loved this simple placid life with slumberous surroundings purely for itself, for its beauty, for its restfulness; and these, truly, were cause enough for love. But now, half consciously, half unconsciously, his love was less for the life at large than for the single figure that had come to be to him its centre and its type. Standing there before the doorway, in the waning light of day, it was of her, rather than of the village and the villagers before him, that he thought.

As he stood thus, dreamily, Joséfa came out from the house and stood beside him for a moment, while she told him that his supper was ready. He started as he heard her voice, and as he turned to enter their eyes met full; in his there was a look of longing, of sadness, of doubt; in hers there was a dangerous light, half of defiance, half of strong love confessed. He paused by the doorway that she might pass in before him. As she passed, the palm of her warm hand brushed lightly against his.

That Rand should take up his quarters in a Mexican house, instead of in camp, was the outcome of his whim for identifying himself with the Mexican people; with the further and more practical reason that it gave him opportunities for studying Spanish, which could be had in no other way. He had imagined that his desire in this direction would be easily gratified, but as he tried to gratify it in one village after another, as his work advanced and his camp moved forward, and failed always, his views concerning household life in Mexico underwent some modifications. Here was a people, he found, that would not sell the right of entrance into its homes. So he had pretty much abandoned his purpose when, coming to Santa Maria, he fell in with old Pepe, Joséfa's father.

Pepe, it must be confessed, was a sad old scamp. At all times a very perceptible odor of *mescal* hung about him, and frequently the effects of this potent liquor were visible in the tangled condition of his legs; though it is a notable fact that, save that it finally put him very sound asleep, *mescal* had no effect whatever upon his rascally old brain. Between his love of drunkenness and his love of gambling Pepe had a hard time of it, for the demands of these passions for ready money were so constant and so imperative that little was left on which himself and his daughter could live. Things had been somewhat better while Joséfa's mother was alive; but she had been dead for a half dozen years now, and in this time Pepe had been driving as rapidly as anybody can do anything in Mexico to the dogs. He had sold his cattle one by one, he had sold some of his ground and mortgaged the rest—and he had sold himself. It was this last sale that struck bitterness into Pepe's soul. The sale had not been

accomplished at a single stroke. It had come about little by little, ten dollars worth of him going at one time, five dollars worth at another—as gambling necessities, or the need for preparation for some especially grand *fiesta* required —until now he found himself bonded for near two hundred dollars; and he knew perfectly well that without the blessed saints worked a miracle in his behalf he would be a bondsman for all the rest of his days. He also knew, in a general sort of way, that he was not precisely one of those shining examples of virtue such as the blessed saints are in the habit of selecting to work miracles upon. Therefore his case seemed to be about hopeless.

When this respectable Mexican heard of Rand's quest, he thought with much satisfaction that the saints really were lending him a helping hand; for the fact that all *Americanos* possess inconceivably great wealth was well known to him, and he saw clearly an opportunity for making money to an extent that quite took his breath away. He could not, of course, hope to pay off his bond and be a free man again; but he certainly could get his hand on an amount of hard cash that would assure to him a grand time during the festival of the Corpus Christi, now only a month away. He might even—glorious thought!—go down to the great city of Chihuahua and lie drunk there for a whole week!

Therefore Pepe's heart was as lead within him when Rand, by no means prepossessed by his appearance and address, firmly declined his offer of the freedom of his home. But Rand at last yielded so far as to consent to see the house—and seeing that it was far more habitable than he had been led to suppose by the appearance of its proprietor, and moreover seeing Joséfa, he filled Pepe's heart with joy again by accepting his offer at once. Pepe, who was a shrewd old scoundrel, saw the involuntary look of admiration that Rand cast upon Joséfa, and in his mind he began to evolve a plan. Perhaps he might be a free man again, after all!

Joséfa had no knowledge of this plan, but had she been made acquainted with it, she could not have played more directly into her father's hands. For there was for her a rare attraction in this *Americano*, who was so unlike the men of her own race; in whom, her instinct told her, was a power for passionate love that equalled, if, indeed, it did not exceed, her own. But as time passed on, and the love that she knew—knew better than Rand himself—existed, was not declared, her pride was piqued, and her curiosity was aroused. What manner of man was this, she thought, who, with no lack of opportunity, failed to make plain the feeling that was stirring in his heart? Under the sun of Mexico never had such man been before. Therefore was she perplexed, and her own heart was troubled, and the more went out to him. And the whole strength of her being was bent upon gaining a return for her love.

Rand was not so dull, but that he saw all this; and because he saw it, and because he knew how weak he had become, he forced himself to fight against it and to be strong. He called to his aid the steadfast honesty and love of honor for honor's sake that belonged to him by right of his Saxon blood, and with these he fought the weakness that his Latin blood had brought him. But his weakness had many strong allies. The strangeness of his life, that was all the stranger because it seemed so familiar to him; the absence of the bracing moral atmosphere, out of which —even in the roughest of his frontier life in the States—he had never lived; a climate that filled him with a fuller, richer, sense of life than he had ever known; all these forces were allies to his weakness; all were united to arouse that portion of his nature which had slumbered ever since he was a boy.

And more than all else, Joséfa wrought upon him strangely and potently. Her dark eyes, alight with fire and tenderness; her clear, olive-brown skin, tinged ruddily with her Southern blood; her tall, supple, rounded form wherein were grace and strength, and a vigorous vitality—these characteristics made up a type that was new to him, yet that he felt to be as old as his own being, and a very part of himself. Half unconsciously, he would watch her come and go about the house; and misty memories would rise up in his mind, as though

he known it, his desire would have been only that death might come quickly. For he knew despairingly that he had made his venture, and that he had lost. The ease of life that he had hoped for when he broke out from the civilization that he was born to, and entered the civilization upon which he had a claim by hereditary right, had not come. It had seemed so easy to him, back there in Santa Maria, to throw off the few remaining bonds that held him to the North and become of the South utterly; so easy that he half thought the bonds had fallen away of themselves, and would not need to be broken at all. But his attempt to break them had shown him how vain the effort was. What he thought was a snapping irrevocable had been but yielding, as a bow yields; and ever since, by a constant strain, as a bent bow draws against the string, he had been drawn backward toward the life that he had thought forever to leave behind. His very weakness held him from yielding to this strain. He longed to return, but lacked strength to break the bonds that he had bound himself with. Yet he knew that no great access of energy was needed to enable him to be free; and he hoped, as weak men are wont to hope, for the action of some force from without that would arouse him thoroughly, give him full command of his moral strength, and so help him to break away.

The shock that he hoped for, in his weakness, came. It was a telegram—three days old, for the end of the wire still was fifty miles away to the north—telling him that his boy was dead, and his wife so ill that he must come to her at once if he would see her again alive.

"I must leave you, Joséfa. I go from here into the North, to my home."

She looked at him tremblingly, doubtingly.

"You have loved me greatly, Joséfa, far more than I have deserved; now love me yet more by forgetting that you ever have loved me at all. You will go back to your father, in Santa Maria, and you will be the better because I am gone."

She did not seem to hear him. Her great black eyes opened wide. Presently a blaze of hate shot into them.

"You are going to—to that woman?" she demanded.

"I am going to my wife. She is dying—God help me! she may now be dead."

"Then I declare that you shall *not* go! You are mine, *mine*, I say. She shall not have you. I would sooner that you should die." And then breaking suddenly from hate to tenderness, she flung herself upon him and went on, while her whole body quivered with her sobbing. "For you are my heart, my life; you are everything to me; you are all that I have in all the world to love." Then, flinging from him, and glaring at him with rageful eyes: "I hate her, and I hate you for loving her. Dare to go a step toward her! Dare to leave me!—and I will kill you as I would a dog! She has no right to you now. You have come to me and you are mine. You cannot leave me. You shall not leave me. You shall die first—ah! my heart, tell me that you will not go away. Tell me again that you love me. Give me one little kiss. For I am all yours, and you are all to me."

Rand paled and trembled. The magnificent splendor of her beauty overwhelmed him as her noble figure towered exalted by her hate, or drooped with an entreating graciousness in her boundless love. That he did not yield to her should be accounted unto him a victory that went far toward atoning for the sin of his first defeat.

Slowly he turned away from her; slowly passed through the doorway to where his horse stood tethered; slowly mounted—then, beating his horse's flanks with his great spurs, dashed at a tremendous gallop across the valley toward the camp of the engineers.

Joséfa knew that his determination was fixed; that he had gone to make hasty preparations for his journey; that he would leave her never to return. For this her heart cast all love out of it, and was filled with a bitter, jealous hate. She sat down quietly that she might make her plans for killing him. Yet the more that her mind dwelt upon what had passed and what yet was to come, the more did she feel that mere killing would not satisfy her. Because of her hate of the woman who was tak-

He staggered to the corner of the room where the *olla* rested in its forked stick, and drank a long draught of the cool water. "Ah! it hurts me so to swallow," he said piteously, but still in English, so that on Joséfa the pitifulness of his words was lost.

After drinking he stood, with the cup in his hand, leaning against the wall. In a few moments he began to move the cup slowly, and then more rapidly, from side to side, a vacant look upon his face. Presently this gave way to an expression of interest.

"It is like a juggler's trick. All six of the cups are in the air at once. See how cleverly I catch them! And now here are the rats come to look at the performance. But you must sit quite still, rats; and the short rats must have the front seats. It would be very unfair to give the long rats front seats when they can see perfectly well over the short rats' shoulders.—No! I will not hold the rod steady. If you can't get a sight when the rod is moving then you are not fit to run a level. Anyhow, I am not the rod-man, I am the engineer in charge of this corps; and if I choose to wiggle the rod I have a right to do it.—Why, you stupid Mexican, I am pumping. Of course you don't know what pumping is, for you haven't a pump in your whole country. But this is the way it's done, you see. And oh! how fresh and sweet the water is! Give me more of it, more, there is fire in my throat—and oh! the pain! the pain!" and he broke into a moan.

Of all this Joséfa did not understand a word. But Rand's tone and gestures made clear to her how surely the toloache was doing its work—and horror was beginning to possess her as she saw what she had done: for the very hate that was in her was love in its most powerful form. This man was everything in the world to her—and she had brought upon him what was worse than death. And the pain that he suffered: she had not counted upon that. His moaning, drawn from him by his agony, was like a knife in her heart. When the spasm had passed he spoke again, but now in Spanish:

"Joséfa, my little one, where art thou?" Joséfa's heart bounded, and she sprang to her feet and moved toward him—and stopped, chilled and woe-struck, as she saw him moving his hands as one searching in the dark; saw that his eyes, in which the love-light that she knew so well had come again, were turned on empty space.

"Come to me, my Pepita," he went on. "Come to me, my little heart. Yes, thou art very beautiful—and thy beauty is that of which I have dreamed all my life long. Let me kiss thee on thy eyelids, so. Dost thou know, Pepa, that the moment I saw thee—that day when thy father led me to his house—thy eyes seemed to look down into and stir the depths of my heart? I think that it was because of thy eyes that I came to love thee so deeply. For I do love thee; love thee as I never thought that I could love. Give me a kiss, my Pepa, my Chepita, a little kiss, and say that thou also hast love for me. Ah! nestle close to me in my arms, and give thy love for mine. For I love thee—help! help! Joséfa! I am in torture; my heart is wrenching me to pieces; my throat is on fire; I cannot breathe. Help me. I am dying." And so exquisite was the pain that Rand's whole body writhed convulsively, and foam gathered upon his lips.

With a cry of anguish not less keen than his, Joséfa caught him in her arms. Had she possessed ten thousand lives she would have given them all then that her devil's work might have been undone. But nothing could undo that work now.

As the pain ebbed again a great weakness came upon him. But for her supporting arms he would have fallen. Half leading him, half carrying him, she placed him upon one of the cots, and knelt upon the floor by his side.

The wind moaned hollowly, and the rain fell upon the clay roof with a muffled, thunderous sound; but Joséfa heard only Rand's wearily drawn breath and sobs, and the wild beating of her own heart.

Resting upon the cot in some measure eased his pain. For a long while he spoke no more. From time to time his legs and arms twitched spasmodically, and his body trembled with the irregular throbbing of his heart. The

of the hero stands a bull-buffalo, with his head lifted and drinking from the stream. This animal is not of our domestic breed of cattle, but is an admirable drawing of the black, almost hairless buffalo, wild in those days in the swamps and jungles of Southern Chaldea, and which is remarkable for its great size and its huge

Fig. 3.—Gisdubar Conquering a Lion. About 3800 B.C. After Pinches.

corrugated horns resting back on the head. Gisdubar is the ancient hero of Chaldea, whose epic in twelve books was discovered by George Smith, and who was identified by him with the biblical Nimrod. The space between the horns, and over the backs of the two buffaloes is occupied by an inscription in eight lines of very archaic characters, which is translated by Mr. Pinches, of the British Museum, "Sargon, the King; King of Agade. Ibni-sarru, the scribe, his servant." From this we learn that this seal was carried by the scribe of Sargon I., King of Agade, and it was, doubtless, with this seal that the royal documents were authenticated. Sargon of Agade is a name well known. The ancient astronomical and magical and grammatical literature of Assyria and Babylonia is referred back by the old scribes to the time of Sargon. His birth and life were invested with mysterious incidents, and he lived at the time when the mythological period passes into the historical. He was one of the last kings of Agade, or Sippara, five of whom lived before the Flood. This was a thousand years before Hammurabi, the first Chaldean king set his throne in Babylon and united all the minor kingdoms of the lower Euphrates under his sway. Sargon's date, as I have said, on the authority of King Nabonidus, the father of Belshazzar, was about 3800 B.C. His capital, Agade, or the Sippara of Anunit, was, perhaps, the first city of importance, after Babylon, in all Southern Mesopotamia, and the discovery of its site—on the ruins now called Tel Anbar, on the Euphrates—is one of the important fruits of the American Wolfe Expedition.

This cylinder of Sargon—and Menant's doubt as to its ascription to him would only make it still older—is of first class importance in a great many ways. It gives us a type of art, and a type of inscription from which we can settle the period, if not the local school, of a considerable number of other cylinders. The characters in the inscriptions are not yet wedge-shaped, but are in plain lines, only one remove from the original hieroglyphics. The drawing of the design shows original artistic feeling not yet subdued by con-

Fig. 4.—Gisdubar and the Lion. About 3500 B.C. After De Clercq.

ventionalism. The cutting is all done with the corundum point—the drill not yet being invented—and in a free and masterly manner never equalled in later times.

A favorite subject is some one of the exploits of Gisdubar. A very fine red-and-white banded jasper cylinder in the British Museum (Fig. 3) illustrates another variety of this type. Here Gisdubar again appears in duplicate representa-

tion, lifting a lion upon his shoulder. Both the hero and the lion are engraved

Fig. 5.—Gisdubar Killing the Bull of Anu. About 3000 B.C. After De Clercq.

with great energy and artistic power. A more common type is that in Fig. 4, where Gisdubar, in his most characteristic style, clad, as in Figs. 4 and 5, only with a girdle, fights a standing lion. The repetition of the figure is very common on the seals, and seems to indicate a certain poverty of invention. In the later seals Gisdubar, in accordance with that modesty which was characteristic of the Babylonians as well as of the Persians, becomes decently clothed; and colossal statues of him, of the time of the last Sargon king of Assyria, represent him as dressed and curled in the finest style of a Ninevite dandy, with a lion comfortably tucked under one arm, and a snake held by the neck in the other hand.

Another frequently recurring scene in the story of Gisdubar is that which represents him in contest with the human-headed bull (Fig. 5). It is very probable that the explanation of this scene is found in the Gisdubar epic, according to which the goddess Ishtar became a suitor for the love of the hero, and was rejected by him. In revenge for the slight she appealed to her father Anu to punish him. Anu created an immense bull, but Gisdubar overcame and slew the monster. The story of the courtship of Ishtar, her promises to Gisdubar of wealth, and servants, and pleasure, his scornful rejection of her offer, telling her how her lovers had perished, and her angry complaint and appeal to her father against the man who had despised the beauty and the love of the goddess, form one of the most dramatic portions of this epic—the most ancient epic by a thousand years, at least, that exists. The glorious victory of Gisdubar over this monstrous bull, and his mutilation of its mighty carcass are probably commemorated not in this poem alone and in the seals which picture the contest, but in the constellation Taurus, which has a Babylonian origin.

At the right of Gisdubar, in Fig. 6, we have the representation of his friend Heabani fighting a lion. With great difficulty, the epic tells us, and only after he was persuaded by two fair damsels, Heabani was persuaded by Gisdubar to leave his home in the rocks of the desert, and join him in his victories. Heabani was a superior figure to the Greek satyr, having the body of a bull but the head and arms of a man, and nothing of the satyr's vicious and unsavory character. He was a worthy friend of the great hero, and was deeply lamented when accidentally killed. The dirge over his death is, with the possible exception of the account of the descent of Ishtar into Hades, the finest passage in the old Babylonian poetry. The two friends often appear together on the older cylinders, those from 2000 to 3800 B.C., fighting generally one a lion and the other a bull. A good specimen is in Fig. 6, from a cylinder in the collection of M. de Clercq.

Fig. 6.—Gisdubar and Heabani. About 3500 B.C. After De Clercq.

Probably belonging to a period of very nearly the same antiquity, if we may judge from the character of the engraving and the stones used as material,

as well as from the known date of some which bear the inscription of a King of Ur of the Chaldees, are those which carry a procession of people advancing to a seated divinity. An extraordinarily good specimen is found in Fig. 7, although the engraving from which the figures are copied gives an unwarranted Greek look to the faces. The seated deity is on the right, and in front of him

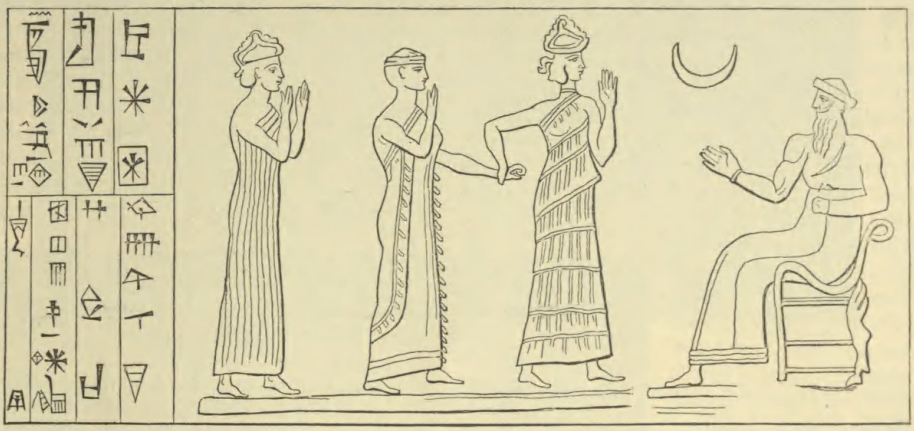


Fig. 7.—Seal of Lik-bagas, King of Ur. About 2600 B.C.

is the crescent, which would seem to indicate that this is the Moon god, whose name was Sin. He is bearded, and fully clothed in a long tunic of cloth. The fact of clothing would seem to indicate a somewhat later date than that of the finer Gisdubar cylinders. There advances to

Fig. 8.—Private Seal. About 2000 B.C. After De Clercq.

meet the god a figure with one hand raised in an attitude of respect, while with his right hand he leads a second figure. Behind the two is a third figure. The unoccupied hands of all the three figures are raised as if in worship.

What does this group represent? It is perhaps the most abundant type found, and has some definite meaning. The seated figure is, of course, the chief character. The others are showing him all possible honor. Is he a god or a man? Lajard, who first studied these representations, was sure this represented a scene in the initiation into some Oriental mysteries. The seated figure was the initiating priest, and the figure led in represented the candidate for initiation. Menant's explanation is substantially the same, as he calls it simply a religious ceremony. As I have indicated, I think it much more likely that the seated figure is a god, perhaps the god Sin, or possibly Hea. It is to be noticed that the figure led in is bare-headed, not having the high tiara, and in dress as well as in attitude is inferior to the figures between whom he stands. Very often, on small seals, Fig. 8, the third figure is omitted, but always the led figure is without the honorable head-dress of his conductor. Before settling what this scene represents we must observe that the led figure is sometimes — and in the older seals—not wholly human, but has, with the head, shoulders, and arms of a man, the body, tail, and legs of a bird, perhaps a cock. A cylinder in my collection, Fig. 9, of green jasper and with the concave face of the older period, represents this figure half-man and half-bird being led to the god by the figure in front of him, and pushed in by the figure behind. The rear, and fourth standing

figure, instead of lifting his empty arms, carries a victim for sacrifice. The god is distinguished by streams flowing from his abdomen, while near them are several fishes to indicate that it is water which is delineated. The god would seem to be Hea, deity of the waters of the lower world. There is no crescent to indicate the Moon-god. The reader will imagine the seated god repeated at left of figure.

In the case of these cylinders in which the led figure is half-bird, it cannot be a scene in an initiation into religious mysteries. The figure is being brought in unwillingly by two attendants or apparitors, as if for judgment and punishment. It would seem as if for some offence the culprit was being changed to a bird; and this suggests what is the probable character of the more common scene. The god is on the throne of judgment. The soul of the dead is brought before him for decision. It is a scene in some such a cycle of mythological thought as is familiar in the "Egyptian Book of the Dead." The leading figure performs the duty of a Mercury or psychopomp, in presenting the dead before the tribunal in Hades; and being himself a minor deity, he very properly wears on many seals the same kind of tiara as does the superior god, or ties his hair in the same kind of a queue. This long queue, by the way, sometimes tied up and sometimes hanging down, is one of the remarkable indications, some of them in the forms of the writing, which seem to connect the early Accadian or Sumerian population of Chaldea with the Chinese, as has been plausibly argued by M. Delacouperie.

The chief evidence looking to the conclusion of Menant and others, that these three figures approaching the seated god, one leading the second, and the third generally in flounced goat-skin dress and with uplifted hands, represent a religious ceremony of men worshipping before an image of the god, is to be found in the remarkable tablet of the Sun-god found by Mr. Rassam in Abu-habba. The discovery of that tablet will long be reported to travellers as a memorable event. Word was sent to Mr. Rassam that the workmen had found a picture of Noah with his three sons. Mr. Rassam came and saw it, and gave the workmen a holiday, and an ox for their feast. The Sun-god sits on his throne, within a shrine. Near his head are the emblems of the Moon, Sun, and Venus, or, to designate them mythologically, Sin, Shamash, and Ishtar. In front of the shrine is a table, or altar, on which stand what looks like the capital of an Ionic column; and on its volutes an immense disk, figured to represent the Sun, and held upright by cords let down from above and held by two divine beings. In front of the altar, as if approaching it, is our familiar group of three personages, one leading the second, and the third with hands lifted. These, being represented as much smaller than the seated figure, were taken by the Arabs for Shem, Ham, and Japheth. This tablet was made by King Nabubaladan, perhaps 1200 B.C., and belongs to a period when this design had been in use for at least a thousand years.

Fig. 9.—From Collection of W. H. Ward. About 2000 B.C.

This representation of the seated god —for god it must be, and not a priest— before whom came these two figures, whom we may call the psychopomp and the deceased soul, or, if we follow the French scholars, the initiator, or mystagogue, and the initiant—with, in the better examples, a third or even a fourth additional figure, in worship, or carrying a victim—is the most common in the whole cycle of mythological figures on seals, and was in use from the time of Lik-bagas, 2500 B.C., or earlier, perhaps,

down to the rise of the Assyrian Empire; or it may be even down to Nebuchadnezzar's time, 625 B.C. In the old cylinders it appears on seals of the harder stones, as lapis lazuli, and in the later ones, on smaller seals of hematite, such as belonged to the poorer classes. The date of these numerous

Fig. 10.—Seal of Dungi, King of Ur. About 2500 B.C. After Pinches.

hematite cylinders it is not easy to guess. The style of art and of the writing, however, agrees very exactly with those of seals in the finer materials which bear the names of Kings Lik-bagas and Dungi, who reigned as early as 2500 B.C.

None of the groups on the cylinders are more interesting than those which

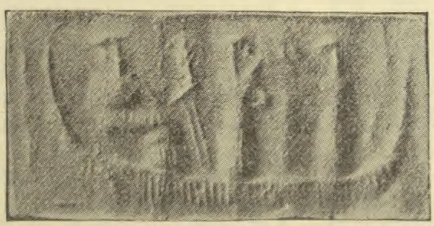


Fig. 11.—After De Clercq. About 2000 B.C.

Fig. 12.—The Temptation. About 2000 B.C.

seem to represent scenes familiar to us in the Bible. There is no sufficient reason for believing that the Book of Genesis was written by Moses. While the latter portion of it shows an intimate acquaintance with Egypt, the earlier chapters have their relation almost entirely to Babylonia. The Genesis stories of the creation, of the fall of man, and of the flood, have their counterpart, not in the traditions of the Nile, but of the Euphrates. While the mythological fragments recovered from the tablets are yet very incomplete, we have obtained so much from them, in the story of the creation and the flood, which tallies with the biblical story, that we can almost certainly conclude that the parallelism was general. There have several cylinders been found which represent, apparently, a man and a woman in a boat, and which it is very easy to believe may be meant for the Chaldean Noah and his wife (Fig. 11). The indications, however, are by no means very clear. One figure is generally rowing, and we cannot help raising the question whether it be not here the soul of the dead which is being carried on its journey from earth to the after-world.

Much more interesting is a cylinder which has been the object of much discussion, having been generally supposed to represent the temptation of Adam and Eve (Fig. 12). The two stand before a tree, whose fruit they are plucking, while behind the woman, or rather between the backs of the two, and with its head turned toward the woman, is an upright serpent.

hinges, as can be seen from the stone doors of Palmyra. Like the great doors of courts now in the same region, they swung on a heavy pivot in a deep socket of stone at the bottom, and might be held at the top in the same way. Many of these stone sockets are still to be found in the ruins of the old cities, where the wooden gates have perished, leaving only, as in the magnificent gates of Shalmaneser, the remains of

Fig. 14.—Collection of W. H. Ward.

which were found at Balawat, the richly engraved bronze plates with which they were ornamented. On the cylinders of which we speak a god is represented as opening such a door. It is premature to decide certainly what this scene represents, but one of these cylinders gives us an indication (Fig. 13). A superior being holds a gate open. Through it seem to have passed two figures. One of them, whom we have called the psychopomp, leads a figure humbly dressed, which we again call the soul of the dead, into the presence of the deity who always appears in connection with this gate. He is surrounded with rays which rise from his shoulders, and he sometimes stands between two prominences, or appears to be mounting a high hill. I can hardly fail to see in this group another scene in the passage of the dead to his final rest. The poem of the descent of Ishtar into Hades tells us nearly all we know of the Babylonian idea of the under world, and there we are told that the goddess had to pass through seven gates, at each of which she was compelled by the porter to remove one of her garments or ornaments, until at last she came naked into the presence of the implacable deity who rules the world of the dead.

It is an error to imagine that we must find a meaning for every event that is pictured in these Babylonian cylinders. On not a few the only art to be discovered is that which is exhausted in filling the space with the familiar types of deities and emblems, without much pains to select them. When the inscription on a cylinder tells us that the owner is a worshipper of the Sun-god or Moon-god, we might expect to find a picture of the god worshipped on the cylinder. But this is by no means the real fact. The inscription bears very little relation to the figures. Each deity has its persistent type, and very likely several of them are crowded together without order on the seal, which was an amulet as well as seal, as if its owner wanted all the protection which all the gods figured could give him. Every vacant space is often filled with smaller emblems, the crescent of Sin, the solar disk of Shamash, the star of Ishtar, the seven points, which probably represent the seven stars of the Pleiades, the rod with a circle at the middle, which may be the emblem of justice, the crab, the serpent, the monkey, and various others difficult to make out (Fig. 14). Here is a field for very promising study, giving us a better insight into the mythology of Chaldea. At present there are only a very few of

Fig. 15.—God of Agriculture. Collection of W. H. Ward. About 2000 B.C.

the figured gods whose identity is beyond question.

It would be more tedious than interesting to attempt to follow Menant in his classification of these Babylonian cylinders by their "schools," as those of Agade, of Ur, and of Erech. All we know is that one dated at Agade represents the conflict of Gisdubar and the lion; two at Erech have quite different styles of figures; and half a dozen, whose inscriptions show that they belonged to scribes of Ur, at a date more ancient than that of Abraham, are of one general

style of art, though they represent several different scenes, with a preference to that which gives us the seated god perhaps Sin, perhaps Hea, before whom a superior being leads a human figure by the hand. That we have here a veritable school of Ur seems hardly to be doubted.

Fig. 16.—Collection of W. H. Ward. About 1000 B.C.

Little space can be taken to describe the styles of cylinders, which grew out of those of Babylonia. First came those of the northern empire of Assyria, whose period intervenes between those of the first and second Babylonian empires. The material of these seals is very frequently serpentine, although the finer ones are of a milky (not often brown or yellow) chalcedony, or of carnelian. The green jasper or feldspar, the sienites, the shell and ivory, the lapis lazuli, and the rock crystal, which were frequent among early Babylonian seals, are very rare or are not found at all. None of them are reduced in size in the middle, and they are generally a little longer for their width. There is no difficulty in distinguishing them, as the dress of the figures is quite different, and consists of a short shirt over which a long open garment reaches to the feet. There are two favorite representations. One is that of the conflict of Bel and the Dragon (Fig. 17), of which I have before spoken, and which has its peculiar variations. The curved weapon carried by the god has become a veritable round sickle, instead of being but slightly curved, as in all the old figures, or it is replaced by a bow; and the two combatants are much more minutely figured, and their wings, dress, and accessories are more defined. Perhaps the seals on which the winged god is represented as fighting an animal, or holding two animals, may belong to the same general thought.

Fig. 18.—Assyrian Seal. About 700 B.C. Collection of W. H. Ward.

The other very frequent type, and one which is especially found in the fine and large chalcedony seals, represents the sacred tree, with winged figures in worship, standing one on each side, the two figures being introduced for symmetry (Fig. 19.). Above the tree is generally to be seen the winged disk, emblem of the supreme deity Assur. Occasionally the figure on either side of the sacred tree is not winged, and may be even kneeling; and, when it thus represents a man, what seems to be a stream, or cord, typifying divine influence or protection in answer to prayer, comes down from the deity and is grasped by the hand of the wor-

Fig. 17.—Bel Merodach Fighting the Dragon. About 700 B.C. Collection of W. H. Ward

Fig. 19.—Assyrian Seal. After Pinches. About 700 B.C.

forms of protecting and avenging powers.

Contemporary with the later of these Babylonian seals are the Persian. They are easily distinguishable by their agreement with the figures of the times of the Achæmenian kings Darius and Xerxes, found on the monuments of Persepolis and other ancient Persian cities. By far the most common representation is that of the deity killing a lion or other animal, with a short sword, or with a bow. The hero now appears in the turreted square cap of Persia, and with the tunic plaited down in front so as to give the appearance of loose trousers. These two signs, or either of them alone, will generally distinguish Persian work. A fine seal, Fig. 21, represents the king hunting a lion under the protection of the supreme god, and the inscription says: "I am Darius the great king." Fig. 22 is a beautiful carnelian cylinder, from my collection, marked as Persian by the trousers worn by two of the men, and remarka-

Fig. 24.—Hittite Seal. Collection of W. H. Ward.

ble for the head-dresses of the soldiers, which look something like Greek helmets. The inscription, however, is Phenician.

From the region between the Upper Euphrates and Phenicia there comes a series of cylinders of a peculiar character, and which may represent a number of various nations. A fine one, Fig. 23, we know to be Armenian, because it bears, in the old cuneiform character, an inscription which declares that it belonged to an Armenian king who was contemporary with the Assyrian Empire. It represents a hero holding an ostrich by the neck with each hand. There seems to be good reason to believe that many of these cylinders were made by that ancient and long forgotten people, the Hittites, who fought both Egypt and Assyria on equal terms, until crushed between the two. Their seals are generally small and rudely cut with the drill, and not with the corundum point (Fig. 24). Animals' heads, as that of the goat, are often found on them, as in the Hittite writing which has lately been discovered.

Fig. 25.—Phenician Seal. Collection of W. H. Ward.

Fishes, stars, crabs, dogs, the seven dots, a hand, and men with round hats are frequent designs.

More interesting, and among the most exquisitely engraved of all the seals, are the Phenician, though they never show the artistic strength of the earliest Chaldean. With these are connected those from Cyprus, of which the Metropolitan Museum has a good collection. The Phenician cylinders are often very much crowded with design, as if it were an object to fill up every available space. It is well known that the Phenician art was a composite of the Egyptian and Assyrian. Of these seals some are filled with animal-headed figures, taken from Egypt, while others seem to be chiefly of Assyrian style, as in Fig. 25, although the vulture is of Egyptian origin.

In the time of the Assyrian Empire another, and much more convenient, form of seal began to come into use, known as the cone. It was of chalcedony or carnelian, and was pierced near the top for the string, or wire, while the base generally carried the figure of a worshipper before two or three columns, known as *asheras*. In the time of the Sassanian dynasty these, in turn, gave way to another form, much like a heavy ring, and the old cylinder seal ceased to be used. It took four thousand years for reform to overcome the persistent conservatism which clung to the shape of the clumsy bit of reed with which men first emerging into civilization marked their belongings on a pat of clay.

very fitting spirit for their devotions, it may be remarked. Possibly it was not their intention to say their prayers, for they took their position in the tribune, and from there watched the devotions of villagers and domestics on their knees below. This devotion by proxy failing in attraction, these grand folk, Mr. Morris says, began "amusing themselves by a number of little tricks played off by Monsieur de Ségur and Monsieur de Cubières, with a candle, which is put into the pockets of different gentlemen—the bishop, who is here, among the rest—and while the others are engaged, to the great amusement of the spectators. Immoderate laughter is the consequence. The duchess preserves as much gravity as she can, but how extremely edifying for Madame de Chastellux, saying her prayers below, and what an example for the villagers and domestics! A long walk followed these religious exercises, and then we get into a *bateau*, and the gentlemen row the ladies, and the heat being great, this is by no means a cool operation." "I am inflamed," says Mr. Morris, "even to fever heat, by the walk and exercise."

At dinner, which was served at five o'clock, the conversation was frivolous, if nothing worse. "Madame de St. Simon is the subject of an epitaph by the Vicomte de Ségur," the purport of which is very much against her character. "This is *très fortement prononcé*, she defends herself, and attacks him on the folly of his pursuits. While we are dining a number of persons surround the windows; doubtless from a high idea of the company, to whom they are obliged to look up at an awful distance. O, did they but know how trivial the conversation, how very trivial the characters, their respect would soon be changed to an emotion extremely different!"

The vicomte's epitaph is not recorded, being "not too delicate;" but Mr. Morris jots down his, on the vicomte, and apologizes for it as "wretched doggerel, having the single merit of having been written in the moment, as a *petit vengeance* for Madame de St. Simon."

"Here lies a merry, wicked wight,
Who spent in mischief all his life;
And lest the world should do him right,
Determined not to take a wife."

Great applause greeted the lines—all the company rejoicing that this tyrant, this "Lovelace" of his day, was "galled." Madame de Warsi, "who," he says, "is a very beautiful and accomplished woman," entreats to be allowed to see the verse, "because she understands English only by the eye, having learned to read, not speak it. I am assailed in Madame d'Espanchalle's salon, at Paris, for the copy of the lines, and solicited by Madame de Boursac to repeat them." Madame de Warsi, who is of the party, tells him that she remembers them, and, "to convince me, sets about writing them from memory, and convinces both herself and me that she cannot. I take the pencil, and, by way of putting an end to the clamor for the wretched lines, I write for her."

"To one like you, divinely fair,
Of nothing but yourself I'll write,
Nor will I own another care,
Than what may give to you delight;
If that delight I might convey,
At every gentle, kind caress,
I'd own the force of beauty's sway,
And you, what blessing 'tis to bless."

It was not long before Mr. Morris entered fully into the spirit of and thoroughly enjoyed his intercourse with this gay, unceremonious society. What a really true hospitality there was when friends suggested themselves as guests at dinner, or dropping in by chance always found a chair ready at the ample table, or sometimes even brought an addition to the dinner from the nearest restaurant!

Particularly agreeable must have been the quaint fashion among the ladies of receiving their friends into the privacy of *boudoir* and bedroom, no matter what might be their occupation at the moment. Often the question, "Monsieur Morris, me permettra de faire ma toilette?" was asked, in the gentlest tones, and with all the easy grace of manner alone belonging to a Frenchwoman. And the different processes of this important work, Mr. Morris says, "were carried on with an entire and astonishing regard to modesty."

The charm of this easy society in Paris he brought strongly into contrast when he found himself on one of his journeys to England in a London drawing-room,

"where," he says, "the arrangement of the company is stiff and formal—the ladies all ranged in *battalia* on one side of the room." And he moralizes over the difficulty, at the first aspect at least, there appeared to be in ever bringing people together. "Though, I suppose," he says, "there must be a way in this as in other countries;" and he observed to the Honorable Mrs. Damer, "the statuary," apropos of this want of ease in the English society, "that the French, having no liberty in their government, have compensated to themselves that misfortune by bestowing a great deal upon society. But that I fear in England it is all confined to the House of Commons."

Through his many projects, financial and otherwise, Mr. Morris was brought into contact with the heads of some of the oldest banking-houses in France, and through them he got an insight into different ranks of society. With the Messieurs Lecouteulx he had many dealings. Theirs was an exceedingly old and respectable firm; and their ancestors, with a certain pride in the name and fortune they had made for themselves, refused a title from Louis XIV., preferring the honor of their position, as it was, to that of possessing a recent patent of nobility.

Rather a different picture from that of the doings of the great world at Raincy does Mr. Morris give of a visit to the home of Monsieur Lecouteulx at Leuinnes.

"The house, a fine old *château*," he says, "had formerly belonged to a prince of Conti;" was "built in the old style, but tolerably convenient," and "the situation delicious." "We drive to the aqueduct of Marly and ascend to the top. The view is exquisite—the Seine winding along through a valley highly cultivated; innumerable villages. At a distance, the domes of Paris on one side; the Palace of St. Germain, very near, on the other. A vast forest behind, and the Palace of Marly in the front of it, embowered in a deep shade. The bells from a thousand steeples, at different distances, murmuring through the trees. How delicious! I stand this moment on a vast monument of human pride, and behold every gradation, from wretchedness to magnificence, in the scale of human existence." Breakfast was served between ten and eleven, and then came a drive to the château of Marly. "The garden is truly royal," he says, "and yet pleasing; the house tolerable; the furniture indifferent. We are told by the Swiss that they are preparing for his majesty's reception."

It seems to bring the times of Louis Quinze, with the dissolute surroundings of his court, strangely near, to be confronted by "the Du Barry"—"long passed the day of beauty," to be sure, but there in the flesh. "Returning from the pavilion of Madame du Barry, an exquisite temple, consecrated to the immortality of Louis XV., we see her," Mr. Morris says, "accompanied by an old coxcomb, the prévôt des Marchands. They bend their course toward the pavilion, perhaps to worship on those altars which the monarch raised."

What scenes the mention of this woman's name suggests: of the miserable old king led by the low creature, perched on the arm of his chair at a council of state, playing monkey tricks, or making him chase her around the table after a packet of sealed letters, and then at last leaving the poor plague-stricken king to his fate!

The dinner-table talk was not as spicy as that at Raincy, "politics forming the principal topic." Mr. Morris says he had a long talk with the representatives of Normandy—their ideas and his coinciding, "we finally agree in our opinions."

The constant discussion of politics, now become the chief drawing-room topic, was excessively wearisome at times, and produced, he says, "dissentions in private circles." "Republicanism is absolutely a moral influenza, from which neither titles, places, nor even the diadem can guard the possessor." He often speaks of being bored with the subject. "Tedious arguments made dull evenings," he says, and "vexed the ladies, because often the orators were so vehement that their gentle voices could not be heard." "They will have more of this," he prophesies, "if the states general should really fix a constitution. Such an event would be particularly distressing to the *women* of this country, for they would be thereby deprived of their

share in the government; and hitherto they have exercised an authority almost unlimited, with no small pleasure to themselves, though not perhaps with the greatest advantage to the community."

When all eyes and hopes turned toward Versailles, on the day when the great procession of the *tiers état* was to take place, at six in the morning Mr. Morris joined the multitude hurrying there to take part in the ceremonial of that gala day. From the balcony of Madame de Flahaut's house he saw the procession, which, he says, "is very magnificent, through a double row of tapestry, though neither the king nor queen appear too well pleased."

"Seeing only the woman in her majesty," it seemed to him "unmanly to treat a woman with unkindness," and he keenly felt for the queen in her mortification at the silent reception she met with, and in the repeated applause that greeted the Duke and Duchess of Orleans. "How cruelly hurt she was is shown," Mr. Morris says, "in a lively conversation with the Duchess of Orleans, her lady in waiting, and a friend to whom she was sincerely attached." Poor queen! her wound was deep and her temper not a little ruffled, when she could speak so sharply to the gentle duchess: "Madame, il y a une demi-heure que je vous attends chez moi."

"Madame, en vous attendant ici (at the church of Notre Dame) j'ai obéi à l'ordre qu'on m'a envoyé de la part du Roi."

"Eh bien, madame, je n'ai point de place pour vous, comme vous n'êtes pas venue."

"C'est juste, madame, aussi j'ai des voitures à moi qui m'attendent."

From his "cramped situation in the hall," where the king met and welcomed the states general with all pomp and splendor, Mr. Morris heard the king read his speech "with all the *fierté* which can be expected from the blood of the Bourbons. Tears start to my eyes in spite of myself at the acclamations so warm, and of such lively affection." He *saw* Marie Antoinette weep, unrecognized by the crowd, and "no voice raised to wish her well. I would certainly raise mine if I were a Frenchman," he says, all the chivalry of his nature aroused by the sight of her distress, and the prolonged, ominous silence. "But I have no right to express a sentiment, and in vain solicit those who are near me to do it." It was with a feeling of heartfelt satisfaction that he heard the first shout of "Vive la Reine!" which, once begun, was three times repeated, growing louder as a lower courtesy increased the excitement.

One of the pleasantest salons of which Mr. Morris became an *habitué* was that of Madame de Flahaut, the friend of the Bishop of Autun, better known as Talleyrand, and of Montesquieu—a writer of romances, a very clever woman, "who," he says, "shows a precision and justness of thought very uncommon in either sex." That she spoke English may have been one of the first attractions.

"She is a pleasing woman; and if I might judge from appearances, not a sworn enemy to intrigue," was his comment, when he first met her at Versailles. And he was not mistaken; her talent for intrigue made her an exceedingly interesting woman to watch. Very *liée* with the court and government through her friend, the Bishop of Autun, and her brother-in-law, D'Angiviliers, director-general of the navy, she was kept informed of all the doings at Versailles. Mr. Morris found in her an appreciative, willing listener, and a ready helper in his schemes, which he generally submitted to her judgment. In return she let him into many state secrets, so that he was posted in what was going on in government circles before the public knew their intentions.

"Through Madame de Flahaut came a request," he says, "that I should go to Versailles and consult with the committee who are to report on a constitution; she is charged by one of them to ask the favor." So madame and he set about "making a translation of some thoughts respecting a constitution for this country which I threw together yesterday." "Madame has been intrusted with a secret," he says, later, "which will give great consolation to the king, and may make him easy, as it is of the last importance to France. I am commissioned by her to see Lafayette, and beg

siasm has just now presented him gigantic; time and reflection will shrink that stature." Mr. Morris was restive under Lafayette's conceit and the general smallness of his motives. "I am vexed," he says, "to find that by littleness the little are to be placed where greatness alone can fill the seat. Lafayette keeps Necker, whose talents he despises, because Necker is honest and he can trust him; as if it were possible to trust a timid man in arduous circumstances."

As a pleasant offset to mornings of labor among innumerable projects of his own, and many calls on time, patience, and brain from people wanting aid in all kinds of schemes, there was generally an agreeable afternoon and evening to look forward to—perhaps at the Louvre, where Madame de Flahaut might entertain him with the last bit of town gossip, or, being in a less cheerful mood, would tell him of how "the king's dentist fell dead at his feet this morning, the poor king exclaiming that he was devoted to experience every kind of misfortune;" of his thought for the queen, sending her physician, Vicq-d'azir, to break the news to her, lest she, being ill, might suffer from the shock; or, perhaps, he was to make tea for the charming duchess, or to dine with her, and have "a pleasant, light conversation with her royal highness, and discuss the merits of her picture, just painted for the Salon."

Always ready with a pretty speech, "I tell her royal highness," he says, "Madame, ce portrait-là n'a qu'un défaut à mes yeux." "Et quel est donc ce défaut?" "C'est qu'il ne m'appartient pas, madame."

What a boon the light-heartedness they were born with must have been to these people, living in the midst of moral earthquakes and terrible explosions! They were frivolous; very much occupied falling in love with each other's wives and husbands, but who does not admire their courage?

Strangely inconsistent they were, but no one of the many women of this society seems more strikingly so than Madame de Staël—capable of the greatest things, she stooped to the smallest.

Taken by the Maréchal de Castries to dine with the Neckers, soon after his arrival at Paris, Mr. Morris saw Madame de Staël for the first time, in her father's salon; but he only mentions her as being there, and "that she seems to be a woman of sense, and somewhat masculine in her character, but has very much the appearance of a chambermaid."

His first conversation with her was after the great question of the condition of the finances had been discussed in the assembly, when Necker brought to their view the dreadful condition of affairs, and made his proposition to raise a second loan—an exciting seance, of which Mr. Morris gives a full account. "Mirabeau rose to speak," he says, "and in a tone of fine irony objected to the assembly considering the project; urged them to adopt it at once, and without examination, on the ground of the blind confidence which the assembly have in Necker, and from that unbounded popularity which he enjoys."

"If he succeeds," continued Mirabeau, "let him, as he ought, enjoy the glory of it; if he fails, which heaven forefend, we will then exercise our talents in trying to discover if yet there remains any means to save our country."

"To my great surprise," Mr. Morris says, "the representatives of this nation, who pride themselves on being the great Athenians, are ready to swallow this proclamation by acclaim."

He left the seance much fatigued and not a little disgusted, but still cherishing the "belief that Mirabeau's motion cannot possibly be adopted," and went to Madame de Tessé's to dinner, where, presently after, came Madame de Staël, full of excitement, from the assembly. "I had nearly told her," he says, "before I recognized her, my opinion of her father's plan, which I consider wretched." She brought the latest news: "The assembly are voting. Mirabeau has urged, they say, a decision, with the eloquence of Demosthenes."

While they were dining, the Count de Tessé and some members arrived. "They bring news," Mr. Morris says, "that the adoption is carried *hollow*, at which Necker's friends are delighted and Madame de Staël is in raptures. She is pleased with the conduct of Mirabeau,

to the idleness, the waste of resources, the misdirection of force, inseparable, in some large proportion of instances, from individual initiative; and to drive the whole mass forward in the direction determined by the intelligence of its better half.

4th. While Communism might conceivably be established upon the largest scale, and has, in a hundred experiments, been upon a small scale established, by voluntary consent, Socialism begins with the use of the powers of the State, and proceeds and operates through them alone. It is by the force of law that the Socialist purposes to whip up the laggards and the delinquents in the social and industrial order. It is by the public treasurer, armed with powers of assessment and sale, that he plans to gather the means for carrying on enterprises to which individual resources would be inadequate. It is through penalties that he would check wasteful or mischievous expenditures.

If what has been said above would be found true were one studying Communism and Socialism as a philosophical critic, much more important will be the distinction between them to the eye of the politician or the statesman. Communism is, if not moribund, at the best everywhere at a standstill, generally on the wane; nor does it show any sign of returning vitality. On the other hand, Socialism was never more full of lusty vigor, more rich in the promise of things to come, than now.

Let us, then, confine ourselves to Socialism as our theme, the purpose being not so much to discuss as to define, characterize, and illustrate it.

A definition of Socialism presents peculiar difficulties.* The question, Socialism or non-Socialism? regarding any measure; Socialist or non-Socialist? regarding any man, is a question of degree rather than of kind. Let us, then, undertake to distinguish that quality which, when found above a certain degree, justifies and requires the application of these epithets—Socialism and Socialist.

I should apply the term socialistic to all efforts, under popular impulse, to enlarge the functions of government, to the diminution of individual initiative and enterprise, for a supposed public good. It will be observed that by this definition it is made of the essence of socialistic efforts that they should arise from popular impulse, and should seek a public good. This, it will be seen, makes the motive and the objective alike part of the character of the act—say a legislative measure—equally with the positive provisions thereof.

"To enlarge the functions of government." It may be asked, to enlarge them beyond what starting-point or line? in excess of what initial dimensions? Herein lies the main difficulty of the subject; hence arises the chief danger of misunderstanding between the writer and his reader; and it is probably to the lack of a standard measure adopted for the purpose of this discussion that we are to attribute, more than to any other cause, the vague and unsatisfactory character of the critical literature of Socialism. As you change your starting-point in this matter of the nature and extent of government function, the same act may, in turn, come to appear socialistic, conservative, or reactionary.

A person considering the direction and force of socialistic tendencies may take, to start from, any one of an indefinite number of successive lines; of which, however, the three following are alone worth indicating:

1st. He may take a certain maximum of government functions, to be fixed by the general consent of fairly conservative, not reactionary, publicists and statesmen, adopting, perhaps, the largest *quantum* which any two or three writers, reputed sound, would agree to concede as consistent with wholesome administration, with the full play and due encouragement of individual enterprise and self-reliance, and with the reasonable exercise of personal choices as to modes of life and modes of labor; and may identify any act or measure, proposed or accomplished, as socialistic if, under popular impulse, for a supposed public good, it transcends that line.

2d. He may take a certain minimum of government functions, which we may call the police powers.

* "I have never met with a clear definition, or even a precise description, of the term."—The Socialism of our Day, *Émile de Laveleye*.

serves the heartiest approval. Not the less is it essentially of that nature, differing from a hundred other proposed acts and measures, which we should all reject with more or less of fear or horror, solely by reason of its individual merits as a scheme for accomplishing good, through State action, in a field properly pertaining to individual initiative and enterprise.

There is another important extension of State functions, very marked in recent times, for which a non-socialistic excuse might be trumped up, but for which the real reason was purely and simply socialistic. This is the construction and maintenance of bridges and roads at the public expense for public uses. One might, if disposed to argue uncandidly, adduce the military services rendered by the great Roman roads; and, thereupon, might pretend to believe that a corresponding motive has led to the assumption of this function by the State in modern times. The fact is, that until within seventy, fifty, or thirty years the bridges and roads of England and America remained, to an enormous extent, within the domain of individual initiative and enterprise. Even when the State assumed the responsibility, it was a recognized principle that the cost of construction and repair should be repaid by the members of the community in the proportions in which they severally took advantage of this provision. The man who travelled much, paid much; the man who travelled little, paid little; the man who stayed at home, paid nothing.

The movement, beginning about seventy years ago, which has resulted in making free nearly all roads and bridges in the most progressive countries, was purely socialistic. It did not even seek to cover itself by claims that it would serve the police powers of the State. It was boldly and frankly admitted that the change from private to public management and maintenance was to be at the general expense for the general good.

Is there any other function arrogated by the State which may be claimed to be covered by the strict police powers? I think that the repression of obtrusive immorality—that is, immorality of a gross nature which obtrudes itself upon the unwilling—may reasonably be classed as coming within the minimum of government function. Sights and sounds may constitute an assault as well as blows; and it falls fairly within the right and duty of the State to protect the citizens from offences of this nature.

Have we now exhausted the catalogue of things which may be claimed to be covered by the police powers of the State? I answer, No. One of the most important remains; yet one of the last—indeed, the very latest—to be recognized as possibly belonging to the State under any theory of government. I refer to what is embraced under the term sanitary inspection and regulation.

That it was not earlier recognized as the duty of the State to protect the common air and the common water from pollution and poisoning was due, not to any logical difficulty or to any troublesome theory regarding governmental action, but solely to the fact that the chemistry of common life and the causation of zymotic diseases were of such late discovery. We now know that there is a far heavier assault than can be made with a bludgeon; and that men may, in the broad daylight, deal each other typhus, diphtheria, or small-pox more murderously than ever a bravo dealt blows with a dagger under cover of darkness. Yet, so much more are men moved by tradition than by reason that we find intelligent citizens who have swallowed the exemption of five hundred millions of Church property from taxation, on the ground that a certain *quantum* of preaching will prevent a certain *quantum* of crime, have very serious doubts about the propriety of inspecting premises which can be smelled for half a mile, and whence death may be flowing four ways, as Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates parted from Eden and "became into four heads."

I do not mean to say that I should hesitate to approve of sanitary inspection and regulation, carried to their extremes, if they were as socialistic as anything ever dreamed of by Marx or Lasalle. For such good as I see coming from this source, in the reduction of vicious instincts and appe-

tites, in the purification of the blood of the race, in the elimination of disease, I would, were it needful, join one of Fourier's "phalanxes," go to the barricades with Louis Blanc, or be sworn into a nihilistic circle. But in correct theory it is not necessary for the strictest adherent of the doctrine of limited powers to desert his principles in this matter. The protection of the common air and the common water comes within the police powers of the States by no forced construction, by no doubtful analogy.

Is there any important function remaining which may properly be classed among the purely police powers? I think not. Does someone say, You have not mentioned the care and support of the helpless poor? The experience of the Romans, and even the condition of the law of almost all countries of Europe in modern times, proves that this is not one of the necessary functions of a well-ordered State.

Is it said that Christian morality will not permit that the helpless poor shall suffer or, perhaps, starve? Whenever the State shall undertake to do all or any very considerable part of what Christian morality requires, it will become very socialistic indeed.

Having now beaten the bounds of the police powers, and having decided that all extension of government activity beyond those bounds is to be held and deemed socialistic, it is proposed to offer certain distinctions which appear important.

And, first, a measure is not necessarily of a strong socialistic savor merely because it implies a large, perhaps a vast, extension of the actual work of the State. Take, for example, the English Government's acquisition of the telegraph lines, and its performance of the work connected therewith. This was not done under a socialistic impulse. In England the telegraph service has always been closely affiliated in the public mind with the postal service; and, consequently, when the former had come to be of sufficiently wide and general use to make it worth while for the State to assume the charge, it was done in the most matter-of-fact way. It was no more socialistic than the addition of a few thousands of new post-offices to the existing number would have been.

On the other hand, the assumption of a new service by the State is not relieved from the charge of being socialistic, even grossly socialistic, by the fact that such a service is closely analogous to some other which all citizens have long agreed to place in the hands of government. Take, for example, the matter of "free ferries," which has been mooted in Boston and in New York, and doubtless elsewhere. This proposition has always been greeted by conservative men of all parties as highly and dangerously socialistic; and yet the analogy between free ferries and bridges free from toll is very strong. A ferry-boat is little other than a section of a bridge, cut away from moorings, and propelled backward and forward by steam; and it may conceivably cost less and create less disturbance to navigation to use the latter than the former means. For instance, it might cost two millions of dollars to throw an adequate bridge from Boston to East Boston, for the transit of passengers and freight. But suppose the point is raised that the bridge will interfere continually with the use of the harbor, to an extent involving immense losses to trade, and that the amount proposed to be expended upon the bridge would pay for the construction and operation of a line of ferry-boats. Is not the analogy close? And yet I agree with the objectors in this case, that the establishment of free ferries would be a long and dangerous step toward Socialism.

Even where the new function appears to be only the logical carrying out and legitimate consequence of another function well approved, there may be a step toward Socialism involved in such an extension of the State's activity and responsibility.

In illustration, I might mention the matter of free text-books in our public schools. Public provision for gratuitous elementary education, although manifestly socialistic within our meaning of that term, has come to be fully accepted by nearly all citizens as right and desirable. In discharging this duty, the State, at immense expense, builds and furnishes school-houses, employs teachers and superintendents, buys supplies,

Communism of the rankest sort, and not Socialism at all!" while the other half say, "Socialistic indeed! Well, if the man who advocates the nationalization of the land is not to be called a Socialist out and out, whom shall we call Socialists?" To these imagined expressions of dissent I reply, that the project for the nationalization of the land, as explained by John Stuart Mill, for example, has not the faintest trace of a communistic savor; and secondly, while it is highly socialistic, the man who advocates it is not for that reason alone to be classed as a Socialist, since he may be one who, in all other respects, holds fully and strongly to individual initiative enterprise in industry. He might, conceivably, be so strenuous an advocate of Laissez Faire* as to oppose factory acts, public education, special immunities and privileges to savings banks, or even free roads and bridges, as too socialistic for his taste.

There is a substantially unanimous consent among all publicists,† that property in land stands upon a very different basis from property in the products of labor.

Nothing has ever been adduced to break the force of Mr. Mill's demonstration that a continually increasing value, in any progressive State, is given to the land through the exertions and sacrifices of the community as a whole.

If private property in land has been created and has been freed from the obligation to contribute that unearned increment to the treasury, this has been done solely as a matter of political and economic expediency. The man who proposes that, with due compensation for existing rights, all future enhancement of the value of land, not due to distinct applications of labor and capital in its improvement, shall go to the State, by such fiscal means as may be deemed most advantageous to all concerned, is not to be called a Communist. He only claims that the community as a whole shall possess and enjoy that which the community as a whole has undeniably created. The Communist is a man who claims that the community shall possess and enjoy that which individuals have created.

So far as England and the United States are concerned, the project for the nationalization of the land, notwithstanding the tremendous uproar it has created, especially in the former country, does not appear to me in any high degree formidable. Doubtless in England, where an aristocratic holding of the land prevails, this agitation will induce serious efforts to create a peasant proprietorship. It is, also, not improbable that the discussion regarding the tenure of the soil will lead to additional burdens being imposed upon real-estate. Yet the advantages attending private ownership, notwithstanding the admitted fact that the system sacrifices, in its very beginning, the equities of the subject matter, are so manifest, so conspicuous, so vast, that there seems little danger that the schemes of Messrs. Mill, Wallace, and George will ever come to prevail over the plain, frank, blunt commonsense of the English race.

The important question remains, In what spirit shall we receive and consider propositions for the further extension of the State's activity?

Shall we antagonize them from the start, as a matter of course, using the term socialistic freely as an objurgatory epithet, and refusing to entertain consideration of the special reasons of any case?

When we consider what immense advantages have, in some cases, resulted from measures purely socialistic, are we altogether prepared to take a position of irreconcilable and undistinguishing hostility to every future extension of the State's activity? May we not believe that there is a leadership, by the State, in certain activities, which does not paralyze private effort; which does not tend to go from less to more; but which, in the large, the long, result, stimulates individual action, brings out energies which would otherwise remain dormant, sets a higher standard of per-

* The name of Mr. Henry George appears on the lists of the New York Free Trade Club.

† "Sustained by some of the greatest names—I may say, by every name of the first rank in political economy, from Turgot and Adam Smith to Mill—I hold that the land of a country presents conditions which separate it economically from the great mass of the other objects of wealth—conditions which, if they do not absolutely, and under all circumstances, impose upon the State the obligation of controlling private enterprise in dealing with land, at least explain why this control is, in certain stages of social progress, indispensable, and why, in fact, it has been constantly put in force whenever public opinion or custom has not been strong enough to do without it."—*Professor John E. Cairnes.*

years' standing. Between her and Pierre of the Palace existed a friendly intercourse, the tokens of which I used to watch from my window. Pierre supplied her with hot chops and beefsteak, and found it equally convenient when he was short of pastry to run over to the bakery, where Mrs. Ellis smilingly furnished him with all that he needed. Pierre's attitude toward her was one of evident courtship, which she received with what was either unconsciousness or indifference. My sense of the fitness of things made me feel that they should be united. As I sat in my room painting, I used to hear their conversation across the counter. Pierre, in his white apron, would cross the street, and his sonorous, even tones and Mrs. Ellis's hearty laugh floated up to me. With Pierre she was at ease, but Pinsing impressed her profoundly. She regarded his spare form, his iron-gray hair, and air of abstraction with evident admiration. Even what Pierre spoke of pityingly as his "thread-naked coat" failed to detract from the respect she paid him. She sometimes appeared in the hall when he was playing, and leaned against the open door of his room—one plump hand resting on her hip, her handsome head bent forward in genuine attention. When he perceived her, Pinsing would rise and offer her a chair with punctilious civility, and then go on playing, forgetting her presence in five minutes.

When we repaired to the restaurant, Pierre showed his jealousy at this preference in an openly childlike manner. When Pinsing gave an order he affected not to hear. If it were repeated, he moved away with an absurd flounce and pout, and called to his colleague, an oily, active little Frenchman :

"Jules, *servez monsieur !* "

The scornful emphasis on these words contained all the contempt which he felt. Sometimes the climax was capped by the gratuitous appearance of Mrs. Ellis's handmaid, a white, dejected little girl of twelve, with what she called a "grapejell patty" for Mr. Pinsing's dessert. On such occasions Pierre usually doffed his apron and left the restaurant, not to return until our short meal was over. All this went on under Pinsing's feet, as it were ; his head was in the clouds, and he took no cognizance of what happened upon earth. On mild afternoons we went to the square, and sitting there, talked idly beneath the light shadows of the early foliage. It was on such occasions that Pinsing became eloquent.

"I am a fatalist," he used to say ; "my life has proved to me that all is decided by fate. It was my fate to be a musician ; everything was against it. By myself I could and can do nothing. Again and again my destiny has been decided without my volition. When I was despairing in Liverpool, there came a musician who helped me in a way beyond all that I had dreamed. When he left me he gave me my violin and my sacred relic. Then, when I most needed it the spirit of the master musician filled me. I have lived for music. For that I have given up everything—the love of woman, the love of home. When my musical destiny is accomplished, as I feel it will be soon, all that will come. In time it will come."

I looked at his haggard face and gray hair. "In time!" I thought. "Make haste, Pinsing!"

He heartily despised the flimsy waltzes and comic songs that he was obliged to play every evening, and confessed that he became so weary of them as to fall asleep in his chair in the orchestra. One evening I went with him to the theatre where he was employed. It was a shabby place, and I stood in the dusky flies and watched the preparations for the performance.

Before Pinsing took his place in the orchestra the manager spoke to him sharply : "Look here now, Pinsing!" he said. "Don't let your wits go woolgathering, as they did last night, or you'll go out of this double-quick."

The awkward eagerness with which Pinsing promised attention had something pathetic in it.

When the play began, at Pinsing's suggestion, I took a seat in the gallery and watched the performance of a roaring farce.

Between the acts I watched Pinsing. He sat in the orchestra with an abstracted expression, playing mechanically. During the last act, what with heat and the noisy dulness of the farce I lost my

interest in it and fell into a reverie. I was only aroused by a tap on my shoulder. I turned and saw Pinsing standing beside me; his face was flushed with excitement. The people about me were leaving their seats, and I realized that the play was over.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Come with me," he answered. He hurried me out of the building, and told me in a few words that he had been dismissed, owing to lack of interest and inattention to his duties. The manager had decided to fill his place with someone else. He seemed rather elated than otherwise at the loss of his position, and talked of his freedom and the leisure which he could now devote to his art. After this he played furiously, not only all day, but in the evening also. About this time he gave up dining at the Palace. When I asked him the reason, he answered evasively that he had found a place where the cooking suited him better. I noticed that his gait became more feeble and his form more bent, and I began to have a painful suspicion that as his purse became lower he starved in proportion. I followed him one day as he shuffled off to his dinner, and came up to him after a few blocks, where he stood before a cake-stand eating a sandwich. He started when he saw me and tried to hide it behind his back, pretending to examine a glaring handbill on a wall near by. I humored the poor fellow's ruse.

"Why, Pinsing," I said, "I have been looking for you. Come and dine with me. I haven't half the appetite I had when you sat opposite to me."

He accepted half unwillingly, but I could not persuade him to come again.

Mrs. Ellis looked at me so earnestly one day, as I passed through the shop on my way out, that I stopped and asked her if she had spoken.

She blushed slightly. "Oh, no sir!" she said. Then she added, "Mr. Pinsing"—she paused.

"Yes," I said, encouragingly.

"He looks sick."

"Yes, he does, Mrs. Ellis."

"Can't *I* do anything?" She laid the slightest emphasis on the pronoun.

"Try," I suggested, still more encouragingly.

I do not know what her efforts were, but they were not successful in improving our friend's appearance. He became perceptibly more haggard. Once, when I attempted to hint gently that it would be well for him to find some employment, he waved me aside grandly, saying: "Do not distress yourself. I have some views for the future that preclude the necessity for any such arrangement." All this time he looked curiously happy. His devotion to his violin was intensified; I caught glimpses of his rapt face as I passed his room when he was playing, and envied him his Fool's Paradise. One evening, about seven o'clock, I was startled by his appearance at my door in a dress-suit of extraordinary shabbiness and age. He had his violin-case under his arm, and was trembling with excitement.

"I can tell you at last," he said. "I have wished to tell you before, but I waited until it was decided. The moment of my life has come."

He gave me a crumpled programme, printed on coarse white paper.

At the top was printed:

ORPHEUS HALL,
EIGHTH STREET AND THIRD AVENUE,
Thursday Evening, May 12, 188–,
AT 8 O'CLOCK.
GRAND CONCERT.

Then followed the programme. After a performance by the orchestra, a soprano solo, and a solo on the guitar, came the announcement that a violin *obligato* would be performed by Mr. Albert Pinsing.

Pinsing's solemn exultation was a great deal too deep for words. In answer to my questions, I learned that if he made a good impression he was to be engaged to play at a series of concerts to be given at the hall during the summer. He gave me a ticket and left, hardly waiting for my congratulations. Before I went out I tried to find Mrs. Ellis, to tell her of Pinsing's success, but she was not to be found. My seat in the concert-hall was not far from the front; and almost the first people I noticed were the missing widow and Pierre, seated beside each other in their finest attire. Mrs. Ellis's face was full of ex-

but now I am awake—awake—*awake.*" He spoke with fierce energy.

The wind stirred the branches of the trees, and the tracery on the silver flooring at our feet wavered and dissolved and formed silently into a million new shapes. There was all of the mystery of ideal beauty in it, and the bitter realism of his words had a sad inconsequence.

"You have worked too long and too patiently not to have some reward," I cried, with a futile desire to console him. "In time——"

Pinsing interrupted me quickly. "In time! It is too late. I am not a musician. I shall never be. I might have been a good cobbler. My cursed vanity had led me all my life, but it is dead now. It will never cheat me again." He rose with nervous energy. "Come, we are wasting words. The thing is over."

He walked briskly for a couple of blocks, but when we reached our door his strength gave out suddenly.

"Come in," I urged. "Rest, and eat something, and you will feel like a different man."

"Eat!" he repeated, bitterly. "I have starved for a month; why should I begin to eat now? I can't pay for it."

"It isn't a question of paying," I said. "It's a question of pleasing your friends."

Mrs. Ellis met us in the door, her face full of sound womanly tenderness. She announced that supper would be ready in a few minutes, and that Mr. Lepont had gone over for a bottle of wine. Pinsing said that he would leave his violin in his room and come down in a few minutes. I watched him go feebly up the stairs, and heard the door of his room shut. Mrs. Ellis invited me into her little parlor behind the shop, and I watched her as she set the table for our supper. She was certainly kind and pretty. Why was not Pinsing a lucky fellow? Why should not he be happy with her? She had no education, and he had; but that was not an obstacle to their happiness. When supper was ready, and Pierre had returned with the wine, I went up-stairs, at Mrs. Ellis's request, to call Pinsing. I knocked at his door, but he did not answer. I felt alarmed, and reproached myself that I had not gone up with him. I knocked again, and then, as there was no reply, I opened the door and went in.

A faint smell of burning varnish greeted me. A hot fire burned in the little grate. Pinsing stood before it. I looked involuntarily into the flames. There I saw burning his violin and the picture and autograph of Beethoven. He had imbued me with his fantastic awe of these relics.

"What are you doing, Pinsing?" I cried. "You will regret this."

He turned to me with a ghastly face.

"Let them alone!" he said. "They have cheated me long enough."

I stood by him while the fire burned hotter. I felt as though I were attending a veritable *auto da fé*, as the violin and picture blazed up and smouldered into red ashes.

Our landlady's voice rang up the stairs.

"Come down to supper, gentlemen!"

Pinsing straightened like a soldier.

"Come," he said to me, "I am old; but if I am worth anything, I can take my chance for a new life."

I remember that he drank a great deal of Pierre's wine that night, and as he grew excited he seemed merry. For the first time he seemed conscious of the widow's devotion, and I consoled myself, when the recollection of his disappointment returned, that he had, doubtless, a comfortable future before him.

At the end of three or four days my surmise became a fact, and Pinsing informed me that he was to be married in a week to Mrs. Ellis, at the nearest Protestant chapel. During the intervening time Mrs. Ellis was filled with proud happiness; Pinsing treated her with subdued gratitude, and helped her in the shop, as salesman, with a fidelity that was almost ludicrous. But if his former failure had been lamentable, his present success was pitiable. In the afternoon, when his duties were over, he used to go up and sit in his room, with his feet on the hearth, gazing blankly into the fire-place, where his treasures had disappeared. He took no interest in the ordinary events of life, and silenced the widow's inquiries about his

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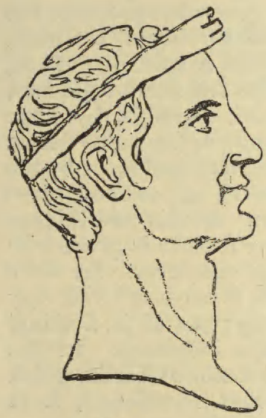
THE LIKENESSES OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

By John C. Ropes.



From Mr. John Edward Lee's "Roman Imperial Profiles Enlarged from Coins."

YEARS ago, as I well recollect, my attention was forcibly arrested by the larger of the two plaster casts of Julius Cæsar in the series of the Twelve Cæsars in the Boston Athenæum, which the late Dr. Jacob Bigelow so thoughtfully presented to that institution. The smaller cast I did not admire, but the larger one seemed to me to be unmistakably the head of a great man. The extraordinary vigor, alertness, energy, and determination shown upon the rugged features of a man long past his bodily prime never failed to make me pause and admire. I could find out nothing about either of the casts; whether anyone at the Athenæum knew where the originals of them were to be found, I know not; it is, of course, very possible; but I certainly never came in contact with any such person. And I made up my mind that if ever chance put it within my power, I would find the original of that wonderful cast.

It so happened that in time my desire was gratified. Circumstances led me to spend nearly two years in Europe—from 1873 to 1875. My winters were passed in the south of France and in Italy. At Florence I found the original of the larger Athenæum cast. I admired the head in marble more, even, than I had supposed I should do. I had it photographed almost of the size of the bust itself. Then it was, I think, that the idea of making a collection of the authentic likenesses of Julius Cæsar first occurred to me. It struck me that such a collection would not only be unique, but that it would be of great historical value, as well as most interesting; and I made it. Whenever I saw a reasonably good likeness of Cæsar I had it photographed, where it was possible to do so. I found that with a little money and patience the obstacles in the way of obtaining photographs of these busts could, in nearly all cases, be overcome. For almost a dozen years this collection has been in my library. I have added to it from time to time, and now I am very glad of this opportunity of showing these pictures to the public, and of telling their story as well as I can. Let me, however, premise that I make no pretensions to scholarship, and that there cannot be the smallest doubt that a really good classical scholar, whose knowledge of the modern languages would give him access to the treasures contained in the Italian and German libraries, could find far more information about these

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busts than I have been able to obtain. I hope, indeed, someone will take the subject up seriously, and pursue it thoroughly and systematically. Such a work might well be done at the expense of one or more of our great art galleries—the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, or the Metropolitan Museum in New York, for instance—and Harvard and Yale might, with great propriety and advantage, lend their assistance to the search.

Plate I.—The "Toga Statue" in the Museum of Berlin."

We may, I think, consider the toga statue* of Cæsar in the Museum at Berlin (No. 295, Roman Room) as the earliest of all his likenesses. It is a beautiful statue, and has always been much admired (Plate I.). The head enlarged is also given in Plate II. Cæsar is represented in the attitude of an orator, with the right arm extended. The head is well covered with hair, and the whole appearance is that of a man not over thirty-five years of age.

Perhaps the next likeness in order of time is the bust numbered 107 in the Museo Chiaramonti, in the Vatican Museum, at Rome* (Plate III.). This is well worth a careful examination—the features are perfect; the workmanship excellent; the expression, so calm, penetrating, serious, and determined, is characteristic of all the best likenesses of Cæsar. This bust is also noteworthy for showing very clearly a mark by which one can generally recognize the authentic busts of Cæsar, namely, a scar, or furrow, on the left side of the face, caused, perhaps, by some wound, or by some fistula which had healed, or by the removal of one or more teeth. In this bust this peculiar feature is given with great exactness. In some busts it is passed over very lightly; but it is, I think, always indicated. In the toga statue of Berlin, which we first mentioned, it is clearly shown.

If I am right in my conjectures, Cæsar's face now filled out somewhat, and our next pictures (Plates IV. and V.) are of a man in the neighborhood of forty. These are from the famous Farnesiano bust in the Museum at Naples (No. 162), a colossal marble bust, absolutely perfect, of the grandeur of which no picture can give one any idea. I take this to be Cæsar before he went to Gaul, before he was subjected to the wearing fatigues and exposures of those active campaigns in which the Swiss, the German, and the Gaul went down before his untiring audacity and energy; when he was still a man of society, of pleasure, of political affairs, and a civilian. The likeness is, I should say, somewhat flattered;

* It is said by Lübke, Geschichte der Plastik, p. 272, that the head does not belong to the body. In one of the descriptions of the antique statues in the Berlin Museum it is said that the body was found, in 1824, near Rome, and that the head is from the Polignac Collection. Burckhardt, Cicerone, p. 520, speaks highly of the head.

* A copy of this may be seen in the Palazzo Borghese, Settima Stanza.

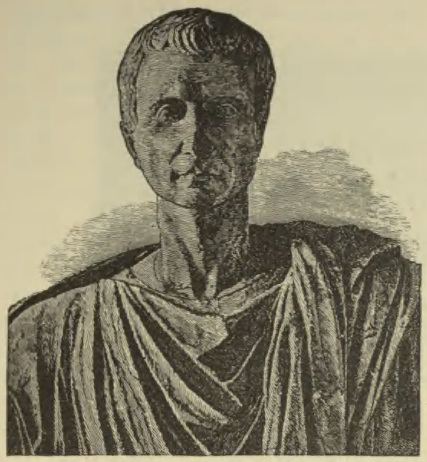


Plate II.—Head from the "Toga Statue."

and it is to be remarked that the furrow on the left cheek, though indicated, is smoothed away a good deal. Visconti, in his description of the Museo Pio Clementino (Rome, 1792, vol. vi., p. 54), speaks of this and of the statue in the Capitol as the "two remarkable and not doubtful portraits of Julius Cæsar."

In the Hall of the Palace of the Conservators, in the Capitol, at Rome, is the statue * referred to by Visconti, and there is certainly a strong resemblance between the head of this statue and the Farnesiano bust. But the statue is not placed in a position favorable for a close examination of the features. Ampère (L'Histoire Romaine à Rome, vol. iv., p. 469) considers this as the best statue of Cæsar extant, and perhaps it is; but it is not equal in point of interest, in my judgment, to several of the busts.

Our next bust is of Cæsar the soldier. At the age of forty-three he was given the command in Gaul, and he then commenced that series of masterly campaigns which, described with admirable clearness and point by himself, have excited the admiration of all students of the military art. No one can see this portrait (Plate VI.), taken from the bust in the Campo Santo in Pisa, and fail to recognize in the alert, eager, spirited countenance the face of a man who has entered upon a new epoch in his life; has taken upon himself new responsibilities; has before his mind's eye the exploits, the dangers, the successes of a war in which he was to command the army. We might almost write under it: "That day he overcame the Nervii." Ampère (vol. iv., p. 468, note) calls this "*le portrait le plus caractérisé.*"

It will be observed that the scar or furrow on the left cheek is well defined in this bust.

To this period also belongs, in my

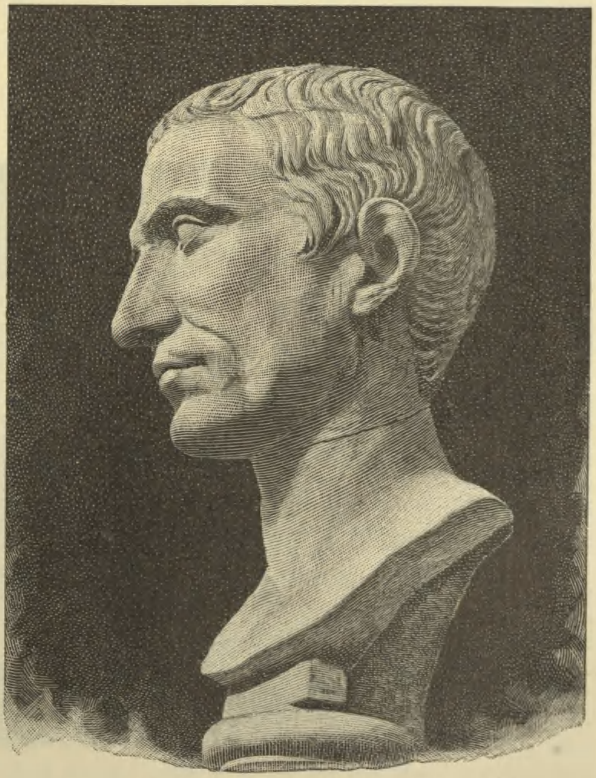


Plate III.—Bust Numbered 107 in the Vatican Museum, Rome.

* Mr. Shakspere Wood, in his Catalogue of the Capitol Museum, p. 137, says that this statue was originally in the possession of Ruffini, Bishop of Melfi. Burckhardt, in his Cicerone, p. 520, calls this an inferior work of art.

Plate IV.

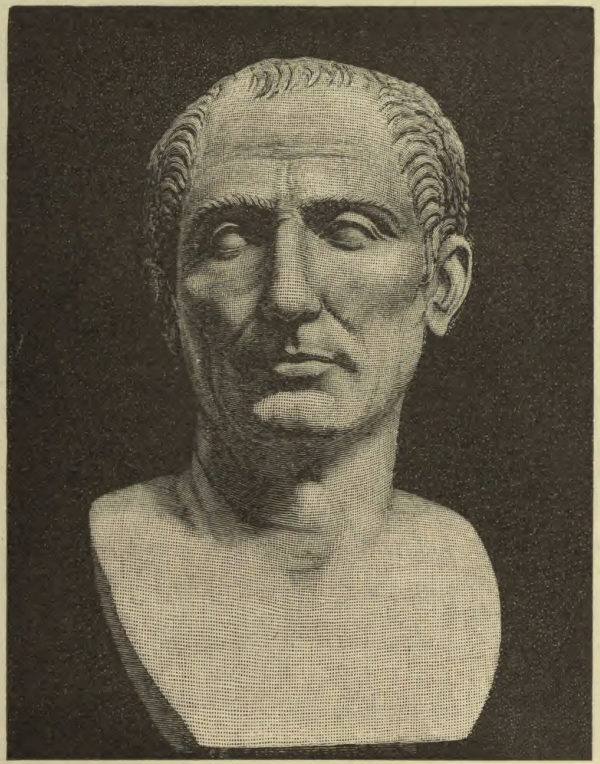
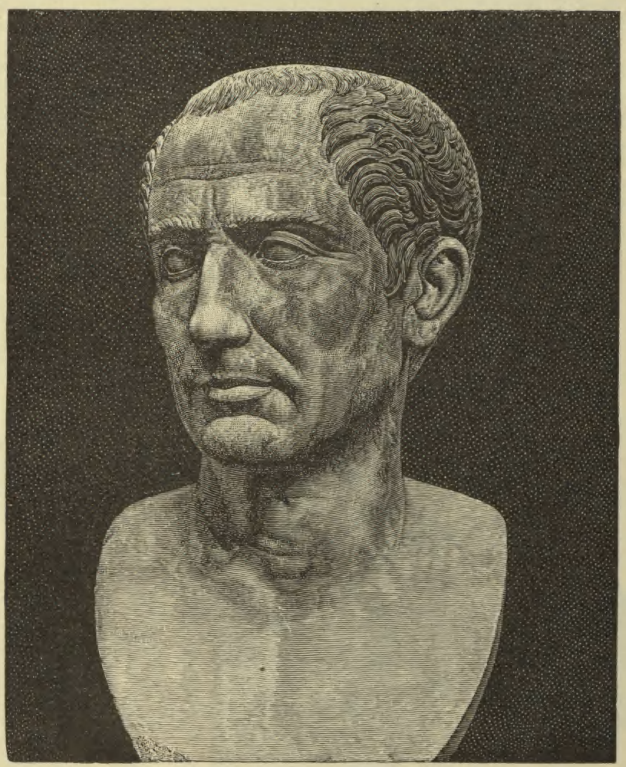


Plate V.



The Farnesiano Bust in the Museum at Naples.

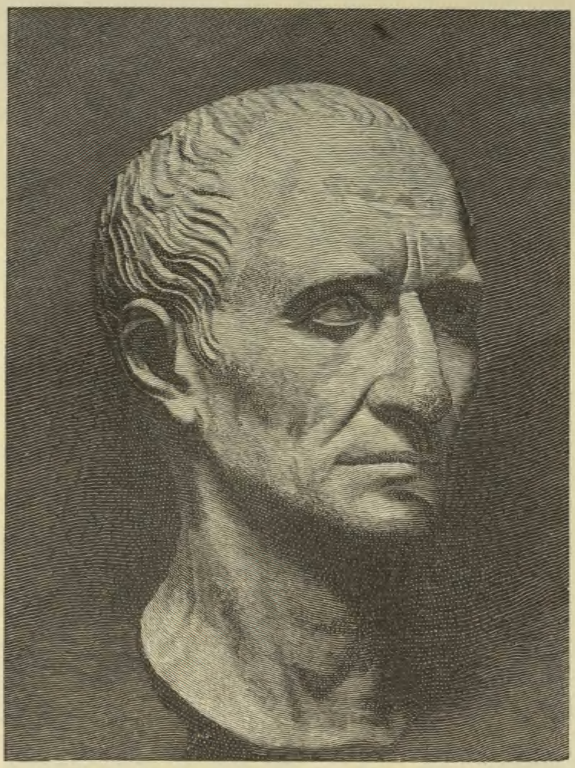


Plate VII.—Bust in the British Museum.

doubts vanished. For I then saw that it was the same man, without possibility of doubt, that is represented in the bust of Cæsar as Pontifex Maximus, of which I shall next speak, and of which we have a full-page illustration.

Before leaving the consideration of this Florentine bust, I will say that I place it among the very latest that were taken of Cæsar. Gibbon, who saw it in Florence in 1764, calls it "remarkable." He goes on to say: "All his features are contracted, and the air of the countenance bears the most striking character of old age and decay; we can scarcely comprehend that it is the bust of a man who died in his fifty-sixth year." * But while it is true that it is the head of an old man, nowhere do we find the wonderful vigor, alertness, coolness, and determination of Cæsar more clearly portrayed. It is a great pity that this fine bust should not have come down to us uninjured.

There is in the Palazzo Corsini, at Rome, in the Second Room, a bust of Cæsar much resembling this Florentine bust.

The most striking of all the portraits of Julius Cæsar is, however, the bust in the Museo Chiaramonti, in the Vatican (No. 135), representing him as Pontifex Maximus, to which we have alluded above. An engraving of it forms the frontispiece to this article. Burckhardt (Cicerone, *ubi supra*), who speaks of its imperfect execution, says it nevertheless always attracted him, with its earnest, suffering expression of Cæsar's countenance in his last years. Ampère (Histoire, etc., p. 469) says of it: "Il existe au Vatican un buste de César, selon moi, trésremarquable. César est en grand prêtre, son manteau sur la tête; il semble plus vieux qu'il n'etait au moment de sa mort, ce qui s'explique par les désordres et l'activité de sa vie. La bouche exprime l'énergie et le dédain, le regard est triste; c'est César qui, arrivé à tout, las de tout, juge tout." "I was much interested," writes Macaulay, in 1838, "by the bust of Julius with the head veiled. It is a most striking countenance indeed. He looks like a man meant to be master of the world" (Life and Letters, vol. ii., p. 32).

Compare, now, with this portrait-head, the copy given in Plate XII. of the Florentine bust. It is evident that the two pictures represent the same man, only that the head is turned in different directions in the two busts. Hence my satisfaction when I saw by this comparison the proof that the Florentine bust was undoubtedly one of Julius Cæsar.

If now we place by the side of the veiled head the picture given in Plate III., of Cæsar when comparatively a young man, or at least a man in early middle life, we shall see that we have in this old man's head the same identical traits which we saw in the beginning of our search. There is the same clear, calm, penetrating eye, the same well-defined expression of the lips, the same

* Mommsen maintains that he was in his fifty-eighth year when he was assassinated.

also by Shakspere Wood. However, it was the bust selected by the Italian Government to be copied for the series of busts of the great men of Italy, arranged in chronological order on the Pincian Hill. But I confess I never was impressed by it.

Our next picture (Plate XV.) is of the only bust of Cæsar in this country. It is the property of General Henry L. Abbot, of the Corps of Engineers, United States Army, and it was given to his grandfather, in 1812, by a gentleman of

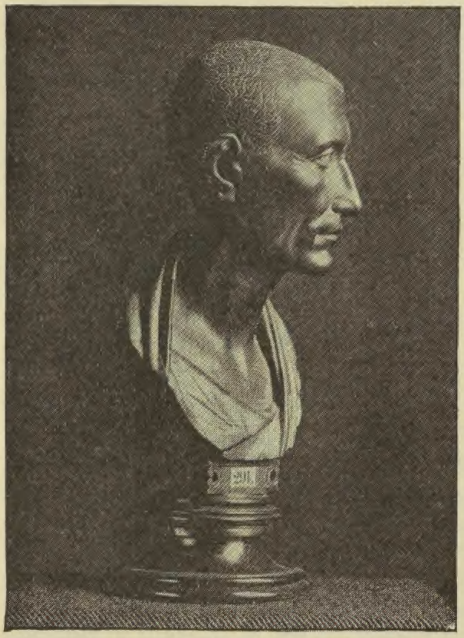


Plate IX.—Profile of the Green Basalt Bust.

Naples named Radich, who had himself taken it from the excavations at Herculaneum. The bust is, unhappily, much injured—the nose is gone, and the upper lip much defaced; nevertheless it strongly resembles the Pontifex Maximus bust. It is small—in fact, not larger than our picture—of excellent marble, and is beautifully executed. The attitude and pose of the head are fine, and full of spirit.

There are three busts in the Louvre that are said to be portraits of Julius Cæsar, but I can observe no resemblance to his countenance—as I find it elsewhere expressed—save in one of them. This, of which a representation is here given (Plate XVI.), is certainly a very remarkable and interesting head, not, perhaps, bearing a well-defined likeness to the others which we have seen, yet sufficiently characteristic for us to be able to feel satisfied that it is a portrait of Cæsar. Much of the difference between this bust and the others may be attributed, I am inclined to think, to the fact that in this one Cæsar seems to be represented in the attitude of a man engaged in conversation, or at least in the attitude of a listener. It is evidently from this original that Gérome got his idea of Cæsar in his well-known picture of "Cleopatra before Cæsar."

There is a very poor bust in the Hall of the Busts (No. 272) in the Vatican Museum, at Rome, which is said to be Cæsar.

Ampère (Histoire, etc., p. 468, note) speaks of the Cæsar of the Villa Albani, at Rome, but I never could find any bust or statue of him there, nor is any mentioned in the official catalogue. There is, however, a profile of a head (No. 901), life-size, on the grand staircase, which does bear some resemblance to Cæsar.

Somewhere in Venice, but exactly where I do not now remember, is a marble bust said to be of Cæsar. But it bears no likeness whatever to his other portraits, and was clearly not intended for him.

There is also another marble bust said to be of Cæsar in the Roman Room in the Berlin Museum, No. 380. This I never have seen, nor did I know of its existence when I was last in Berlin.

In Mr. John Edward Lee's Roman Imperial Profiles Enlarged from Coins (London, Longmans, 1874) there is a good profile of Julius Cæsar.

It may, perhaps, now be interesting to cite the descriptions of Cæsar's appearance by the principal historians of his time. They all, of course, draw largely from Suetonius (Julius, cap. xlv.), and somewhat, also, from Plutarch.

Froude (pp. 482, 483) says: "In person Cæsar was tall and slight. His features were more refined than was usual in Roman faces; the forehead was wide * and high, his nose large and thin, the lips full, the eyes dark gray like an

* I think this somewhat doubtful (see Plates VI. and VII.). The truth is, I think, that Cæsar's forehead was rather narrow, and that his head widened out behind it, so that at or above the ears it was a remarkably broad head.

eagle's, the neck extremely thick and sinewy. His complexion was pale. His beard and mustache were kept carefully shaved. His hair was short and naturally scanty, falling off toward the end of his life and leaving him perfectly bald."

Napoleon III. writes: "His tall stature, his rounded and well-proportioned limbs, stamped his person with a grace that distinguished him from all others. He had black eyes, a piercing look, a pale complexion, a straight and high nose. His mouth, small and regular, but with rather thick lips, gave a kindly expression to the lower part of his face, whilst his breadth of brow betokened the development of the intellectual faculties. His face was full, at least in his youth; for in his busts, doubtless made toward the end of his life, his features are thin and bear traces of fatigue." (History of Julius Cæsar, p. 288, New York, 1865.)

"The accounts we have received of Cæsar's person," says Merivale (History of the Romans under the Empire, vol. iii., pp. 4, 5), "describe him as pale in complexion, of a tall and spare figure, with dark piercing eyes and an aquiline nose, with scanty hair and without a beard. His baldness, which he strove to conceal by combing his locks over the crown of his head, was regarded by the ancients as a deformity, and a slight puffing of the under lip, which may be traced in some of his best busts,* must undoubtedly have detracted from the admirable contour of his countenance. We can only infer indistinctly his appearance in early life from the busts and medals which remain of him; for all of these belong to the period of his greatness and more advanced age. In the traits which these monuments have preserved to us there is also great diversity. Indeed, it may be said that there is a marked discrepancy between the expression of the busts and that of the medals. The former, which are assuredly the most life-like of the two, represent a long, thin face, with a forehead rather high than capacious, furrowed with strong lines, giving to it an expression of patient endurance and even suffering, such as might be expected from frequent† illness, and from a life of toil not unmingled with dissipation."

Plate XI.—The Marble Bust at Florence.

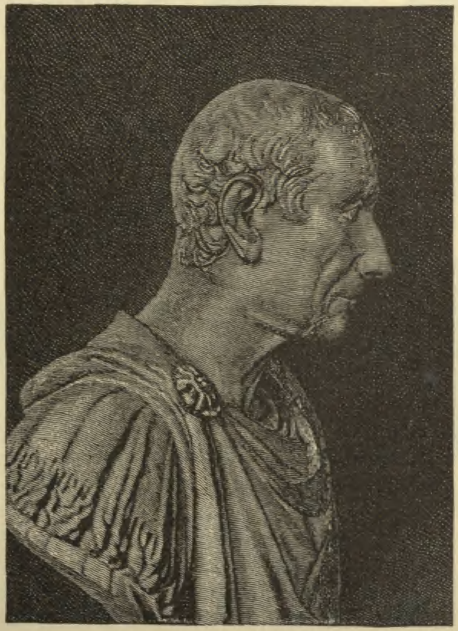


Plate X.—The Marble Bust at Florence.

* Dr. Merivale must refer here, I think, to the bronze bust in the Uffizi Gallery, in Florence, and to the Ludovisi bust in Rome. None of the others show any indication of the peculiarity he mentions. In most of them the lips close firmly, and, in fact, beautifully.

† According to Suetonius, Cæsar enjoyed excellent health, except toward the close of his life. Froude (p. 482) says: "His health was uniformly strong until his last year."

to the heroes of the Iliad and the kings of Rome, and in fact to the Venus-Aphrodite common to both nations—he spent the years of his boyhood and early manhood as the genteel youth of that epoch were wont to spend them. He had tasted the sweetness as well as the bitterness of the cup of fashionable life, had recited and declaimed, had practised literature and made verses in his idle hours, had prosecuted love-intrigues of every sort, and got himself initiated into all the mysteries of shaving, curls, and ruffles pertaining to the toilette-wisdom of the day, as well as into the far more mysterious art of always borrowing and never paying. But the flexible steel of that nature was proof against even these dissipated and flighty courses; Cæsar retained both his bodily vigor and his elasticity of mind and heart unimpaired. In fencing and in riding he was a match for any of his soldiers, and at Alexandria his swimming saved his life. The incredible rapidity of his journeys, which usually, for the sake of gaining time, were performed by night—a thorough contrast to the procession-like slowness with which Pompeius moved from one place to another—was the astonishment of his contemporaries, and not the least among the causes of his success. The mind was like the body. His remarkable power of intuition revealed itself in the precision and practicability of all his arrangements, even where he gave orders without having seen with his own eyes. His memory was matchless, and it was easy for him to carry on several occupations simultaneously with equal self-possession. Although a gentleman, a man of genius, and a monarch, he had still a heart. So long as he lived he cherished the purest veneration for his worthy mother, Aurelia (his father having died early); to his wives, and above all to his daughter Julia, he devoted an honorable affection which was not without reflex influence even on political affairs. With the ablest and most excellent men of his time, of high and humble rank, he maintained noble relations of mutual fidelity with each after his kind. As he himself never abandoned any of his partisans after the pusillanimous and unfeeling manner of Pompeius, but adhered to his friends—and that not merely from calculation—through good and bad times without wavering, several of these, such as Aulus Hirtius and Gaius Matius, gave, even after his death, noble testimonies of their attachment to him.

"If in a nature so harmoniously organized there is any one trait to be singled out as characteristic, it is this—that he stood aloof from all ideology and everything fanciful. As a matter of course, Cæsar was a man of passion, for without passion there is no genius; but his passion was never stronger than he could control. He had had his season of youth; and song, love, and wine had taken joyous possession of his mind, but with him they did not penetrate to the inmost core of his nature. Literature occupied him long and earnestly; but while Alexander could not sleep for thinking of the Homeric Achilles, Cæsar in his sleepless hours mused on the inflections of the Latin nouns and

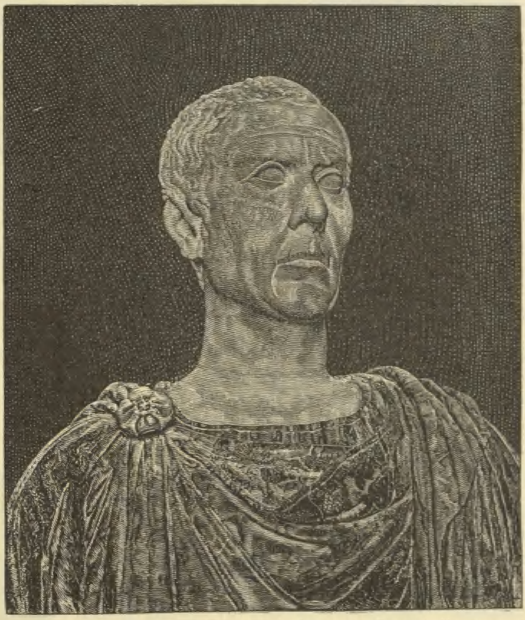


Plate XIV.—Bust in the Hall of the Emperors, Capitol Museum at Rome.

THE RESIDUARY LEGATEE;

OR, THE POSTHUMOUS JEST OF THE LATE JOHN AUSTIN.

By J. S. of Dale.

PART FIRST: THE WILL.

I. Ulysses and Penelope.

On the morning of August 14th, in this last summer, Mr. Austin May alighted at the little Cypress Street station of the Boston & Albany Railroad, and, accompanied only by a swarthy and adroit valet, and a very handsome St. Bernard dog, got into the somewhat antiquated family "carryall" which awaited him, and drove away. May was a stranger to the man in charge of the station, as well as to the wide-awake trio of boys who made it a sort of club, their exchange of gossip, and pleasure resort; and thus his arrival was unnoticed and unrecorded, though his last absence had extended over a period of several years. It was a most oppressive day; and what few human beings were dressed and stirring made haste to get beneath the dense foliage, or plunge into the numerous private-paths and short-cuts with which the suburb of Brookline is provided; leaving the roads and their dust undisturbed, except by the sedate progress of the old carryall, which left behind it, suspended in the air, an amazing quantity of the same, considering its speed, and quite obscured the morning sun with its golden cloud. Austin May might have been an entering circus procession, and no one would have found it out. Even the boys at the station were sluggish, and indisposed to "catch on" behind every train, much less to give their particular attention to one undistinguished stranger, with or without a dog.

May lit a cigar, and the carryall and its occupants lumbered along unheeded. The road was walled in and roofed over by a dense canopy of foliage, borne by arching American elms; and through its green walls, dense as a lane in Jersey, only momentary glimpses were to be had of shaven lawns and quiet country-houses. When they came to a gate, with high stone posts, topped by an ancient pair of cannon-balls, the carryall turned slowly in. A moment after they had passed the screen of border foliage May found himself in the midst of a wide lawn and garden, open to the sunlight, but rimmed upon all points of the compass by a distant hedge of trees, so that no roads, houses, thoroughfares, or other fields, were visible. In the centre of this stood, with much dignity, an elderly brick house, its southern wall quite green with ivy. In front of it was a large pavilion, some hundred yards removed, low and stone-built, rising without apparent purpose from the side of an artificial pool of water, rimmed with rich bands of lilies.

The carryall stopped before a broad, white marble step at the front door; and the Charon of the conveyance, known locally as "the dépôt-man," having dumped the one leather trunk upon the step, stood looking at the stranger contemplatively, as if his own duties in this world were all fulfilled.

"How much?" said May.

"Twenty-five cents," said the dépôt-man.

May pulled out a half-dollar. "No matter about the change," he added, as the dépôt-man hitched up his vest, preparatory to fishing in his cavernous trousers for the requisite quarter.

The dépôt-man changed his quid of tobacco, and drove off without a word, the downward lines from the corners of his mouth a shade deeper, as if he profited unwillingly by such unnecessary prodigality, which aroused rather contempt than gratitude. May waited until the carryall had quite disappeared in the elm-trees, and then rang the bell. Apparently, he expected no prompt answer; for he sat down upon one of the

the table was a snowy cloth and a glorious breakfast, consisting of a fish, a bird, a peach, and a pint of claret. The genius who had wrought this miracle disappeared, and May was left undisturbed.

The fish had gone the way of all flesh, and the bird had gone the way of the fish, and the last glass of Léoville was awaiting translation, when there was a sound of carriage-wheels upon the gravel. May started. The glass of claret crashed untasted to the floor, and its owner sprang upon his feet and fled precipitately. Just as the door-bell rang, he escaped from the garden door of the hall and plunged into a maze of shrubbery; with a hurried sign to the silent servant as he passed. Rapidly and circuitously he circled back behind the hedges until a successful flank movement brought him to the main driveway at the point where he remembered Mrs. Eastman had disappeared; here by a bold dash he secured the front lawn; and a few cautious steps brought him to the side-door of the large low stone pavilion aforementioned. Drawing a brass key from his pocket, he managed to turn a grating lock and entered. The door closed behind him and was carefully bolted on the inside. The interior was quite dark; but May cautiously felt his way to one of the front windows, and opening the sash, turned the slats of the blind to a horizontal position. Through this he peered, breathless with his run. At the front door of the house was the same carryall that had brought him from the station; but its occupants were not visible. May saw the St. Bernard dog silently threading his way through the bushes, his nose upon the trail; a minute later, and he scratched upon the door of the pavilion.

"Hush," hissed May angrily.

The dog scratched, softly. With an impatient imprecation, May opened it; the dog had a bit of paper in his mouth. May snatched it eagerly.

"*Madame d'Arrebocques*" was written upon it, in the hand of Schmidt, his valet. "*Elle doit attendre.*"

Madame d'Arrebocques? May knew no such person. Madame d'Arrebocques? Why should she write? Why had she not sent her card? Had Schmidt spelled the name right? Ah! at last he had it, thanks to Mrs. Eastman's garrulity. This could be no other than Cynthia Tarbox, the ill-married sister of Miranda his châtelaine. And ill-mannered fortune! they had missed each other on the way. Mrs. Eastman might return at any moment. As he pondered, the carryall moved slowly off; but as it passed the window, he noted that it contained no other figure than the station-master. The woman, then, was left behind.

May tore out a card and wrote upon it, in German, *Sie muss fort!* and handed it to Fides, the dog, who trotted silently off. What means Schmidt used, May never knew; but some ten minutes later, four children came screaming down the avenue, running and gasping for breath, followed by a thin and wiry woman, robed in a flapping whitey-brown duster, whose haste and streaming bonnet-ribbons bore every evidence of extreme mental perturbation.

Shortly afterward Schmidt himself appeared, in his hands an empty glass and another bottle of the same claret. By a refinement of delicacy, but just one glass of wine was left in the bottle. "*Monsieur n'a pas fini son déjeûner,*" said he; and May took the glass with trembling fingers, and finished it at a draught.

"Schmidt," said he, in French, "it is nearly midday. You must bring everything here. I dare not go back to the house."

The valet evinced no surprise, but nodded and disappeared. Left to himself, May opened the shutters of several of the windows and looked out. The side of the pavilion that was farthest from the house rose directly out of the broad pond or ornamental lake already referred to. This was to the west; the northern was screened by a dense growth of pines, the southern contained the entrance-door before mentioned, and the eastern façade commanded the house, which was some two hundred yards distant across the avenue. May looked out across the water, which was an ornamental piece fringed with reeds and water-flowers. In the centre of the little lake rose a low round island, which had a

"Mazin' how come I taken up wid dat triflin', ornery, yaller nigger," she would say. "Nebber done a stroke fo' me, nebber guv me nuffin'—'cept de measles, an' dem I wan't seekin'. Dese yere yaller niggers dey's no nation; got de good er none, an' bad er all. Ambros' am bad down to he heel."

Venus never had but one child, and it died in infancy. After that her sore heart's entire and lavish devotion was given to Nannie Clinch. She was a faithful servant to all the Clinches, but she worshipped "Miss Nannie."

All these particulars gradually came to Johnny, who very soon made Venus's acquaintance.

The beginning was his noticing her as she walked daily on the beach before the barracks; indeed, no one could help noticing a figure built on such an enormous scale. Besides, there was a certain massive dignity, and even symmetry, about her form, and her features, Indian rather than negro, were brightened by a smile of true African good-humor. Her costume recalled the best days of the vanished *régime*. Her gay turban and her white apron were always fresh from the iron; and on her head was poised a great basket filled with enticing tropical sweet-meats, the secrets of which Aunt Venus had guarded for years.

When neither vending her wares nor making them, she toiled in the Legare garden. Meanwhile, Ambrose led a life of elegant leisure as skipper of a sail-boat so leaky and unruly that only a suicide could care to hire it. A little labor would have made a tidy sloop out of this relic of the Legares, but Ambrose always said: "Dar's udder t'ings en life dan toilin' fo' money!"

Johnny was Venus's best customer. Nothing pleased the faithful creature more than to talk of her mistress.

"I 'members," said she, "de ve'y fustis time I sot heyes on Miss Nannie, to know 'er. Ye muss know, sah, dat I wuz bawn on de plantation an' raised dar 'twel I'se risin' er sixteen, w'en my mammy she done die up. She wuz a witch'ooman, my mammy wuz; an' one er witchin's, 'e done got twurn' roun', some'ow, an' hit kill' 'er dead. De ob-berseer, he 'lowed 'twuz kase 'twuz fallin' wedder, an' she done cotch cold en de wet. But *I* knows 'twuz de *witchin'!* So, den, dey sen' me ter Chawlston, an' de cook she l'arn me ter cook, an' spat me good wh'n she's mad; an' onct she guv me a mos' outrigeous lick wid a stick er fat wood, an' runned a splenter enter my awm. So, den, I wuz pickin' at it outside, an' a grievin' fo' my mammy — dat nebber taken nuffin' wuss'n a shengle to me—an' a bellerin' ve'y sorf like, dat Aunt Phœbe don' heah my lammertations, an' give me mo' ter lammertate fo', w'en in runs my Miss Nannie. De angil looks er dat chile in 'er sweet li'le w'ite frock, an' de li'le black slippers, an' de big blue sash. An', ef ye please, she taken pity on me an' guv me a big chunk er cake, an' calls her paa ter cut out de splenter. She did so. He wuz a ve'y kin' man, ole marse; an' so wuz ole miss, too, dat's cole an' dead now, po' t'ing!"

It was curious what a sense of intimacy Johnny came to feel in this unseen rebel family. He knew all about "ole marse" and "ole miss," who had been an invalid ("ole marse kep' 'er a invaleed fo' twenty yeahs"), and Marse Tim, and Marse Bertie.

Johnny's cheeks were rosy, and he had a chubby little figure; but there was a streak of romance in his kind heart—why, indeed, should only the thin be romantic?—and it pleased him to be indirectly serving these absent enemies through Venus.

She always received him in the garden. "I wud like mazin' ter ax ye in, marse cap'n, but I knows Miss Nannie's 'pinyuns, an' I cay'nt; but de kitchen, dat 'long ter me, an' you is right welcome dar allus. I ain't none er yo' cooks dat's skeered fo' hab folks see dar cookin'."

Johnny's eyes twinkled. North, his chubby form was hailed with delight by all the mothers of his acquaintance—for Johnny had great possessions. South, it appeared, he might be glad to visit the kitchen. He did visit the kitchen, and was content to view the mansion from the garden. Venus regarded the house with awe, and even to Johnny's eyes it looked imposing—a Southern house of the last generation, built in fond imitation of a South Carolina home, with its lofty Doric portico, and the galleries

on the sides, which the Cherokee rose changed into bowers. But it was the garden which was Johnny's paradise. Here, orange-trees, magnolias, and myrtles kept an unchanging verdure through the season, palmettoes lined the wide avenue, and strangely cut leaves of the tropics—fig, pomegranate, date-palm—mingled with more familiar foliage; while everywhere the tree-limbs dripped with Spanish moss. A sumptuous color and glow dazzled the Northern eye; trumpet-flowers swinging their flames against the walls, oleanders taller than pear-trees, the gold of jasmine and the dead-white of orange-blossoms relieved against the weird haze of the dripping trees. Johnny used to be reminded of the Garden of Eden. He would tell himself that the poignant odors which filled the air had intoxicated him.

Certainly he thought more than was good for him of the beautiful mistress of the place.

So, during a few weeks he walked in the garden, and Venus toiled hopefully, and Ambrose was quite as hopeful though he did not toil at all. Then, one fine morning, Captain Tindall's regiment marched away.

He went in the autumn; and in the following summer he was sent back to the town on some military business. As soon as he could he went to see Venus. There was a dismal change in the place. The gate was gone, and the fence looked as though a regiment had charged down on it. Within, it was worse. The flower-beds were trampled out of shape, the scuppernong-vines draggled on the ground, as if torn down by impatient hands; and limbs had been wrenched off the orange-trees, or left hanging at forlorn right angles by strips of bark. The house, with its shattered windows, and the weeds growing over its broad steps, seemed mutely lamenting over the desolation. Yet a wisp of smoke crept out of the huge coquina chimney of the kitchen—token that Venus must still be living there. But in vain Johnny hunted and shouted, and at last in despair he took his way back to the city gates. He passed along the narrow streets, vaguely depressed by what he had seen, until he was stopped by a crowd before the building which still bears the title of "The Governor's Palace."

In the day of Spain the palace doubtless cut a becoming and princely figure, with its tower and balconies and portico, and the famous garden, wherein was planted every kind of tree on earth (according to the old chronicler); to-day, shorn of all these, it is a commonplace post-office, but when Johnny saw it a shabby vestige of pomp remained in the crumbling ornamentation of the façade and the Spanish corridor of arches opposite that row of pride-of-India trees, not one of which remains. The building was used as a court-house by the United States Government during the war; and it was so used at this time. A crowd of men overflowed the corridor into the street.

The people were Minorcans for the most part, dark, thin, and dejected-looking; but there was a sprinkling of black faces and blue coats, and a little bandying of jokes. Johnny asked a man what was going on. He was a Minorcan; he answered, sullenly: "Dey refuge 'low us pay tax, so den dey sell our lan', now."

"Listen," called a soldier, nearer the door, "there's a circus in there. An old colored woman's bidding against Baldy. She goes him ten cents better every time, and he's hoppin' mad! Too bad! He's got it."

A burst of laughter rolled out of the court-room.

"What's the joke?" called another soldier.

"Auntie wants Uncle Sam to lend her a few hundred to beat Baldy, and to take it out in jam!"

Johnny wedged himself through the men to where Venus stood, her gay turban towering above all the heads and her black profile cut against the yellow stucco pillar like a bas-relief of anguish.

She turned a piteous gaze down to Johnny's kind eyes.

"You'se done come too late, marse cap'n," she said; "dey taken Miss Nannie's place 'way. I'se offer dem all de money fum de po'serves, but dey won' hab it."

Johnny got her out of the court-room into the plaza opposite, where he made her sit down.

eyes with it; then made a deep bow and departed.

"Venus is well rid of him," thought Johnny; "now, how much of that was a lie?"

But for once Ambrose had spoken the truth, as Johnny discovered when he got to the Legree gate, for he could see blue-coats on the piazzas, and he met Venus with an axe on her shoulder. She answered his questions with inscrutable composure: "I'se gwine speak Mr. Bal'win," said she.

"Do you need an axe for that? Venus, I believe you mean to kill Baldwin. You think then Mrs. Legare will get the place back, but she won't; it will go to Baldwin's relations. You *never* will get it back that way. And they will hang you, my poor friend, and what will Miss Nannie do without you?"

He had touched the right cord. The axe trembled on the huge shoulder, then, all at once, it was hurled to the ground, and Venus was crouching beside it, rocking herself to and fro in bitter anguish, but never uttering a sound. Johnny did not know how to interrupt this savage, silent grief. At last she rose, arranged her dress decently, and said, very quietly: "Marse cap'n, Miss Nannie done los' ev'yt'ing—her paa, dem two boys, an' Marse Renny he killed up, too, las' monf; an'—an' my li'le w'ite baby, de Lawd done take 'er fo' ter be happy 'way fum we all. Marse cap'n, I cayn't lebe Miss Nannie by 'er lone! No, I'se hab ter stay. Oh, how come my witch mammy nebber l'arn me no witchin'? All I knows dess haff er cuss. W'at de wuth am *haff* er cuss? Debbil lebe ye most 'tickleres' p'int."

"Never mind, Venus," said Johnny; "we'll get it without the devil."

He quite meant what he said, and, on leaving Florida, he used all his own and his family's influence, which was not small, in Mrs. Legare's behalf; but it was a time when both sides were stripping themselves of the superfluous moralities for the last fierce tussle, and he could do nothing. Then he wrote to Venus, proposing that *she* try to buy the place of Baldwin. An answer came promptly enough, from Mrs. De' Medici; Venus had tried, but Baldwin wouldn't sell the place for less than five thousand dollars.

Johnny was not too good to swear a little over that letter. "Wait a little," said he, "we'll get the place cheaper than that."

His interest was so thoroughly roused that he went down to see Venus as soon as the end of the war left him at liberty. He found her established in the Minorcan's house, and selling preserves at such a rate that she had to hire an assistant. She had fitted up a room with the old furniture of Mrs. Legare's chamber, and kept it always ready, down to the nosegay on the table. "Kase I knows not de day nur de hour, an' I'se keep ready fo' my Miss Nannie."

Baldwin was as obdurate as ever. This was the state of things when Miss Nannie came back. Johnny was still in town, but so changed was she that he did not know her. He had gone out that day with Venus to "the place." Walking through the ruined gardens, and viewing the deserted and dismantled house, it seemed to him a type of the whole South. Perhaps, because he knew all the little domestic details of the life of the past owners, and because he had, in a way, entered into their joys and their sorrows, a profound sense of the contrast and the desolation made Johnny melancholy. He recalled the radiant creature whom he had seen, with a kind of pang. And it was at this moment that he saw a thin, elderly woman, in rusty, black draperies, come slowly and wearily down the avenue. She was quite near him before he perceived that really she was a young woman, whose hair had turned gray. Venus was just behind Johnny. She screamed, and ran toward the lady.

At the same time a man came around the house. The man was Baldwin. Johnny saw that the lady spoke to him. "Do you live here, sir?" said she.

"No, ma'am," answered Baldwin, civilly; "but I own the place."

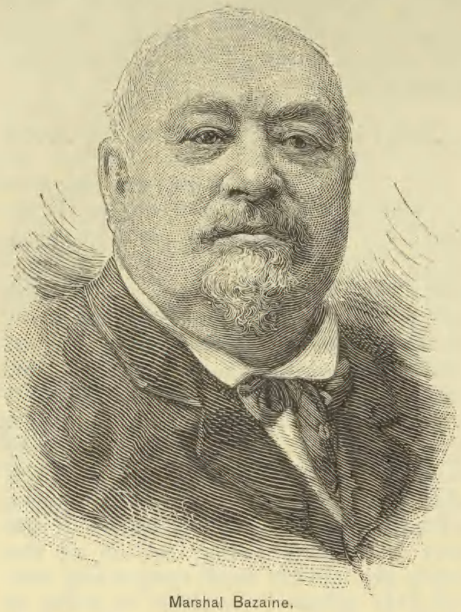
"You—own — the — place?" gasped she. "How did you get it?"

"Bought it of Uncle Sam. It was sold for taxes."

Then Venus caught her mistress about the waist, and, supporting her with one arm, shook her free fist in Baldwin's face.

"Oh, ye debbil!" she yelled. "Dis am Miz' Legree!"

feeling in the city. The arrival of M. Thiers, the surrender of Metz,* and the disgraceful affair of Le Bourget created profound emotion among all classes.



Marshal Bazaine.

The Reds, up to this time cowed by the force of public opinion, now had their opportunity. It had become necessary I should see M. Jules Favre on an important matter, and I went to the Foreign Office at half-past five, and on my arrival, for the first time I learned of the gravity of the situation. I was then told that Trochu had been dismissed, and that Favre and all the members of the government of the National Defence had resigned; that there was an immense crowd at the Hôtel de Ville, and that all was confusion. I started immediately for the Hôtel de Ville in company with a friend, and arrived there at six o'clock. When within two or three squares of the hotel we found the Rue de Rivoli blocked up with troops singing the 'Marseillaise,' 'Mourir pour la Patrie,' and other revolutionary songs. We left our carriage, and made our way on foot through the dense crowd of people and soldiers, and entered into the building. There we found mostly soldiers, who were roaming around, with their muskets reversed, in the magnificent Hall of the Municipality. There seemed to be a sort of public meeting going on, and we started to mount the wooden staircase. We had scarcely reached the head of the stairs when we saw there had been a grand irruption of other soldiers into the building. They appeared to be composed mostly of the Garde Mobile and Garde Sedentaire. We immediately descended and got out of their way, and went around by another staircase, and finally got into the hall by a side door.

"This hall was dimly lighted by two oil lamps. The room was literally packed by soldiers yelling, singing, disputing and speech-making. The side rooms were also filled with soldiers, who sat around the tables, copying lists of the new government which they called the 'government of the Commune.' They all seemed to regard the revolution as an accomplished fact, which was only to be formally ratified by a vote of the people of Paris. Here is a list of the names of the members of the government of the Commune, handed to me most politely by a soldier of the Red Republican persuasion: Felix Pyat, Lorain, Louis Blanc, Delescluze, Mottu, Blanqui, Greppo, Malo, Chapelin, Dupies, Muller. Other lists were around, differing somewhat from the above.

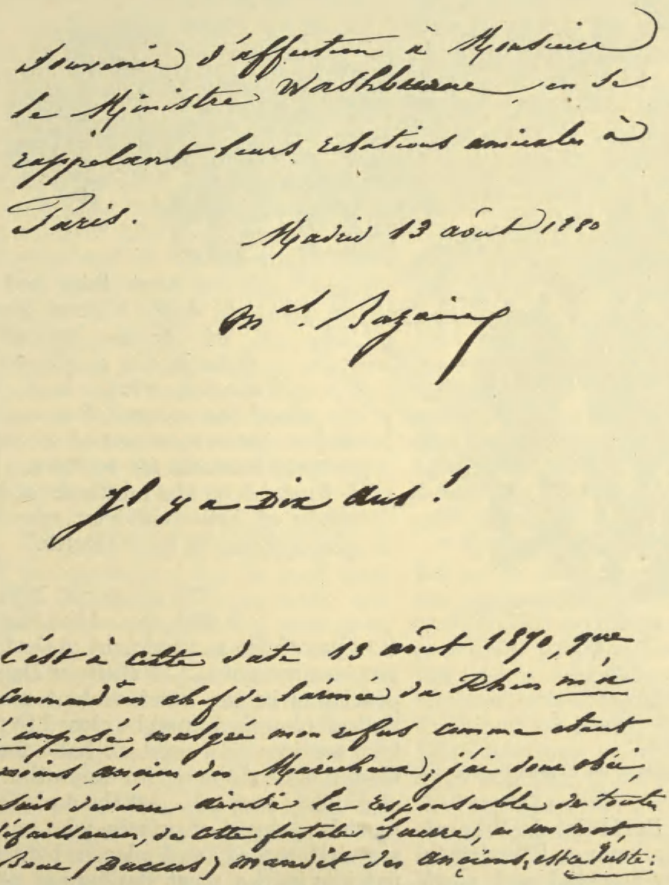
"From the Hôtel de Ville I went to my dinner, thinking that the revolution had been practically accomplished and that we should have a genuine Red Republic. I returned to the legation at eight o'clock in the evening, to get my despatches ready to go out in the bag this morning, and sent a gentleman out to seek reliable information and to get at the exact status before closing my despatches. He soon brought back word that the government of the National Defence had not resigned; but certain parties, headed by Flourens, Blanqui, and others, had undertaken a *coup d'état*, had seized all the members

* Metz had been surrendered by Bazaine on October 27. In 1880 Marshal Bazaine sent from Madrid to Mr. Washburne a photograph as a souvenir "recalling their friendly relations in Paris." On the back of the picture, from which the portrait in the text is copied, he wrote, besides the inscription and autograph, the words reproduced in fac-simile, of which the following is a translation: "Ten years ago!—It was on this date, August 13, 1870, that the chief command of the Army of the Rhine was *imposed upon me*, in spite of my refusal as being the junior among the marshals. But I obeyed, and so became responsible for all the failures of that fatal war—in a word the scapegoat (Buccus) of the ancients. Is this just?"

of the government, and held them all prisoners in a room in the Hôtel de Ville. Some of the people demanded that the members of the government should be sent to the prison of Vincennes; others demanded that they should be shot, but Flourens pledged his head that he would have them safely guarded where they were.

"Then the Reds went to work to make up their new government in the Hall of the Municipality, at the same place where I was at half-past six. A gentleman who was present during this time describes the scenes which took place as ludicrous. There was no harmony or concert among them, and they were all quarrelling among themselves; according to him, they pulled the venerable beard and kicked the venerable body of the venerable Blanqui, and denounced this one and that one as not among the patriots. But in all this confusion they issued orders and gave commands like a regular government. The other government being in jail while this pleasant sort of amusement was going on, some of the National Guard, faithful to the government, got into the building and effected the release of Trochu and Jules Ferry, who immediately took steps to release their associates from durance vile.

"At ten o'clock the 'rappel' was beaten all over Paris—that terrible sound which in the first revolution so often curdled the blood. I heard it under the window of the legation. It meant, 'every man to his post.' About ten o'clock the troops began to pour in from every direction toward the Hôtel de Ville. They soon filled the Place Vendome and the neighboring streets, and formed in a line of battle in the Rue Castiglione, which they completely surrounded. In the presence of this immense force, all shouting '*Vive Trochu!*' and '*À bas la Commune!*' the red forces of Flourens seemed to have realized their weakness, and before midnight they had mostly disappeared, the government released, and comparative quiet restored all over the city. I left the legation to go to my lodgings in the Rue de Londres at half-past twelve, and going by the Champs



Fac-simile of Note from Marshal Bazaine.

very cheap. Bread and wine will soon be about all the poorer classes will have to eat and drink. What misery! what suffering! what desolation!"

"Wednesday evening,
November 23, 1870.
"66th day of the Siege.

"Raining until noon. At one it had cleared up and I went to the photographer, who complained of my looking 'too sober.' Have been laying in some canned green-corn, Lima beans, canned oysters, etc. All these sort of things are being 'gobbled up.' Nobody can tell how long we are in for it, and to what extremes we may be pushed. I first put the siege at sixty days, and here we are at sixty-six days and no light ahead. The French seem to be getting more and more hopeful every day. Gambetta sends his proclamations pinned to a pigeon's tail, and tells of a great many things in the provinces, and then there is a prodigious excitement all over the city. The new quotations for to-day are as follows: For cats—a common cat, eight francs; a Thomas cat, ten francs; for rats—a common rat, two francs; long-tailed rat, two francs and a half; for dogs—a cur of low degree, two francs a pound; for a fat dog, two and a half francs; and for a '—— fat dog,' three francs per pound."

"Thursday night,
November 29, 1870.
"67th day of the Siege.

"And Thanksgiving at that. Visions of beef-steak, broiled chickens, hot rolls and waffles for breakfast; roast-beef rare, turkey and cranberry-sauce, roast-goose and apple-sauce, plum-pudding, mince-pie, pumpkin-pie, and Livermore cheese for dinner; but not as bad perhaps as it might be, we make the best of the cruel situation. Our thoughts go out warmly to the great unbesieged world. A few gather at the Episcopal Church at eleven o'clock; '*apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*' The Episcopal service is read and the pastor makes a little address. Returned to the legation at noon and always something to do, which is a blessing. The people here who have nothing to occupy themselves with are perfectly desperate. A Thanksgiving dinner at a restaurant on the Boulevard Italiens given by two of our American gentlemen. Quite a little table full and all quite jolly; but the portion of turkey to each guest is painfully small. Toasts, little speeches, till half-past ten, when the guests retired, most of them to go to a little Thanksgiving party given by one of our compatriots."

"Sunday,
November 27, 1870,
"70th day of the Siege.

"Seventy days of siege; that is just the length of time that Metz held out. Some enthusiastic Frenchmen say that Paris has just entered upon the first stage of the siege. I must confess that matters look to me more and more serious. The gates of the city are finally closed for good, and no person not connected with military can now get outside. Everything indicates that we are to confront the iron realities of a besieged life. What a marvel of change in this great city in three or four weeks! All that levity of Paris people seems to have disappeared; no more fancy parades of the military, with bouquets and green sprigs stuck in the muzzles of their guns; no more manifestations at the foot of the statue of Strasburg; no more gatherings of the Mobile and the National Guard at the Place of the Hôtel de Ville; no more singing of the "Marseillaise;" no more arresting of innocent people as Prussian spies. Since the revolution of the 31st of October the government of the National Defence has reigned supreme, and history scarcely records a parallel to what we have seen in this vast city since the siege began. With an improvised city government, without police, without organization, without effort, Paris has never before been so tranquil, and never has there been so little crime. You do not hear of a murder, robbery, theft, or even a row, anywhere. You may go into every part of the city at any hour of the night, and you will find a policeman there, and you will have the most perfect sense of security and safety.

"There is now more serious talk than ever of a *sortie*. There has heretofore been so much gabble on the subject, and so many times fixed for this *sortie* busi-

ness, that I now pay but very little attention to what is said. The report is that a great movement will soon take place, headed by General Ducrot, who, at the moment, is regarded as a good soldier. The attempt is to be made to break the lines and form a junction with the army of the Loire, if such an army exist. We have had no reliable news of anything outside for three weeks.

"(5.30 P.M.) Went out between two and three o'clock and rode down the Champs Elysées; though the afternoon had been cloudy and the ground wet, yet there were great crowds of people walking up and down. I am told of great movements of troops being made all the forenoon.

Called on some American friends in the Avenue Friedland, who are bidding defiance to the siege, having a 'stock on hand' for six months. They recently laid in a little salt pork at $2 a pound."

German Shells Falling in the Latin Quarter.

"Monday evening, Nov. 28, 1870.

"71st day of the Siege.

"Entering on the eleventh week of the siege, and after so long a time waiting in this dismal and dreary siege-life, after so many false reports, there is this evening every indication that the hour of action has finally come to strike. The gates of the city were all shut yesterday, and

muttering of the distant cannon and the rising of the smoke indicate, however, where is the field of carnage. This crowd of Frenchmen in the cupola were sad indeed, and we could not help feeling for their anxiety. Favre and Picard wore grave faces and were silent, and we only passed the word of salutation.

"From the château I went to the American ambulance. The carriages had just returned from the battle-field with their loads of mutilated victims. They brought in sixty-five of the wounded, and all they had room for in the ambulance. The assistants were removing their clothes, all wet and clotted with blood, and the surgeons were binding up their ghastly wounds. Men who went out with the ambulance, Dr. Johnston, Mr. Bowles, Rev. Dr. Lamson, and G——. They represented the slaughter of the French troops as horrible, and they could not see that they had made any headway. The whole country was literally covered with the dead and wounded, and five hundred ambulances were not half sufficient to bring them away. Our American ambulance went to Rueil, and our men are in a high state of indignation, thinking that the Prussians deliberately shelled them in the streets; but I don't believe that. Fortunately, nobody was hurt, and but one of the carriages was hit. Mr. Bowles saw a shell hit the church where repose the remains of the Empress Josephine. I must now wait until I hear further, and that may not be until to-morrow morning. The day has been mild and a little cloudy, and on the whole a capital one for military operations.

"All Paris is on the *qui vive*, and the wildest reports are circulating. The streets are full of people—men, women, and children. Who will undertake to measure the agonies of this dreadful hour?"

"Friday evening,
January 20, 1871.
"124th day of the Siege.
"16th day of the Bombardment.

"The results of yesterday—blood, tears, anguish, and horror. I was not mistaken last night at the results of the fighting, except it is worse than I could have imagined. The troops have all come back into the town. From what I can gather the *sortie* has been the most fatal of all to the French; and has inflicted no great harm on the enemy. Everything has been so oppressive that I have been about very little to-day. McKean has just been in and says the government published very bad news to-night, and that the feeling of the people is terrible. Trochu admits his shocking defeat, and Chanzy beaten, and losing ten thousand prisoners. I got the news of the defeat of the latter by my bag, which Bismarck has sent in to-day in advance of time on account, probably, of its containing such bad news. But as I give out no news I shall not let that out. Nobody has paid any attention to bombardments to-day. Dr. Kern thinks we may have serious trouble here in France, and that Trochu must be about at the end of his rope."

"Sunday evening,
January 22, 1871.
"126th day of the Siege.
"18th day of the Bombardment.

"And yet another week rolled around and the end seems to be no nearer. Always the same ill-fortune for France. The bombardment less effective. The official report says only eleven persons wounded on the 19th inst. The Journal Official just brought in, with a despatch from Chanzy, and I gather from it that his army will be destroyed. More and more, worse and worse. His is the principal army outside, and when that is gone it will be "hard sledding" for the French. And at last Trochu is dethroned, having remained long enough to destroy everything. Old Vinoy is now in command, but what can he do? He seems to be a good soldier of the old school, but I don't see that he can do anything more than capitulate; but Paris will not agree to that at present. The bombardment seems heavier again, but we are getting used to it.

"(5.30 P.M.). At two this afternoon went to a meeting of the Diplomatic Corps at Dr. Kern's, to consider Count de Bismarck's answer to our letter in regard to the bombardment without notice. We there learned of the great excitement in the town. There were great crowds at the Hôtel de Ville, yelling, 'A

bas Trochu!' and the Belleville battalions were marching through the streets demanding the commune, etc.

"Leaving Dr. Kern's at 4 P.M., I started for the Hôtel de Ville to see what was really going on. Everywhere on my way I saw straggling companies and straggling squads of the National Guard and great crowds of people in the streets. Descending to the Rue de Rivoli, there were yet more people, all moving toward the Hôtel de Ville or standing in groups engaged in earnest talk. Within two squares of the hotel the streets were completely blocked up by the crowd and our carriage could proceed no farther. Beyond there was a dense mass of men, women, and children, and still farther on the street and the great square were literally packed with soldiers, all standing in the mud. Here we met an acquaintance, a young surgeon in the French navy, who was profoundly agitated and profoundly depressed. He said the Breton Garde Mobile had just fired on the crowd and killed five persons, and that nobody knew what would come next, but that, at any rate, France was 'finished.'

"On returning, the streets were filled with excited people, all making their way toward the Hôtel de Ville. Up the Champs Elysées large numbers of the troops of the line and the National Guard were drawn up. 'Mischief, thou art on foot,' in my judgment. The first blood has been shed, and no person can tell what a half-starved population will do. Old Vinoy may have the nerve to put down the mob; if he have not, the mob will have the nerve to put him down."

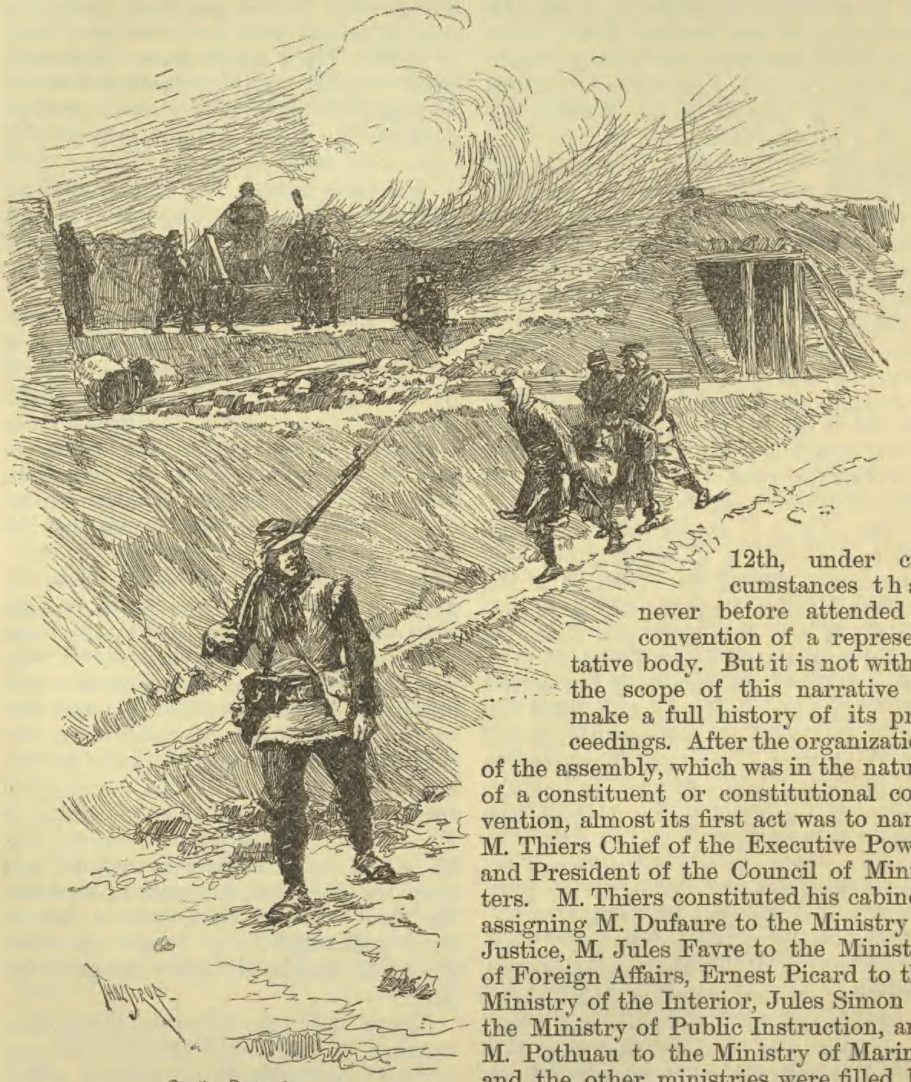
"Monday,
January 23, 1871.
"127th day of the Siege.
"19th day of the Bombardment.

"Yesterday was another dreadful day for Paris, and, as the *Journal des Débats* says, 'the most criminal that ever reddened the streets of Paris with blood.' On Saturday night the mob made an attack on the prison of Mazas, and Flourens, Pyat, and others of the revolutionists of the 31st of October were released. Yesterday morning the insurrectionists seized the mairie of the twentieth arrondissement and went to work to install the insurrection, but they were soon driven out by some companies of the National Guard. Along in the afternoon the crowd, men, women, and children, and some companies of the National Guards urged toward the Hôtel de Ville, crying *'Donnez nous du pain!'* Some of these went into the neighboring houses, and it was not long before a regular attack was made on the Hôtel de Ville. Many shots were fired, and explosive balls and bombs were hurled, principally from the windows. At this moment the gates and windows of the hotel were opened and the Mobiles fired on the mob, killing five and wounding eighteen, and then such a scattering and crying *'Ne tirez plus!'* and in twenty minutes all was ended."

The news of the convention of the 28th of January, 1871, providing for the armistice, was very badly received by a great mass of the lower class of the people of Paris, and particularly by the National Guard, which had done no fighting during the siege, but had been fed and housed in the best manner possible, under the circumstances, by the government of the National Defence. Those who had fought least made the greatest noise, and were more furious than anybody else to continue the war *"à outrance."* Gambetta, at Tours, who had been at the head of the government outside of Paris, could not be consulted in reference to the armistice. On the 31st of January he issued a fiery proclamation, which added fuel to the flame of excitement which was then prevailing in Paris. On the 6th of February, 1871, he wrote to the government at Paris that his conscience would not permit him to remain a member of a government with which he no longer agreed in principle, and he therefore resigned his place.

The armistice provided that the government of the National Defence could convoke an assembly, freely elected, which would pronounce upon the question of whether war should be continued or not, and what conditions of peace should be made. The assembly should reunite in the city of Bordeaux, and all facilities would be given by the commandants of the German army for the election and re-

union of the deputies who should compose the convention. But I cannot refer further to the articles of this convention, which were signed by Bismarck and Jules Favre on the evening of the 28th of January. The elections were ordered for the 8th of February, and



On the Ramparts.

the assembly was to meet at Bordeaux on the 12th of that month. Among the forty-three deputies which were elected from Paris were many who had been engaged in the revolutionary proceedings, and who had made themselves particularly violent against the armistice, and who had been inciting the people to anarchy and revolution, and who, after taking their seats in Bordeaux, had resigned to join the communists of Paris.

The assembly met at Bordeaux on the 12th, under circumstances that never before attended a convention of a representative body. But it is not within the scope of this narrative to make a full history of its proceedings. After the organization of the assembly, which was in the nature of a constituent or constitutional convention, almost its first act was to name M. Thiers Chief of the Executive Power and President of the Council of Ministers. M. Thiers constituted his cabinet, assigning M. Dufaure to the Ministry of Justice, M. Jules Favre to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Ernest Picard to the Ministry of the Interior, Jules Simon to the Ministry of Public Instruction, and M. Pothuau to the Ministry of Marine, and the other ministries were filled by persons not so well known. A Minister of Finance was not then named. After appointing fifteen commissioners to assist the government in the peace negotiations at Versailles, the convention took a recess until negotiations should be concluded. No time was lost by the

amongst folks, ther's got to be a change o' some sort right away. Your father's let everything slide year after year, till there's pesky little lef' naow to slide on. He's behine hand agin in money matters, even with th' Pratt mortgage on top of t'others. What's wuss, it's in everybody's maouth. They've left him off th' board at th' cheese-factory this year, even ; of course they say, it's cuz he never 'tended th' meetin's—but I knaow better! It's jis' cuz Lemuel Fairchild's goin' deown hill, 'n' the farm's goin' to rack 'n' ruin, 'n' ev'rybuddy knaows it. Jis' think of it? Why, 'twas th' Fairchilds made that cheese-factory, 'n' it's allus gone by aour name, 'n' we used to sen' th' milk of a hundred 'n' thirty caows there—almost as much as all th' rest of 'em put together—'n' ez I said to Leander Crump, when he was squirmin' raound tryin' to make me b'lieve they didn't mean nothin' by droppin' Lemuel aout o' th' board, says I—'Nobuddy ever 'spected a tablespoonful o' water in aour milk!'—'n' he colored up, *I* tell yeh!"

"No doubt," said Albert, impassively.

Miss Sabrina paused to mentally retrace her argument, and see if this remark had any special bearing. She could discover none, and grew a little angrier.

"Well, then, th' question's right here. My father, your grandfather, made a name fer hisself, and a place for his fam'ly, here in Dearborn Caounty, second to nobuddy. Fer years 'n' years I kin remember thet th' one question people ast, when it was proposed to dew anything, was 'What does Seth Fairchild think 'baout it?' He went to th' Senate twice ; he could 'a gone to Congress from this deestrick time 'n' time agin, if he'd be'n a mine to. Ev'rybuddy looked up to him. When he died, all of a suddent, he lef' Lemuel th' bes' farm, th' bes' stock, th' bes' farmhaouse, fer miles raound. Well, thet's forty year ago. I've lived here threw it all. I've swallered my pride every day in th' week, all thet time. I've tried to learn myself a humble spirit—but I've hed to see this place, and the fam'ly, going daown, daown, daown!"

There were tears in the old maid's eyes now, as she spoke, tears of mortification and revolt against her helplessness, for she seemed to read the failure of her appeal in the placid face of her nephew, with its only decent pretence of interest. She went on, with a rising voice :

"You knaow a little of haow things hev' gone, though you've allus took precious good pains to knaow ez little ez yeh could. You knaow that when you were a boy you were a rich man's son, with yer pony, 'n' yer dancin' lessons, 'n' yer college eddication; 'n' yer mother dressed well, 'n' had a kerridge, 'n' visited with th' bes' people of Albany, people who were *my* friends tew when I used to go to Albany with yer grandfather. 'N' what hev we come to? Yer mother slaved her life aout, lost all her ambition, lost all her pride, saw things goin' to th' dogs and didn't knaow haow to stop 'em—sakes forbid thet I should say anything agin Sissly ; she did all she could ; p'raps 'twould 'ev gone different if she'd be'n a different kine o' woman, p'raps not ; there's no use talkin' 'baout thet. 'N' ef I'd hed *my* say, tew, maybe things'd be'n different ; but it's ez it is, 'n' it's no use cryin' over spilt milk.

"Father never meant to be hard with me. When he lef' me nothin' but a living aout o' th' farm, he expected, ev'rybuddy expected, my Aunt Sabrina'd leave me a clean sixty thaousand dollars when she died. She was an ole woman, 'n' a widow, 'n' she hed no childern. She'd allus promised my father thet if I was named after her—confaound her name!—I shaould be her heir. 'N' then, less'n a year after his death what does the old huzzy up 'n' do but marry some fortune hunter young enough to be her son, 'n' give him every cent she hed in the world. He led her a fine dance of it, tew, 'n' serve her right! But there I was, lef' 'thaout a thing 'cep' a roof over my head.

"'N' then Lemuel, nothin' 'ud do but he must go to Californy when the gold cry riz, 'n' no sooner 'd he git there than he was homesick 'n' hed to come back ; 'n' when he got back, 'n' begun to hear what fortunes them who'd gone aout with him were a making, than he must start aout again. But where it 'd be'n wilderness a few months b'fore, he faound cities naow, 'n' ev'ry chance took up ; then

fishers and water-rats for sympathizers, and the ceaseless murmur of the water, the buzz of the locusts in the sun, the croak of the frogs among the reeds, for a soft, inspiring chorus of accompaniment to his thoughts!

Now these dreams were really to come true; he was actually going to the city, to wear decent clothes, to mingle as much as he chose with men of wisdom and refinement, to attain that one aim and vision of his life, a place on a great paper!

It was only here by the river, rod in hand, that he seemed able to fully realize the beatitude of the vista. So as often as he could he came, and if there was a ground-note of sorrow at leaving these nooks, this dear old river, there was also a triumphant song of exaltation in the air, the water, the sunshine, which he could not hear on the farm.

Partly because these excursions generally led him from the house before she made her appearance mornings, partly because he felt vaguely that his own victory over fate involved disappointment for her, Seth did not see much of Isabel during her husband's absence. So far as he knew, she had taken the news of Albert's determination to move into the country quietly enough. Neither by word or sign had she discovered to Seth any distaste for the prospect. But none the less he had a half-guilty conviction that she did not like it, and that she must blame him, or at least have some feeling against him, for it. She had spoken so earnestly to him about the curse of existence in the country; it was not conceivable to him that she should suddenly accept for herself, without protest or repining, the very life she had thus commiserated with him about.

Yet it seemed after all that he was mistaken. It was the evening after Albert's return, and Annie had come over after supper, ostensibly to borrow a wrapper-pattern from Isabel, but really, it need not be doubted, to hear the news.

What news there was to be given out the eldest brother dispensed to the family circle, after Alvira had cleared away the "tea-things."

That domestic had a clear idea of making one in the circle, and, hastening in from the kitchen without her apron, drew up a chair to sit with the others, and enjoy the revelations which, from Albert's manner during supper, all felt to be impending. But the invasion of city manners, which she and Milton had deplored and ridiculed for a fortnight back, had an unsuspected bitterness in its train for her. The lawyer looked at her coolly, as he struck a match on the under side of the mantel-piece, and asked: "Hadn't you better go out, Alvira, and see that the chickens don't get into the kitchen?"—and she flounced out again, with nose in air, and black eyes flashing.

Albert lighted a cigar, put an arm-chair down near the old rocker in which his father sat, and took his seat. Near the open door, overlooking the farm-yard and the barns, and full in the light from the west, sat Miss Sabrina, knitting, and Isabel, with a paper. At the latter's feet, on a hassock, was Annie, and Seth sat on the doorstep.

"Father," said Albert, "things have been arranged in New York so that I can speak, now, about the plans which I hinted of ten days ago."

The old man nodded his head, and said, plaintively: "Whatever yew think best, Albert, s'long as the boys git a fair shaow."

"You needn't worry about that. My business is settled now, I think, so that I can live here six or eight months in the year, say from March till October, running down occasionally, perhaps, but making this my residence. I will take up all the mortgages—perhaps buy back some of the old farm, may be all of it. There are three or four ways in which this can be equitably arranged—we'll talk of those in detail later on, some day when John can come up. I will have the carpenters here in a few days, to look over the house, and figure on putting it in first-class repair. The barns will have to be new throughout. There must be new machinery, new fences, and a pretty thorough weeding out of the cattle. We shall want a carriage-house—but then it's no use of enumerating, there is so much to be done. We will put some money into horseflesh down on Long Island, and see if something can't be done in the way of a

bution for the remark which has excited his rage."

There was but one thing to be done, he told Madame de Flahaut, if he stirred at all in the matter, and that "is to call on him, and tell him that if he speaks disrespectfully of me again I will put him to death. But in times like the present such conduct would only give an air of importance to what must otherwise fall of itself, for I am not of sufficient consequence to occupy the public attention; and, luckily, the things he says are too improbable to be believed." A wise course to adopt, it would seem, in a place where the "Lanthorn" was ready for a victim, and a crowd always at hand to sacrifice him.

Mr. Morris was a sworn enemy to cards and the gaming-table. Having, as he says, "imposed upon myself the law not to play," he seldom transgressed, and then indulged only in a mild game of whist, for sixpenny points, to while away an hour. When the guests went to the card-table, he either left them or utilized the time his friends were wasting in the joys and sorrows of their game by informing himself of the state of opinion in the Assembly, as embodied in the last speech delivered before that august body, or in looking over somebody's memoir, and so kept up with the latest subjects that were being discussed.

Paris was quite given over to gambling, and the fever attacked alike the dignitary of the Church, the deputy, weary with his labors in the Assembly, and the fine lady in her salon.

It was necessary to oppose a strong determination against this all-absorbing amusement, or, more properly speaking, business, not to be drawn into this whirlpool and destroyed, for the very air seemed calculated to excite the disease. Like drowning men catching at straws, these people, seeing their means of living gradually slipping away from them, sought to supply the deficiency at the roulette-table. When, in 1789, the contents of the famous "Red Book," that ignominious catalogue of fraudulent pensions, was announced to the Assembly, the sum total of which was 277,985,017 livres, Paris stood aghast. That portion of the community whom the pensions had not benefited were furious about the frauds practised in high places; while the other half said that, with the stoppage of the pensions, starvation, the necessity to abandon the life so dear to them, and possibly banishment, stared them in the face. It must have infuriated the friends of the revolutionary party to have such disclosures as the "Red Book" contained trumpeted forth by their own leaders—to see Camille Desmoulins gloat over the revelations, picking out of the twenty-four million examples the most glaring frauds. Loud and vehement were the protests against the *décret* touching the pension-list made by the Assembly. "In Madame de Staël's salon," Mr. Morris says, "the matter was discussed pretty much at large, and I tell them that when privileges were abolished the road was opened for the destruction of all property. This gives rise to an endless dispute, in which Madame de Staël shows much genius and little good-breeding. The opinions are various, but they will all be alike. I throw out the idea on purpose to make an impression on some who have, I know, styled me *aristocrat* because I do not approve of their sentiments."

Madame de Flahaut, whom the decree deeply affected, Mr. Morris found one day "*au désespoir*, and she intends to cry very loud, she says. Her servants, this morning, have waited on her, with the assurance that they will, if necessary, live on bread and water for the next six months. She has been in tears all day. Her pensions from Monsieur and the Comte d'Artois are stopped. On that from the king she receives but 3,000 francs—and must, therefore, quit Paris. I try to console her, but it is impossible. Indeed, the stroke is severe; for, with youth, beauty, wit, and every loveliness, she must quit all she loves and pass her life with what she abhors."

Unfortunate Mademoiselle Duplessis, a member of Madame de Flahaut's family, was quite beyond the help of sympathetic words. Her pension was stopped, "and the poor girl," Mr. Morris says, "who does not know what to do, spends her days and nights in tears." With a delicacy that could not hurt her, he sent her, in the form of 500 francs, the only sympathy that could effectually help her, "and took," as he says, "every

stage and crown it, which is complied with amid repeated acclamations."

About the same time that the revolution was stretching its hand out toward the properties of the Church, and the priests, after making a desperate fight for their possessions, and incidentally for their religion, were almost ready to say with the Trappist monk, "*Frères, il faut mourir*," the play of "Charles Neuf" was put upon the stage, by way of assisting the Assembly in its crusade against the priests and irritating still more the already half-distracted clergy. "It is a tragedy founded on the massacre of St. Bartholomew," Mr. Morris says, "and a very extraordinary piece to be represented in a Catholic country. A cardinal who excites the king to violate his oaths and murder his subjects, then in a meeting of the assassins consecrates their daggers, absolves them from their crimes, and promises everlasting felicity—all this with the solemnities of the established religion. A murmur of horror runs through the audience. There are several observations calculated for the present times, and I think this piece, if it runs through the provinces, as it probably will, must give a fatal blow to the Catholic religion. My friend, the Bishop d'Autun (Talleyrand), has gone a great way toward its destruction by attacking the Church property. Surely there never was a nation which verged faster toward anarchy. No law, no morals, no principles, no religion."

Of all the different persons in many walks of life and of various degrees of moral excellence whom Mr. Morris met, there are none that he handles so severely as he does these same priests and high ecclesiastical dignitaries who, with the Abbé Maury as their leader, fought for the rich benefices of the Church. "The Abbé Maury," he says, "is a man who looks like a downright ecclesiastical scoundrel." He met him in Madame de Nadaillac's salon, where were "a party of fierce aristocrats. They have the word '*Valet*' written on their foreheads in large characters. Maury is formed to govern such men, and such men are formed to obey him, or anyone else. But Maury seems to have too much vanity for a great man. I tell him in the course of conversation that I expect he will get the hat the Cardinal de Lomerice has sent back. And I further tell him that the holy father has done wrong in laying the kingdom under an interdict. He answers, 'that opinion is no longer with the Sainte Liege, and that without an army to support the interdict it would be laughed at; that the instance of England makes Rome cautious.' I reply that the cases are somewhat different; but further, as the Assembly have left the pope nothing, he might play a sure game, since he can lose no more, and at any rate he had better have done nothing than only one-half of what he might do, because mankind may by degrees be habituated to everything.

"He agrees to the truth of this, and owns that he should have preferred extremities. I tell him that from the moment when the Church property was seized I considered the Catholic religion at an end, because nobody would be priest for nothing. He agrees fully." Mr. Jared Sparks, in one of his quotations from his diary, has given Mr. Morris's first impression of Talleyrand, which was not particularly favorable to the worthy bishop. "Sly, cool, cunning, malicious, and, of course, ambitious," was his verdict after seeing and talking to him one evening in Madame de Flahaut's salon. And although afterward he saw him constantly and in the most intimate way he never seems to have trusted the Bishop of Autun.

Mr. Morris's introduction to this portion of the community was soon after his arrival in France, at Madame de Durfort's, one evening, when, much to his surprise, for he evidently expected more dignity in a member of the Church, he says: "A bishop from Languedoc makes tea, and the ladies who choose it stand round and take each their dish. This would seem strange in America; and yet it is by no means more so than the Chevalier de Louis, who begged alms of me this morning after introducing himself by his own letter."

The Bishop of Orleans, with whom he dined at the table of the Duchess of Orleans, did not escape his criticism, as that reverend father evidently did full

ed the constitution. This is wrong, but it is too late to do any good by saying so. I am now pretty well persuaded that the poor king has been prevented by an intrigue, in which Monsieur de Montmorin is a party, from acting as he ought."

Mr. Morris was assured that the king preferred "my observations to those presented by Pelling, and my informer felicitates me. I lead him off the scent, but he tells me that he is informed of this in such a manner as admits of no doubt, and also that Monsieur de Montmorin is vexed at the preference."

The vivid interest Mr. Morris always took in the affairs of France was by no means unnoticed by the king and queen. "Their majesties spoke to De Moustier of me," he says, "and he tells me that I stand well in their opinion." This intelligence interested him, in view of his possible mission to the court of Louis XVI., "where their favorable opinion," he says, "may be useful to my country." He frequently sent messages to the queen; and when Bertrand de Molleville was made Minister of the Marine, in 1791, Mr. Morris requested the Princesse de Tarent to "inform the queen from me that Monsieur de Molleville is the only minister in whom she ought to have confidence." The queen was touched by Mr. Morris's efforts to serve her, and told her physician, who repeated a conversation he had had with Mr. Morris respecting the decree against the princes, that "she desired to have it in writing, telling him that she knew how to value everything from that quarter."

Mr. Morris speaks of the queen being at the play one night, "and is perfectly well received. I sit directly over her head, and somebody, I suppose, tells her so, for she looks up at me very steadily, so as to recognize me again—this, at least, is my interpretation. My air, if I can know it myself, was that of calm benevolence with a little sensibility."

Mr. Morris was never presented at court until the occasion of his reception in his diplomatic capacity, but owing to the channels open to him through which he could approach the king by letter, many of his friends expressed surprise that he had not been nearer to the throne. "I tell Monsieur Bremond," he says, "when he asks me if I am not already acquainted with the king, that I never saw his majesty but in public, and never exchanged a word with him in my life, although some of the gazettes have made me one of his ministers; and that I am persuaded he would not know me if he should see me."

When, after many delays, the audience was granted, and "I present my letter of credence," Mr. Morris says, "the king, on receiving it, says: '*C'est de la part des Etats-Unis,*' and his tone of voice and his embarrassment mark well the feebleness of his disposition. I reply: '*Oui, sire, et ils m'ont chargé de témoigner à votre majesté leur attachement pour elle et pour la nation française.*' I am afterward presented to the queen."

It is touching, with the knowledge history gives us of the sad end of the queen and her son, to notice the pride with which she showed him to Mr. Morris: "'*Il n'est pas encore grand,*' she said, and I reply, '*J'espère, madame, qu'il sera bien grand, et véritablement grand.*' '*Nous y travaillons, monsieur,*' was her answer."

He does not seem to have quite approved of the queen's course during these last days, and says: "I found her majesty in good spirits and affable today at the *levée*, but I am, however, not pleased with her conduct." He told Vicq d'Azir that he had prepared a letter for his mistress, but "that I will not send it. He urges my doing so, but I refuse, and tell him that the king has been to the Assembly, which I disapprove of."

It would be interesting to know if Marie Antoinette complied with Mr. Morris's request for a lock of her hair, which he asked Madame de Tarent to procure for him. "She promises to try," he says, "and I think her majesty will be pleased with the request, even if she does not comply with it." Poor queen! her hair had, since her late adventures—her flight to Varennes and the cruel journey back to Paris—"turned quite gray," Vicq d'Azir told Mr. Morris.

no heart to go home. Let me learn to live my life here. 'Twill be easier."

"But do you think it necessary to sell, sir? Could you not hold the house? Are you certain that you would like to have a stranger living there?"

"I care not a pin who lives within those four walls now, sir!" cried the elder, with a momentary return of his vehemence. "It's no house to me now. Sell it, sir, sell it!—if there's anyone will give money for it at a time like this. Bring every stick of furniture and every stitch of carpet up here—and let me have my way, Jacob—it won't be for long."

He got up and went blindly out of the room, and his son heard him muttering, "Not for long—not for long, now," as he wandered about the house and went aimlessly into room after room.

Old Jacob Dolph had always been an indulgent parent, and none kinder ever lived. But we should hardly call him indulgent to-day. Good as he was to his boy, it had always been with the goodness of a superior. It was the way of his time. A half-century ago the child's position was equivocal. He lived by the grace of God and his parents, and their duty to him was rather a duty to society, born of an abstract morality. Love was given him, not as a right, but as an indulgence. And young Jacob Dolph, in all his grief and anxiety, was guiltily conscious of a secret thrill of pleasure—natural enough, poor boy—in his sudden elevation to the full dignity of manhood, and his father's abdication of the headship of the house.

A little later in the day, urged again by the old gentleman, he put on his hat and went to see Abram Van Riper. Mr. Van Riper was now, despite his objections to the pernicious institution of country-houses, a near neighbor of the Dolphs. He had yielded, not to fashion, but to yellow fever, and at the very first of the outbreak had bought a house on the outskirts of Greenwich Village, and had moved there in unseemly haste. He had also registered an unnecessarily profane oath that he would never again live within the city limits.

When young Jacob Dolph came in front of the low, hip-roofed house, whose lower story of undressed stone shone with fresh whitewash, Mr. Van Riper stood on his stoop and checked his guest at the front gate, a dozen yards away. From this distance he jabbed his big gold-headed cane toward the young man, as though to keep him off.

"Stay there, sir—you, sir, you Jacob Dolph!" he roared, brandishing the big stick. "Stand back, I tell you! Don't come in, sir! Good-day, sir—good-day, good-day, good-day!" (This hurried excursus was in deference to a sense of social duty.) "Keep away, confound you, keep away—consume your body, sir, stay where you are!"

"I'm not coming any nearer, Mr. Van Riper," said Jacob Dolph, with a smile which he could not help.

"I can't have you in here, sir," went on Mr. Van Riper, with no abatement of his agitation. "I don't want to be inhospitable; but I've got a wife and a son, sir, and you're infectious—damn it, sir, you're infectious!"

"I'll stay where I am, Mr. Van Riper," said young Jacob, smiling again. "I only came with a message from my father."

"With a *what?*" screamed Mr. Van Riper. "I can't have—oh, ay, a message! Well, say it then, and be off like a sensible youngster. Consume it, man, can't you talk further out in the street?"

When Mr. Van Riper learned his visitor's mission he flung his stick on the white pebbles of the clamshell-bordered path and swore that he, Van Riper, was the only sane man in a city of lunatics, and that if Jacob Dolph tried to carry out his plan he should be shipped straightway to Bloomingdale.

But young Jacob had something of his father's patience, and, despite the publicity of the interview, he contrived to make Mr. Van Riper understand how matters stood. To tell the truth, Van Riper grew quite sober and manageable when he realized that his extravagant imputation of insanity was not so wide of the mark as it might have seemed, and that there was a possibility that his old friend's mind might be growing weak. He even ventured a little way down the path and permitted Jacob to come to the gate while they discussed the situation.

"Poor old Dolph—poor old Jacob!" he groaned. "We must keep him out of the hands of the sharks, that we must!" He did not see young Jacob's irrepressible smile at this singular extension of metaphor. "He mustn't be allowed to sell that house in open market—never, sir! Confound it, I'll buy it myself before I'll see him fleeced!"

In the end he agreed, on certain strict conditions of precaution, to see young Jacob the next day and discuss ways and means to save the property.

"Come here, sir, at ten, and I'll see you in the sitting-room, and we'll find out what we can do for your father—curse it, it makes me feel bad, by gad, it does! Ten to-morrow, then—and come fumigated, young man, don't you forget that—come fumigated, sir!"

It was Van Riper who bought the property at last. He paid eighteen thousand dollars for it. This was much less than its value; but it was more than anyone else would have given just at that time, and it was all that Van Riper could afford. The transaction weighed on the purchaser's mind, however. He had bought the house solely out of kindness, at some momentary inconvenience to himself; and yet it looked as though he were taking advantage of his friend's weakness. Abram Van Riper was a man who cultivated a clear conscience, of a plain, old-fashioned sort, and the necessity for self-examination was novel and disagreeable to him.

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Life lived itself out at Jacob Dolph's new house whether he liked it or not. The furniture came up-town, and was somewhat awkwardly disposed about its new quarters; and in this unhomelike

"And then he marched off to bed by himself, suffering no one to go with him."

old Jacob Dolph. The maiden aunt, who had been invited, was notified that she could not come, for Mr. Dolph was not well enough to open his house that winter. But it was delicately intimated to her that if he grew worse she might still be sent for, and that alleviated her natural disappointment. She liked to give parties; but there is a chastened joy also for some people in being at the head of a house of mourning.

Old Mr. Dolph grew no worse physically, except that he was inclined to make his daily walks shorter, and grew fonder of sitting at home in the little breakfast-room, where the sun shone almost all day long, and where Mrs. Dolph had once been fond of coming to sew. Her little square work-table of mahogany stood there still. There the old gentleman liked to dine, and often he dined alone. had slipped by him, who knew nothing of youth except to love it and wonder at it.

In the morning, before he went out for his daily tramp into town, old Jacob would say to young Jacob:

"I suppose I shall see you at dinner, my boy?"

And young Jacob would say, "Yes, sir," or "No, sir, I think not. Mrs. Des Anges was in town yesterday, and she asked me to ride up there to-day and dine. And Diana" (Diana was his big black mare) needs a little work; she's getting badly out of condition. So, if it doesn't matter to you, sir, I'll just run up there and get back before the moon sets."

And the father would answer that it didn't matter, and would send his best respects, through Mrs. Des Anges at

Young Jacob was in great demand all over town, and his father knew that he ought to go out and amuse himself. And the young man, although he was kind and loving, and never negligent in any office of respect or affection, had that strong youth in him which makes it impossible to sit every day of the week opposite an old man whose world Kingsbridge, to Madam Des Anges at New Rochelle; and at night he would sit down alone to his dinner in the breakfast-room, served by old Chloe, who did her humble best to tempt his appetite, which was likely to be feeble when Master Jacob was away.

Master Jacob had taken to riding to Kingsbridge of late. Sometimes he

would start out early in the morning, just about the time when young Van Riper was plodding by on his way to the shop. Young Van Riper liked to be at the shop an hour earlier than his father. Old Mr. Dolph was always up, on these occasions, to see his son start off. He loved to look at the boy, in his English riding-boots and breeches, astride of black Diana, who pranced and curvetted up the unpaved road. Young Jacob had her well in hand, but he gave her her head and let her play until they reached Broadway, where he made her strike a rattling regular pace until they got well up the road; and then she might walk up Bloomingdale way or across to Hickory Lane.

If he went up by the east he was likely to dismount at a place which you can see now, a little west and south of McComb's Dam Bridge, where there is a bit of a rocky hollow, and a sort of horizontal cleft in the rocks that has been called a cave, and a water-washed stone above, whose oddly shaped hollow is called an Indian's footprint. He would stop there because right in that hollow, as I can tell you myself, grew, in his time as in mine, the first of the spring flowers. It was full of violets once, carpeted fairly with the pale, delicate petals.

And up toward the west, on a bridle-path between the hills and the river, as you came toward Fort Washington, going to Tubby Hook—we are refined nowadays, and Tubby Hook is "Inwood"—Heaven help it!—there were wonderful flowers in the woods. The wind-flowers came there early, nestling under the gray rocks that sparkled with garnets; and there bloomed great bunches of Dutchman's-breeches—not the thin sprays that come in the late New England spring, but huge clumps that two men could not inclose with linked hands; great masses of scarlet and purple, and—mostly—of a waxy-white, with something death-like in their translucent beauty. There, also, he would wade into the swamps around a certain little creek, lured by a hope of the jack-in-the-pulpit, to find only the odorous and disappointing skunk-cabbage. And there the woods were full of the aroma of sassafras and of birch, tapped by the earliest woodpecker, whose drumming throbbed through the young man's deep and tender musing.

And—strange enough for a young man who rides only to exercise his black mare—he never came out of those woods without an armful of columbine or the like. And—strange enough for any young man in this world of strange things—when he sat down at the table of Mrs. Des Anges, in her pleasant house near Harlem Creek, Miss Aline Des Anges wore a bunch of these columbines at her throat. Miss Aline Des Anges was a slim girl, not very tall, with great dark eyes that followed some people with a patient wistfulness.

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One afternoon, in May of 1827, young Jacob found his father in the breakfast-room, and said to him:

"Father, I am going to marry Aline Des Anges."

His father, who had been dozing in the sun by the south window, raised his eyes to his son's face with a kindly, blank look, and said, thoughtfully:

"Des Anges. That's a good family, Jacob, and a wonderful woman, Madam Des Anges. Is she alive yet?"

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When Madam Des Anges, eighty years old and strong and well, heard of this, she said:

"It is the etiquette of France that one family should make the proposition to the other family. Under the circumstances *I* will be the family that proposes. I will make a precedent. The Des Anges make precedents."

And she rode down to the Dolph house in the family carriage—the last time it ever went out—and made her "proposition" to Jacob Dolph the elder, and he brightened up most wonderfully, until you would have thought him quite his old self, and he told her what an honor he esteemed the alliance, and paid her compliments a hundred words long.

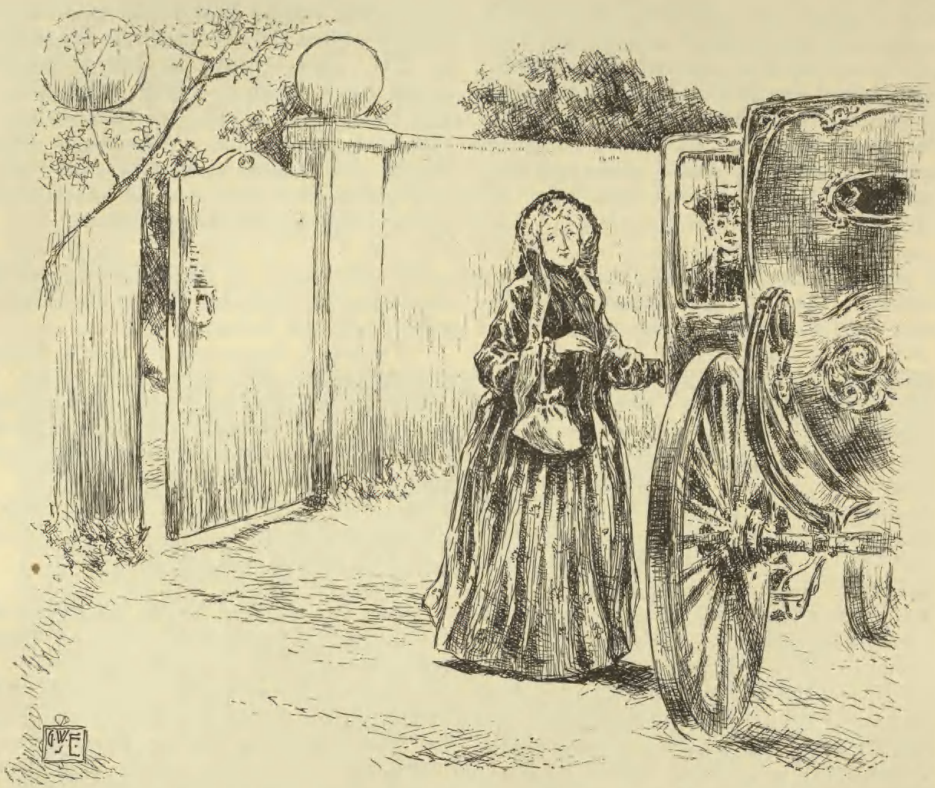
And in May of the next year, Kingsbridge being out of the question, and etiquette being waived at the universal demand of society, the young couple stood up in the drawing-room of the Dolph house to be wed.

The ceremony was fashionably late—

seven o'clock in the evening. And after it was over, and the young couple had digested what St. Paul had to say about the ordinance of wedlock, and had inaudibly promised to do and be whatever the dominie required of them, they were led by the half-dozen groomsmen to the late white columbines, for which Mr. Jacob Dolph the younger had scoured the woods near Fort Washington.

There was to be a grand supper, later; and the time of waiting was filled up with fashionable conversation.

That dear old doctor, who was then



long glass between the front windows, and made to stand up there, with their faces toward the company, and to receive the congratulations of a mighty procession of friends, who all used the same formulas, except the very old ones, who were delicately indelicate.

The bridegroom wore a blue coat and trousers, and a white satin waistcoat embroidered with silver-thread roses and lilies-of-the-valley. The coat was lined with cream-colored satin, quilted in a most elaborate pattern; and his neck-tie was of satin, too, with embroidered ends. The frills on his shirt were a miracle of fine linen. As to the bride, she was in white satin and lace, and at her throat she wore a little bunch of a dear young doctor, and whose fine snow-crowned face stood in later years as an outward and visible sign of all that was brave, kindly, self-sacrificing, and benevolent in the art of healing, was seated by Madam Des Anges, and was telling her, in stately phrase, suited to his auditor, of a certain case of heroism with which he had met in the course of his practice. Mr. Blank, it appeared, had been bitten by a dog that was supposed to be possessed by the rabies. For months he had suffered the agonies of mental suspense and repeated cauterizing of the flesh, and during those months had concealed his case from his wife, that he might spare her pain—suffering in silence enough to unnerve most men.

"It was heroic," said Dr. F.

Madam Des Anges bowed her gray head approvingly.

"I think," she said, "his conduct shows him to be a man of taste. Had he informed his wife of his condition, she might have experienced the most annoying solicitude; and I am informed that she is a person of feeble character."

The doctor looked at her, and then down at the floor; and then he asked her if she did not hope that Almaviva Lynch would bring Garcia back again, with that marvellous Italian opera, which, as he justly observed, captivated the eye, charmed the ear, and awakened the profoundest emotions of the heart.

And at that Madam Des Anges showed some animation, and responded that she had listened to some pleasing operas in Paris; but she did not know that they were of Italian origin.

But if Madam Des Anges was surprised to learn that any good thing could come out of any other country than France, there was another surprise in store for her, and it did not long impend.

It was only a little while after this that her grandson-in-law, finding her on his right and Abram Van Riper on his left—he had served out his time as a statue in front of the mirror—thought it proper to introduce to Madam Des Anges his father's old friend, Mr. Van Riper. Mr. Van Riper bowed as low as his waistcoat would allow, and courteously observed that the honor then accorded him he had enjoyed earlier in the evening, through the kind offices of Mr. Jacob Dolph, senior.

Madam Des Anges dandled her quizzing-glass as though she meant to put it up to her eye, and said, in a weary way:

"Mr.—ah—Van Riper must pardon me. I have not the power of remembering faces that some people appear to have; and my eyes—my eyes are not strong."

Old Van Riper stared at her, and he turned a turkey-cock purple all over his face, down to the double chin that hung over his white neckerchief.

"If your ladyship has to buy spectacles," he sputtered, "it needn't be on my account."

And he stamped off to the side-board and tried to cool his red-hot rage with potations of Jamaica rum. There his wife found him. She had drawn near when she saw him talking with the great Madam Des Anges, and she had heard, as she stood hard by and smiled unobtrusively, the end of that brief conversation. Her face, too, was flushed—a more fiery red than her flame-colored satin dress.

She attacked him in a vehement whisper.

"Van Riper, what are you doing? I'd almost believe you'd had too much liquor, if I didn't know you hadn't had a drop. Will you ever learn what gentility is? D'ye want us to live and die like toads in a hole? Here you are with your ill manners offending Madam Des Anges, that everybody knows is the best of the best, and there's an end of all likelihood of ever seeing her and her folks, and two nieces unmarried and as good girls as ever was, and such a connection for your son, who hasn't been out of the house it's now twelve months—except to this very wedding here, and you've no thought of your family when once you lose that mighty fine temper of yours, that you're so prodigious proud of; and where you'll end us, Van Riper, is more than I know, I vow."

But all she could get out of Van Riper was:

"The old harridan! She'll remember my name this year or two to come, I'll warrant ye!"

. . . . . .

It was all over at last, and old black Julius, who had been acting as a combination of link-boy and major-domo at the foot of the front steps, extinguished his lantern, and went to bed, some time before a little white figure stole up the stairs and slipped into a door that Chloe—black Chloe—held open.

And the next day Jacob Dolph the elder handed the young bride into the new travelling-carriage, with his stateliest grace, and Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Dolph, junior, rolled proudly up the road, through Bloomingdale, and across Kingsbridge—stopping for luncheon at the Des Anges house—over to New Rochelle, where the feminine head of the house of Des Anges received them

community are guaranteed by the law, and enforced by the government. In the international system, where states are the individuals, the law defines rights with more or less exactness; but in the absence of a common superior, their only guarantee lies in public opinion, which is always swerved by national bias, and their enforcement is left to the individuals themselves. The relations of states are therefore those of individuals in an unorganized community, where interests are divergent, and where each man enforces his own rights by the principle of *vis major*. Under such conditions the most long-suffering individual would find it difficult to avoid disputes, for he would ultimately reach a point where further yielding would mean the loss of independence. A state that pursued a uniform policy of concession would very soon reach that point. Moreover, international relations are so interwoven through commercial and other interests that no state, however isolated its geographical position, can wholly escape controversy. Where the private citizen is only liable to private quarrels, the state, or the government which represents it, being the trustee of the interests of all its citizens, must be ready to act for their protection and in their behalf, by making their just quarrels its own. An invasion of their rights is an invasion of its own rights, which it is bound to repel, while behind it and behind its opponent lies a popular sentiment which neither can easily control. With such heavy responsibilities and such imperfect guarantees, a government that neglects preparation invites aggression, for it can only assert its rights effectually by showing a capacity to enforce them.

The question as to the immediate or remote probability of war, at any given time, is a matter of futile speculation, as our history amply proves. During the last hundred years we have been at war six times, counting the French hostilities in 1798—an average of one war to every sixteen or seventeen years. The causes that brought about the old wars are no longer operative—French spoliations have ceased, the Tripolitan and Algerine pirates have been swept from the seas, England no longer asserts a right of impressment, there is no territorial controversy with Mexico. But other causes that may operate with equal force in the future are not far to seek. We have come to the verge of war twice since the Rebellion—in 1865 and in 1873—and both times unexpectedly. In the first case a rupture was only averted by our own excellent state of preparation. In the event of a general European war, which is always impending, unarmed neutrals would suffer, as they did in 1806; and even without such a war there is danger at all times of an invasion of rights, or a collision of interests, which no compromise could adjust, and before which the friendly demonstrations of the centennial period would disappear like the smoke of the saluting guns that accompanied them.

The second theory upon which our supposed immunity is based, that foreign nations, whatever their interests or sentiments, will be afraid to go to war with us, is a colossal delusion. In spite of its resources in reserve, the country is more vulnerable to-day to a sharp and sudden blow than it was half a century ago. Future wars will be of short duration; they will come when least expected; and the state that is prepared to strike a blow at the outset will inflict an injury that no belated exertions will avail to repair. Potential strength will not deter foreign states from a policy of aggression. Unless the force is actual, unless the effective army and navy are prepared for immediate resistance, and are commensurate in some degree with the position of a state in the international system, other states care little for it and its reserve power in the background. It is a physical impossibility that the reserve power should be brought into effective play within any reasonable time after war has begun, as war is carried on to-day—a fact of which the military and naval authorities in foreign states are fully aware, and which they take into account in their calculations. I venture to assert, from what is known of the methods of administration prevailing, for instance, in Germany, with which state it is most unlikely that we should have a serious cause of dispute, that the General Staff at the German Admiralty know to a nicety

what we could accomplish in a war with that power ; and in all probability they have a plan of operations with the details of the campaign already prepared, carefully modified in accordance with every variation for the better or the worse in our effective force, and ready to be put in operation at a few hours' notice.

Apart from the probability of actual war, the necessity of an armed force is manifest as an element, although an unrecognized element, in international negotiation. To recur to our illustration, the private individual in an unorganized state of society, though he might keep out of quarrels by uniform conciliation, would find his volition and his action constantly fettered by his inability to assert his rights through the only *ultima ratio* known to the community around him. So it is with the state. In the controversies of nations it is not the just cause that prevails, but the just cause aided by the strong arm. It has not been the habit with us Americans to think much of this silent factor in international negotiation. But with our friends, the Great Powers, it lies rooted in every question of foreign policy ; and the other powers are coming rapidly to the same view, as may be seen from the tone of their diplomatic communications and the increased efficiency of their naval armaments. A certain sense of decency may deter states from unjust aggressions toward their diminutive or feeble neighbors, but there is nothing to restrain them in a dispute with a great rival that refuses to protect its rights by maintaining an adequate force. The executions at Santiago de Cuba, in 1873, would never have taken place if we had had a respectable squadron at the time in West Indian waters ; and it must be clear to everyone that the nagging and offensive policy of the British provinces toward our fishing-vessels would not be continued for a day if we had a really efficient fleet. As the Secretary of the Navy said in his report of last year : "This country can afford to have, and it cannot afford to lack, a naval force at least so formidable that its dealings with foreign powers will not be influenced at any time, or even be suspected of being influenced, by a consciousness of weakness on the sea."

It is clear that these views receive a vague sort of assent in the popular mind, for otherwise we should not have two out of the seven great departments of the Government employed in carrying them out. But in the popular mind, and in Congress, which reflects it, the notion of a fighting force is chiefly represented by the army; while the navy is regarded doubtfully as a conventional, though possibly a useful, adjunct in military operations. Yet this country above all others, except England, must look to its navy to meet the most urgent demands of belligerent operations. Its position is such that neither it nor its enemy is likely to present a vulnerable land frontier. Whether its wars are offensive or defensive, the attack will be made from the sea, and will be met on the sea or at the sea-coast, whichever party attempts to strike the first blow. The land forces would sooner or later bear a most important part, but an invasion of any foreign territory, except Mexico or Canada, would be impossible without a supporting squadron, while a foreign invasion of our own territory could be rendered equally impossible by our ability to concentrate a sufficient maritime force. In any case, therefore, the indispensable element of attack and of defence would be the fleet.

It may fairly be assumed from what has been said that the United States need a navy, and that, to be of any real use, it must be capable of instantaneous conversion—that is, in the space of a few days—into an instrument for waging effective war. To see how far the establishment may fall short of this requirement, we have only to look at our experience in 1861. At that time our enemy had a sea-coast of three thousand miles, full of vulnerable points, nearly all his important cities were within striking distance from the sea, and he began the contest without a single armed vessel afloat, so that both our seaports and our merchantmen had complete immunity from attack. The land campaign, in which two armies composed of raw levies held each other in check, was practically at a standstill. Could a combination of circumstances be imagined more favorable for utilizing an efficient

fleet, and for striking a succession of blows of the kind that paralyzes an enemy? In spite of these conditions, the naval war for the first half-year was a lamentable failure. The new administration came in on the 4th of March, and the outbreak of war from that moment was only a question of days. Yet the first, the very first, naval operation was on the 28th of August, when Commodore Stringham attacked the forts at Hatteras Inlet. It was an exploit requiring no great force—indeed, as an operation it was mere pastime—yet it had been nearly six months in preparation, and another six months elapsed before it was followed up by Goldsborough's expedition to the Sounds. The important results of these two operations only show how much might have been done at the outset with a properly prepared fleet. Except for the blockade, which was hardly efficient until autumn, the attack at Hatteras Inlet represents all that was accomplished by the naval administration during its first eight months of power. With such a pitiful result when all the conditions were favorable, it is easy to see what would have happened during the same period in a war with a maritime enemy. Our so-called ships-of-war, when they got to sea, would have been annihilated, our arsenals and dockyards would have been destroyed, our commerce extinguished, and our sea-coast cities either bombarded or laid under heavy contribution.

The failure of the navy in 1861 was due to the neglect of the one cardinal principle, which should pervade and vitalize the whole naval establishment, that the navy exists only for war. The fundamental defect extended through every detail of administration—personnel, organization, material. It was shown in the personnel by the absence of any real training for war, and by the failure to select, beforehand, the best men in the service for its responsible commands. It was shown in the organization by the want of an authorized military agency, prepared to direct the operations of the fleet during war, or engaged in directing them during peace in such a manner that they would be of immediate service in war; and, further, by the failure to provide for the enlargement of the navy through the establishment of a naval reserve. It was shown in the material by the fact that though the fleet was being gradually modernized, by the construction of ships and guns that were excellent for the time, the process was going on so slowly that out of a list of ninety vessels less than twenty were of real use for fighting purposes.

The lesson of 1861 touches us so closely that we cannot afford to neglect it. The navy then underwent its only real test, the test of battle, and it was unable to supply the history of the war with a single creditable event for nearly six months. The navy of to-day can only be fully judged by the same test. In the light of our experience in 1861, is the fleet, in personnel, in organization, and in material equipment, prepared to stand the trial?

It has been the fashion in certain quarters to abuse the personnel of the navy, and to represent it as a horde of idlers serving no useful purpose and feeding at the public crib, the older members holding comfortable billets, where their only duty is to draw their monthly pay, and the younger engaged in pleasure trips in foreign countries or lingering about Washington, where their time is taken up with various forms of social frivolity. For one who knows them as they really are, it is hard to find words to characterize, with sufficient force and indignation, the grossness and malignity of these caricatures. As a matter of fact, the officers of the navy, to-day, form a body of patient, hard-working, earnest men, of singular resource and adaptability, eager and efficient in the performance of duty. Their life is a trying one, and the difficulties with which they must contend are unknown in ordinary civil occupations. A large part of the officer's career is passed under the closest restraints of military discipline. The ordinary wear and tear of professional service tells upon the mind and body to an extent far greater than in other walks of life. The intercourse of home, the *vie d'intérieur*, which forms the balance-wheel of so many overworked hu-

owing to the wise foresight of Washington and his advisers, who recognized that a navy exists only for war, were the best of their class afloat; and there being little demand at that time for foreign service, most of them were in the home ports. The plan of operations was therefore a simple matter. The commanding officers of the navy were sent to sea in charge of vessels, and they were left, in the main, to decide upon a course of action for themselves. There was no opportunity for concerted action by fleets, and as a matter of fact the ships never acted in concert. Their captains, Bainbridge, Hull, Decatur, Porter, Stewart, Biddle, Blakely—all of them young men, some of them very young, and all of them capable men—were genuine rovers of the seas; they were the Drakes, the Hawkinses, the Grenvilles, of this Tudor period of American naval history. Even on the lakes, where alone we had squadrons, everything, from laying the keel of the vessels to firing the last gun before the enemy surrendered, was left to the young commodores in command.

Upon the expansion of the force toward the close of the war, and during the period immediately following it, it became necessary to substitute a definite scheme of organization in place of the system, or want of system, of 1812. Accordingly, in 1815, a board of three officers was appointed, styled the Navy Commissioners, who had charge of all the work of the Department—"performing," as the law said, "under the secretary, all the ministerial duties of his office." As a substitute for a general staff the board would certainly have been found defective, if it had been tried by the test of actual war, since the civil organization of a board, implying equality among the members, can never answer for a staff, the first requisite of which is military subordination. As an office of supply the board failed completely, especially toward the end of its existence, when the introduction of steam complicated this branch of its work. In 1842 it was replaced by the bureau system, which, with some expansion, has continued until the present time.

The bureaus, as originally organized, proved efficient for the business of supply, but they were incapable of directing the actual establishment, and the latter, in the absence of a general staff, was left to take care of itself. The navy, as a working force, was entirely without naval direction. There was no responsible officer at the Department, with a body of responsible subordinates, to supervise the detail and training of officers, the enrolment, assignment, and training of seamen, the disposition of the vessels, the organization of a reserve, the formation of plans for naval operations, not only against all enemies in general, but against each probable or possible enemy in particular, the determination of the requirements of the fleet in order to keep it abreast of modern invention, and finally, as the groundwork of the whole system, the collection of naval intelligence—that is, precise information in regard to naval development abroad, to the military and naval resources of foreign states, to their means of attack and defence, and to the strength of their fortifications: everything, in short, beyond the manufacture or purchase of materials, that goes to make a navy efficient for the prosecution of war.

The effect of this half-reform became apparent at once at the crisis in 1861. The Department was suddenly plunged into war, and no one at the Department had the faintest idea what was to be done, nor, indeed, was there anyone whose business it was to have such an idea. As to the chiefs of bureaus, the duty of one was to manage the navy-yards, of another to construct vessels, of a third to build guns, of a fourth to supply provisions. None of them had anything to do with the conduct of naval operations. To have asked it of them would have been very much as if the Pennsylvania Railroad, to recur to our former illustration, should call upon the engineer of the shops at Altoona to furnish a summer schedule for excursion travel at outlying points of the road.

Soon after he came to the Department, Mr. Welles, realizing his inability to grapple with the situation, called to his assistance Captain Fox, a man of considerable executive capacity, who had formerly been an officer of the navy.

and, finally, the capacity of the merchant marine to afford a reserve—the whole question, in short, of naval strategy, under the conditions found in the situation of the United States.

In order that the Secretary of the Navy, who presents the scheme, and Congress, which provides the money, may be enabled to act, it is necessary to have an authoritative opinion from experts who have come to a substantial agreement upon both these questions—the general demands of our naval policy, and the specific way in which they are to be met. The first is pre-eminently a question for the general staff. The second involves the elaboration in detail of a definite programme, and can only be accomplished by a special board. It is too many-sided a question to be dealt with by a single man. The details not coming within the province of the board are filled out by the bureaus.

The board cannot expect to escape criticism—no board could expect that. But its conclusions, being the result of a general agreement, at least as far as the outside world knows—for its duty is to present to the world a decision, not a discussion—should receive, while awaiting Congressional action, the assent and support of individuals, and the latter must sink for the moment their individual hobbies. No Congress will vote money to carry out the recommendations of a board, when their ears are stunned by a chorus of dissentient voices proceeding from the service itself. The first Advisory Board made majority and minority reports, which was enough of itself to kill any project. The decisions of the second board called forth violent opposition, and though the discussion was instructive to the service, it was wellnigh destructive of the plan. Until this freedom of speech, always irresponsible and sometimes unreflecting, can be curbed by the self-restraint of officers, which is the only way of curbing it, the efforts of the Department will be neutralized, and the acquisition of a modern navy will be indefinitely postponed.

In regard to the types to be selected for the modern fleet, it is only necessary to say a word. In the present experimental condition of naval science, we can not afford to pin our faith to any extreme theory. We cannot rely for the protection of our cities upon forts, or floating batteries, or torpedoes alone—we must have them all. For the composition of our fleets we must have vessels in considerable numbers, and we cannot satisfy our wants with two or three monster ironclads, even if professional opinion was more united than it is as to their efficiency. Seagoing ironclads there must be of some kind, and swift cruisers, and swifter gunboats of light draft, carrying one or two heavy guns, and torpedo-boats, the swiftest of all.

At the present time the navy does not contain a single modern representative of these four elements of the fighting force, except the cruiser Atlanta. The rest of its seagoing fleet is composed of thirty-four ships, mostly of wood, of an obsolete type, with obsolete guns ; ships which have neither strength for combat nor speed for escape, and which are decaying so rapidly that in six years less than ten of them will be able to keep the sea. There are also fourteen old-fashioned monitors, whose armor and guns are unserviceable, and a dozen sailing-vessels, a few of which are useful for training purposes. Among these sixty vessels there are no seagoing ironclads of any kind, no modern ironclads for harbor defence, no modern cruisers, no modern gunboats, or rams, or torpedo-boats ; nor do any of the vessels carry modern guns. In short, as far as war is concerned, they are sixty names, and nothing more.

I have said that we have one modern cruiser, the Atlanta. The Chicago and Boston, also modern steel cruisers, are approaching completion. By recent legislation provision has been made for two armored ships of the second class, three additional cruisers, two gunboats, one dynamite-gun vessel, and one torpedo-boat. The larger of these vessels can hardly be built in less than two years. Provision has also been made for the completion of the five double-turretted monitors, which should be efficient vessels for coast defence.

This represents a respectable beginning, but nothing more. If we are to have a modern navy, the policy of constructing new ships must be steadily per-

THE DUCHARMES OF THE BASKATONGE.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

In the heart of a northern wilderness, on the shore of an unnamed lake, stands the ruin of a small hut. Half the roof has fallen in. The logs are rotted and covered with moss. In the dark corners spectral weeds and ferns die longing for the sun. The winter wind, untamed out of the north, charges against its crumbling walls and drives the sifted snow, hissing like steam, across the surface of the lake. The haunts of men seem as far away as the stars that throb faintly in the lonely vastness of the summer sky. The silence that dwells forever in the waste places of the world is shaken by unheeded storms and the muffled cries of life in the gloom of the immense forests that darken beneath her brooding wings.

"Ducharme! Ducharme! François—has—gone—over—the—rapids!" The words came in short gusts across the water to where Octave Ducharme stood, pike-pole in hand. They were running the logs on the St. Joseph. The river was racing over the rapids to where the falls were roaring and pulsing under the dome of mist which the April sun was smiting with rainbow shafts that broke and glanced upon its shifting sides.

Ducharme struck his pole deep into the boom, and gazed under his hand up the gleaming river. The water was broken and curled, and came turning the sudden bend with foam-topped waves that were bright now in the afternoon sun. He looked steadily for a moment; then, as he saw something drift into sight other than the dipping logs, he pulled off his heavy boots, threw down his hat, and watched again. There was a rush of men on the river road, with waving of arms and confused cries. But Ducharme ever watched the speck in the swift water, that drew near to him and took the shape of a white face drawn with pain and rocked to and fro in the current. They were shouting from the bank: "Don't go in!"—"You'll both go over!"—"François!"—"Octave!"—shouts—groans—wild jostling of men, and waving of arms. But he stood as calmly as if he were watching a musk-rat cleave the brown waters of some quiet lake in an ever-widening wedge. Suddenly he drew himself up and plunged just in front of the floating face. The two men spoke to one another quickly as they were drifted swiftly together.

"Oh! Octave, my leg, my leg!"

"Never mind, little brother; put your hand on my shoulder."

The strong arms were making new eddies in the torn water. The crowd ran along the bank shouting wildly: "Get into the eddy!"—"Ducharme!"—"Ducharme!"—"Strike into the eddy, or you'll go over!"—"My God!"—"Catch the boom!"—"Strike in!"—"We'll pull you out!"

They ran out on the boom where it was swinging dangerously at the mouth of the chute. The water there was curved in a great glassy heap with long wiry streaks. Above was the eddy, wheeling and turning. To get into its power was safety. The swimmer kept edging in. In a few moments he would be abreast of it. He was muttering, under his breath: "Keep up, little brother; keep up, little brother."

The men on the shore strained forward, struck in the air as if swimming, stamped with their feet, and reached out over the river.

"My God! he's safe!"—"No! he's missed it!" One huge fellow sank on his knees and hid his face. "No! boys, he's in!"—"They'll get him!"—"They're against the boom!"—"Baptiste has him!"—"They're safe!"—and a wild yell of joy tore through the air.

"Take him first," Octave was saying; "two of you hang on—the water will carry him under—I'm all right—pull him along out of the current—there now."

The men stood around as they strove to bring François to, and when he opened his eyes they went back to their work and left him with Octave and the three who had taken him out of the water.

summer, when the season's work was over, they went back to their old home and hunted and fished until the autumn came again.

When they were there alone they would often talk of their father and mother. Octave always remembered his father as he saw him striding through the bushes with a young doe across his shoulders; but François always remembered him as he found him, that night, dead under the bear. Their mother, too—whenever Octave spoke her name a cheery face looked out into the night to welcome the tired trappers; but François saw her pale, and heard the thin voice, "François, François, I am dying!" And now they were not so much alone as they had been. Gradually the settlement had crept boldly from the Desert, up the river and back into the country, and now in a day's journey there were many families; on the Bras d'Or, Dubois and Granden; on the Claire, Charbonneau and Faubert; and on the Castor, McMorran—White McMorran, to distinguish him from his brother, who, however, was never called Black McMorran—and the Phelans and O'Dohertys.

The Castor, where there were no beavers, but only broken dams, was five miles from the Baskatonge. There was a path through the woods, and an hour and a quarter would take a good walker from the Baskatonge to the McMorrans'. Octave Ducharme could walk that distance easily in an hour, but then few could walk as fast as Octave.

Already the McMorrans' place began to look like a farm; there were always fires eating into the bush, and the small barn was getting too small.

The Ducharmes were favorites with their neighbors. Octave always did most of the talking; and as François was quick-tempered, he had sometimes to step forward and take the lead in a conversation that would have surely ended in blows. It was seldom that this last ever happened, as the general saying was, "fight one Ducharme, fight two," and so François's hot words usually passed unnoticed. But Octave was so good-tempered that the balance was kept even.

The brothers seemed so entirely at one that the people were not surprised when they learned in after years that they had both fallen in love with the same girl. It seemed quite natural; and then, "you couldn't blame them, for everyone was in love with Keila McMorran."

There were some things about it, though, that nobody could understand.

"One of them didn't know the other was in love with her."

"Well, I used to see them down there together, and they'd walk off home like two lambs."

"That couldn't last you know."

"No, and it didn't last."

This was the general drift of the remarks the neighbors made when they commenced to talk on the subject. It was an ever-recurring topic of conversation, and never was settled to the satisfaction of everyone, although some had decided for themselves.

However these talks commenced, they always ended in one way. There would be a pause, then the words would come slowly, as if the speakers were dreaming of a form they could not forget.

"Strong? I believe he could lift an ox."

"Yes; and he was the best chopper on the river."

"And what a man on the drive!"

"And kind-hearted!"

"Humph!"

"Poor Octave!"

It was a bright August morning, and François was sitting at his door smoking. He was watching a squirrel that was seated at the root of a tree, twirling something between his front feet, when a small, tattered boy, with wide, frightened eyes that turned to all sides as if he expected to be pounced on by some hidden enemy, came toward him from the bush. François turned and spoke to him. He answered:

"I—I—want Octave."

"Gone away."

"But I must see Octave."

"Can't."

"But I *must*."

"Can't; gone away."

"Is he going to come back?"

"To-night."

"But I must see him before to-night. I have to tell him something."

Morran loves to come over and smoke, and listen to his grandchildren talk, and hold the youngest on his knees. But now it is always the Ducharmes of the Castor; no more the Ducharmes of the Baskatonge.

In the heart of a northern wilderness, on the shore of an unnamed lake, stands the ruin of a small hut. Half the roof has fallen in. The logs are rotted and covered with moss. In the dark corners spectral weeds and ferns die longing for the sun. The spring winds, touching the water lightly, make ripples that never reach the shore. In early summer the small, shadowy clouds drift dreamily out of the west and vanish like a vision. In autumn the sky is flushed and knotted, like the forehead of an angry god; a wakeful bird, somewhere in the bushes, utters a few long-drawn, passionate notes; the night that follows is dark and starless, and the wind, searching for forgotten paths among the trees, heaves long, low, tremulous sighs. The winter wind, untamed out of the north, drives the sifted snow, hissing like steam, across the surface of the lake. The haunts of men seem as far away as the stars that throb faintly in the lonely vastness of the summer sky. The silence that dwells forever in the waste places of the world is shaken by unheeded storms and the muffled cries of life in the gloom of the immense forests that darken beneath her brooding wings.

AFTER DEATH.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

'And very sweet it is
To know he still is warm, though I am cold.
—*Christina Rossetti.*

I WOULD not have *thee* warm when I am cold;
But both together—'neath some sylvan mound,
Amid the pleasant secrets under ground,
Where green things flourish in the embracing mould,
And jealous seeds the souls of blossoms hold—
In some sweet fellowship of silence bound,
Deeper than life, more exquisite than sound,
Rest tranquilly while Love's new tales are told.

We will not grudge the waking world its bliss—
Its joy of speech, its gladness of surprise,
When lovers clasp each other's hands and kiss,
And earth puts on new glory to their eyes:
We, lying there, with Death's deep knowledge wise,
Will know that we have found Life's best in this.

M. COQUELIN.

By Brander Matthews.

In Paris, one morning in August five years ago, I was calling on M. Francisque Sarcey, the finest of French dramatic critics, and, happening to tell him that I had been at the Conservatory a day or two before to see the annual competition in tragedy and comedy, he asked me kindly if I would like to see the prizes distributed on the morrow. "I have to go to the Academy to hear Renan's report, but I have two tickets, which are at your service," he said; adding, "you will probably see Got decorated." I knew that M. Coquelin had been urging that the actor should have an equal right with the artist and the author to enter the Legion of Honor. The prejudice against the player was dying hard; Samson and Regnier had been decorated after they had abandoned acting for teaching. M. Got was a professor at the Conservatory, too, but he was also a comedian in active practice; and although he might be decorated as a teacher, it would be as an actor that he would receive the honor. Knowing these things, I accepted M. Sarcey's tickets thankfully; and the next afternoon I took my seat betimes in the tiny bandbox of a theatre where the prizes were to be awarded to the clever young tragedians and comedians who had been serving their apprenticeship for two years.

Many of the foremost actors of France had gathered there, where they had received their own instruction, to behold the bestowal of the cross of the Legion of Honor on the Dean of the Comédie-Française—the first actor to receive the decoration while still on the stage. In front of the footlights, behind a convex table, sat M. Edmond Turquet, the head of the Department of Fine Arts; beside him were M. Émile Perrin, the manager of the Théâtre Français, and M. Ambroise Thomas, the director of the Conservatory; and around them were the members of the faculty, among whom was M. Got. When M. Turquet announced that "a higher recompense is reserved for M. Got," a tumult of applause burst forth, led by M. Coquelin, M. Mounet-Sully, and others of M. Got's comrades at the Théâtre Français. The declaration that it was as a Professor of the Conservatory that M. Got was decorated "cast a cold over the meeting," as the negro exhorter put it; but the enthusiasm was revived by the assertion that "the Government, in decorating him, has not been able to forget that it is honoring the Dean of the Comédie-Française, one of the most eminent artists of that great institution." M. Got had arisen when his name was mentioned; he now approached M. Turquet, who took the red ribbon from his own button-hole and placed it in M. Got's, at the same time giving him the double kiss of friendship, the accolade of the Legion of Honor.

From the Conservatory I hastened to the Théâtre Français, to take a ticket to see that night's performance of the "Femmes Savantes." At briefest notice the chief actors and actresses of the incomparable company of the Comédie-Française had sped back from their vacations that they might do honor to their comrade by appearing with him. M. Got, of course, was *Trissotin;* M. Delaunay was *Clitandre;* M. Coquelin was *Vadius;* and M. Thiron was *Chrysale.* Mme. Brohan was *Philaminte;* Mlle. Jouassain was *Bélise;* Mlle. Barretta was *Henriette;* and Mme. Dinah-Félix was *Martine.* It is a rare treat to see nine *sociétaires* in a single play, and I rejoiced at my good fortune in having a seat well forward in that parterre where the Salic law still governs, and no ladies are yet admitted. French audiences are prone to let the hireling *claque* applaud for them, but there was no lack of warmth in the greeting given to the new Chevalier Got. It was a memorable moment in the history of the French stage when the first comedian who had been found worthy to wear the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor came forward to act for the first time since he received the distinction.

Yet to me the artistic interest of the performance overshadowed the historic. In consequence, no doubt, of the excitement on the stage and in the house, the "Femmes Savantes" was acted with a *brio* and a brilliancy very rarely seen even in the acting of Molière's comedies in the house of Molière. I can recall now, distinctly and without difficulty, the effect one scene had on me —the quarrel between *Trissotin* and *Vadius*, which is in comedy very much what the quarrel of *Brutus* and *Cassius* is in tragedy. M. Got's rendering of the self-satisfied and self-seeking *Trissotin* was most masterly, although at times his lines were a little hard and stiff. M. Coquelin's *Vadius* was that very rare thing in any art—perfection.

That an actor of M. Coquelin's reputation should appear in the single scene of which the part of *Vadius* consists, is as though Mr. Jefferson should now play the *Gravedigger* in "Hamlet." In both cases the characters, although brief, are rich enough to be worthy of the best acting. M. Coquelin's *Vadius* was a marvel of unintelligent learning and dull pedantry—most amusingly ridiculous, and nowhere overcharged with color. I remember remarking with astonishment that M. Coquelin, whose eye is piercing and fiery, kept it down to a dead, leaden level, and never allowed a chance flash to suggest that he was other than the character he had assumed. Not long after, in rereading the "Random Records" of the younger Colman, I was pleased to see the statement that David Garrick had "an uncommon brilliancy of the eye, but he had the art of completely quenching it." More recently, Mr. Austin Dobson has described how Garrick came "bounding on the boards, filling them as of our own day we have seen M. Coquelin fill them in 'L'Étourdi,' with his mercurial presence and the magnetism of his impetuous ubiquity." In M. Coquelin, both as a man and as an actor, I can detect not a few points of similarity to Garrick, who no doubt derived from his French descent some of his great gifts for the drama. The French comedian is like the Englishman whose death "eclipsed the gayety of nations," in the range and variety and value of the parts he has played, in his indisputable supremacy in the chief comic characters of the national drama, in his abounding vitality, in his career of unbroken success, in his incursions into literature, in his honorable position in society, and in his close frendship with the chief authors and artists of his day. Garrick's fellowship with Burke, for example, was not as firm or as solid as M. Coquelin's with Gambetta. Of course, the parallel must not be pressed too far—and the points of dissimilarity are obvious enough. Garrick was a great tragedian, and M. Coquelin, although he has played successfully both heroic and pathetic parts, is rather a great comedian. Over Garrick, however, M. Coquelin has at least this advantage, that the English actor has been dead and gone these hundred years, and that now his name is little more than a peg on which to hang a string of dry anecdotes, while M. Coquelin is alive to delight us to-day.

M. Coquelin will be the fourth of the distinguished performers of the French stage who have crossed the Atlantic to act in America, and although the other three were Rachel, Fechter, and Mme. Sarah-Bernhardt, he is not the least of the four. It may be that he is less known in the United States than they were, and that his coming has been less widely heralded. It is true that he has never striven for that mere notoriety which sometimes serves a public performer in place of fame. No fantastic tales are told of his eccentricities. He is quite without the touch of charlatanry which taints the sayings and doings of Mme. Sarah-Bernhardt. He has gone about his business quietly, and he has done his work as best he could. His success has not been achieved in a day, and there is no danger that his fame will fade over-night. He has won his way steadily and the ground is solid under his feet.

M. Coquelin has risen to be now the first comedian of the Théâtre Français, as Rachel was the first tragedian, and he belongs there of right as she did; while neither Fechter nor Mme. Sarah-Bernhardt was wholly at ease within its walls. Mme. Sarah-Bernhardt, an extraordinary personality, three-fifths genius and two-fifths sheer fudge, as Mr. Lowell said of Poe, uneasily broke away from the Com-

édie-Française as soon as she might. Fechter's position on the Parisian stage is generally misunderstood, and often overrated; he never held an undisputed place; he had passed through the Théâtre Français unperceived, and his chief attempt in classic comedy, an elaborate revival of "Tartuffe" at the Odéon, was a lamentable—I had almost written, a ludicrous—failure.

M. Coquelin's acting has none of the affectation of novelty which was the bane of Fechter's. That he had been sent into the world to overturn all tradition, was Fechter's opinion. M. Coquelin, one might venture to suggest, recognized early that what are often ignorantly denounced as traditions are, in fact, precious heirlooms from the finest performers of the past, a store of accumulated wisdom to be considered reverently, to be selected from judiciously, and to be cast aside only for good reason. While M. Coquelin's native gifts are richer and more abundant than Fechter's (at least they seem so to me), he has "school," and he has been trained with a thoroughness of which the egotism of Fechter was incapable. Fechter was picturesque, romantic, passionate—these are the three qualities strenuously insisted upon in Dickens's brief paper "On Mr. Fechter's Acting," which preceded the French actor's first appearance in America. In "Gringoire," and in the "Luthier de Crémone," M. Coquelin is poetic and pathetic with a touching simplicity, but he cannot claim that fervor in love-making which was Fechter's chief charm and which he could intensify until he seemed to offer up himself and all the other characters in the play, and the whole world, as a sacrifice to the goddess of his fiery adoration.

At bottom, Fechter was monotonous; his variety was superficial only; it was in pictorial details, not in the inner man. As *Hamlet*, or as *Ruy Blas*, or as *Don César de Bazan* the spectator saw essentially the same person, with only external modifications. The hero of the play might be a weak-willed son wishing to avenge his father's murder, or a proud lackey in love with a queen, or a ne'er-do-well Spanish nobleman exchanging places with the king, but the actor was always himself—he was always picturesque, romantic, and passionate; he had always the same method, which he applied to all plays. I do not say this in disparagement of Fechter, who was a very remarkable actor and who administered a welcome stimulus to the sluggish English stage of his day. Real versatility is one of the rarest of the actor's gifts—a versatility, I mean, that is more than skin-deep. Fechter was, in the main, a melodramatic actor. That is to say, what he saw in a play was the situation rather than the character. He poured himself into the situation and he made over the character to suit himself as best he could.

M. Coquelin has a far deeper and truer variety—he has real versatility. He enters into the character he assumes and gets inside of it, and divests himself, temporarily, of those attributes which are not consonant with it.* He makes himself into the other man, and he lets this other man then reveal himself in situation. His *Mascarille* in "L'Étourdi," his *Duc de Septmonts* in "L'Étrangère," his *Gringoire*—and the names of these three parts serve to show the wide range of his accomplishment—are not merely M. Coquelin in the situations of these plays and the costumes of those parts, they are wholly different beings—different outwardly and inwardly, in action and in thought, and each expressing himself after his own kind. To say this is to say that M. Coquelin's acting is of a far rarer kind than Fechter's, and on a far higher intellectual level. M. Coquelin has an intellectual flexibility and subtlety to which Fechter could not pretend. Fechter's acting, indeed, picturesque as it was, passionate and romantic, was essentially not intellectual, but sensual. One can see how

* Just as I was reading the proof of this little paper, I received the November number of the new and excellent *Revue d'art dramatique*, in which I found this most interesting statement (apparently taken down from M. Coquelin's own lips) of his method of study: "When I have to create a part, I begin by reading the play with the greatest attention five or six times. First, I consider what position my character should occupy, on what plane in the picture I must put him. Then I study his psychology, knowing what he thinks, what he is morally. I deduce what he ought to be physically, what will be his carriage, his manner of speaking, his gesture. These characteristics once decided, I learn the part without thinking about it further; then, when I know it, I take up my man again and, closing my eyes, I say to him, 'Recite this for me.' Then I see him delivering the speech, the sentence I asked him for; he lives, he speaks, he gesticulates before me; and then I have only to imitate him."

Dickens came to be enthusiastic over Fechter's force and over his felicity in expressing the external, but one may fancy that Thackeray or George Eliot would have found a keener and a finer enjoyment in the acting of M. Coquelin.

I have never been able quite to understand exactly what it is that the dramatic critics mean when they talk of the several schools of acting. I have seen two kinds of acting, good acting and bad acting. And I perceive two broad classes of actors—those who act by instinct and those who act by intelligence. Most actors fall into the former division; they are inconscient; they do not know why they say a certain speech in a certain way, or why they accompany it with a certain gesture; yet they *feel* that it ought to be said in that manner. More often than not they are right in the result, although their performance is instinctive and almost automatic and though they would probably give a wrong reason for the blind faith that is in them. These are actors who have, in a greater or less degree, the innate histrionic faculty. They were "born so"; they are actors and nothing else; and as anything else they would fail. Far different are the actors without this congenital gift for the stage, but endowed with the powers which make for success. These men think out their work; their acting is the result of intelligent effort; and for every effect they can give you chapter and verse. They plan their performance of a part from beginning to end, and they force their organs and members to obey their will. By dint of intelligence and energy and hard labor, sometimes they succeed on the stage; but then they would have succeeded quite as well in any other profession—at the bar, for instance, or in the pulpit. To the former class belong Spranger Barry and probably Edmund Kean; to the latter, Macready and Charles Kean. Of course no hard and fast line can be drawn, and the boundary between the two classes is vague and uncertain. The greatest actors are those who are both born and made, who have both energetic intelligence and the histrionic faculty, and who, in addition to the endowment of nature, are accomplished in all that the schools can teach. Garrick is the chief exemplar of this combination, and Talma is another. In our own time and in differing degrees we can see it in Mr. Edwin Booth, in Mr. Joseph Jefferson, and in M. Coquelin.

M. Coquelin has abundant natural gifts for the stage. He has a trim figure and a clever face—the tip-tilted nose may be a disqualification for tragedy but it is an advantage in comedy. His eye is alert and penetrating, and, as we have seen, the actor has learnt how to quench its fire when need be. His voice is wonderful, at one moment it rings out in clarion tones and at the next it is most exquisitely modulated to the gentlest whisper. M. Coquelin is a master of *diction* as the French call it, of delivery, of the art of speech, as we must name it. He has a faculty of indescribable volubility, but, despite the utmost rapidity of utterance, he is always clearly and distinctly audible in all parts of the theatre. He has a memory remarkable even among actors; a part once learnt is never forgotten and may be picked up at will and performed unhesitatingly after twenty years' interval. He has a broad and liberal humor and an exuberant and contagious gayety.

It is small wonder that at first his master, Regnier, doubted for M. Coquelin's future, fearing that, as nature had done so much for him, he might be led to think he had no need of art. But his powers were ripened by rigid training under Regnier at the Conservatory, and later at the Théâtre Français, where the pupil and the teacher played together. The young comedian had a high intelligence, a resolute will, and an energetic ambition; and he never spared pains to do his best at all times. As he grew older his skill in the composition of his parts increased, and so did his sense of values, as the painters phrase it. Under Regnier's eye he practised himself in the great comedies of the French stage. Gifted by nature, he was favored by fortune in falling at once into the right place for the complete development of his powers. At the Comédie-Française his intelligence was not jaded nor his brilliancy faded by the pernicious system of long runs; no play is acted there more than three times a week, and at least two nights out of seven are given up to the plays of the

past—the repertory of classic comedy and tragedy.

Mr. Henry James once made the subtle suggestion that a certain meagreness to be detected now and again in French tragic acting is due to the thinness of French tragedy, and that this meagreness is not seen in English tragic acting because the English and American tragedian is nourished on the robust fare of Shakespeare. But in comedy there is no inferiority; in comedy Molière is not second even to Shakespeare. In his 'prentice days M. Coquelin was allowed to appear as *Scapin* and as *Mascarille* (both in the "Précieuses Ridicules" and in "L'Étourdi"), and when Regnier retired M. Coquelin succeeded of right to the possession of Molière's own parts in the company Molière founded. Not in Molière alone but in Regnard, in Marivaux, and in Beaumarchais did M. Coquelin excel. In the old comedies he made his stronghold. "There is no part in his line of business," said M. Sarcey in the monograph on M. Coquelin in his acute and fertile "Comédiens et Comédiennes," "in our old classic drama, in which he is not excellent; in some he has shown himself exquisite; one may say that he has lent them a renewed charm for us, that he has, so to speak, revealed them to us. . . In this line he is the foremost, and he is worthy to be placed by the side of the most illustrious comedians whose memory is guarded in the history of the stage."

In more modern comedy M. Coquelin has been equally felicitous and fortunate. He followed Regnier as *Don Annibal* in "L'Aventurière," and as *Destournel* in "Mademoiselle de la Seiglière," and he held his own against the memory of his master. Probably he will play both parts in the United States, and the total difference of the thirsty swashbuckler of M. Augier from the dry little lawyer of M. Sandeau will serve to show the enormous range of his faculty of humorous impersonation. He created—and in his case the French idiom is not inexact—the *Tabarin* of M. Paul Ferrier, the *Gringoire* of M. Théodore de Banville, and the gifted apprentice in the "Luthier de Crémone" of M. Français Coppée—all tender and poetic plays in which the tears lie hidden behind the laughter. On the revival of "Ruy Blas" at the Français he appeared as *Don César de Bazan*—both the part and the fourth act in which *Don César* is the protagonist are omitted in the adaptation of Hugo's drama now performed in America—and he breathed the breath of life into the character and made it live and walk, a feat which the earlier actors who had played the part, among whom were Mélingue and M. Lafontaine, had wholly failed to accomplish.

I am reminded here of a talk I had with M. Coquelin about *Don César* in particular and Victor Hugo's plays in general. I was fresh from a thorough and most conscientious study of the poet's dramatic works, and I asked the comedian if he intended to act *Triboulet*, the jester, in the then promised revival of "Le Roi s'amuse" (known to all American playgoers as "Rigoletto" and the "Fool's Revenge"). He answered that he had no desire to appear again in any of Hugo's plays, because the parts were fatiguing and thankless. With diffidence I ventured to explain that I felt inclined to deny that Hugo was a true dramatist—his poetry seemed to me essentially and finally lyric. M. Coquelin agreed with me instantly. "A man who is in the habit of acting Molière," he said, "of studying out the characters he is to assume, of probing them to the bottom, of turning them inside out, in a word, of mastering them, soon finds he can do nothing with Hugo's comic characters. They are all on the surface; there is nothing beneath. Victor Hugo is a great poet—the greatest lyric poet who ever lived; he scatters beautiful lines lavishly throughout his plays; but these do not compensate the actor for the lack of a living, breathing human being to personate. Failing to find humanity in Hugo's characters, the humanity which is in everyone of Molière's characters, the comedian has to exhaust himself in the discovery of extraneous effects. When we began to rehearse 'Ruy Blas,' I wanted to give up *Don César*—I could discover nothing in it but incessant and factitious movement and many exquisite speeches. *Don César* has only two acts; he makes a brief appearance in the first, and he

ing the brief flowering-time of romanticism, which is yet enriched by precise and vivid realism. To be sure, we may see a similar combination of influences in Balzac, and in some of George Eliot's early work ; but in all it is the pictures of life that survive, while the fantastic is not always sure to exert its earlier charm. Gogol's "Dead Souls," on the other hand, owes but little of its merit to ingenious toying with local superstitions, or to the aid of the supernatural. Far from it ; it is its naturalness that makes the book impressive, as the hero wanders from one part of Russia to another buying the names of dead serfs, in order to employ these lists of apparent belongings as security on which to borrow money. His roving necessitates a number of different pictures, so that in a single frame we find many separate scenes of Russian life ; and the total impression is one of deep gloom. It is easy to understand why Pushkine, on reading it, should have said, "What a dreary country our Russia is ! " And if other proof were needed, it might be found in the gloomy end of Gogol's own life, which was embittered by his absolute uncongeniality with his surroundings, and, indeed, by madness. The reader will recall Tolstoï's abandonment of letters for mysticism. In both we see the effect of despair on a sensitive soul.

The steps which Gogol took indicated the direction in which the Russian novel was destined to move. In his excellent book, "Le Roman Russe," Melchior de Vogüé quotes a statement from a later writer that they all dated from Gogol's "Cloak." This "Cloak" is a story about a department clerk, and the author's whole art is devoted to representing the innocent pettiness and insignificance of the poor wretch, whose sole interest in life consists in copying, and whose sole ambition is to own a new cloak. When at last he gets one, his little soul is filled with happiness ; but the very same evening he is waylaid by ruffians and robbed of his new treasure, and, in consequence, he dies of a broken heart. This is certainly a simple tale so far as the plot goes, but the plot is not everything ; the way in which the clerk's state of mind is drawn burns deep into the reader's attention, so great is Gogol's directness, so serious is his treatment of a case that stands as a representative of general misery. The unhappy hero is not turned to ridicule —the Russian novelists are wholly free from contempt for any of the weaknesses that they study and describe— because the writer sees that the poor man's petty life and meagre joys are all that is left to him in a country where men seem to live in a perpetual twilight. A microscopist is as likely to laugh at the animalcules he is examining as Gogol is to sneer at these dwarfed victims of despotism.

In Tourguéneff's early work we see the influence of Gogol, as well as of the other writers, like Auerbach and George Sand, who were destroying the authority of social conditions in literature. The short story of "Mumu," for example, might at first seem like a mere trivial anecdote of a deaf-mute and a dog, and it is easy to imagine that anyone who yearns for fine company in his reading might prefer a tale about a rich prince and a pet tiger ; but, such as it is, the story is most impressive, and, too, more especially by its implications concerning the society in which such things are possible.

Tourguéneff's longer novels, however, as well as those of Dostoievsky and Count L. Tolstoï, have a much wider significance, and they express much more fully the tremendous and incessant intellectual and moral turmoil that has agitated Russia during the last twenty-five years. The whole mass of corruption and brutality which Gogol set down in print bore congenial fruit ; and the long struggle between freedom and slavery, which is still going on, is only the natural outcome of the complicated conditions as the novelists portrayed them. Their work, moreover, has aided the side of progress, so that their books have a decided historical value. Aside from this quality, important as it is, there is the momentous advance in the construction of the novel as it has grown in the hands of these three men and their contemporaries. In Tourguéneff we find traces of the influence of romanticism in his selection of special cases for description and study. His

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THE STABILITY OF THE EARTH.

By N. S. Shaler.

HUMAN society is organized for a stable earth; its whole machinery supposes that, while the other familiar elements of air and water are fluctuating and untrustworthy, the earth affords a foundation which is firm. Now and then this implied compact with nature is broken, and the ground trembles beneath our feet. At such times we feel a painful sense of shipwrecked confidence; we learn how very precious to us was that trust in the earth which we gave without question. If the disturbance be of a momentary and unimportant kind we may soon forget it, as we forget the rash word of a friend; if it be violent, we lose one of the substantial goods of life, our instinctive confidence in the earth beneath our feet.

Although we know as yet little concerning the continent of North America, our experience has taught us that it is subject to frequent earthquake shocks; it is, therefore, worth our while to prepare to meet them by studying their nature, their dangers, and, so far as they exist, their remedies. In this way we shall at least escape from the fear which comes with unknown evils; we may, perhaps, be prepared to mingle a little philosophy with the tribulations which these disturbances bring to us.

The notion that the ground is naturally steadfast is an error—an error which arises from the incapacity of our senses to appreciate any but the most palpable and, at the same time, most exceptional of its movements. The idea of terra firma belongs with the ancient belief that the earth was the centre of the universe. It is, indeed, by their mobility that the continents survive the unceasing assaults of the ocean waves, and the continuous down-wearing which the rivers and glaciers bring about.

Were it not that the continents grow upward, from age to age, at a rate which compensates for their erosion, there would be no lands fit for a theatre of life; if they had grown too slowly, their natural enemies, the waves and rain, would have kept them to the ocean level; if too fast, they would lift new surfaces into the regions of eternal cold. As it is, the incessant growth has been so well measured to the needs, that for a hundred million years, more or less, the lands have afforded the stage for prosperous life. This upward growth, when measured in terms of human experience, is slow; it probably does not exceed, on the average, one foot in three or four thousand years. The rate varies in times and places. Under varying conditions, as when a glacial sheet is imposed on the continent—as it was, in the immediate past, on the northern part of North America—a wide area of the ice-laden land sank beneath the sea, to recover its level when the depressing burden was removed. Still the tendency of the continents is to elevation, and even the temporary sinking of one portion of their area is probably, in all cases, compensated by uplifts on another part by which new realms are won from the sea.

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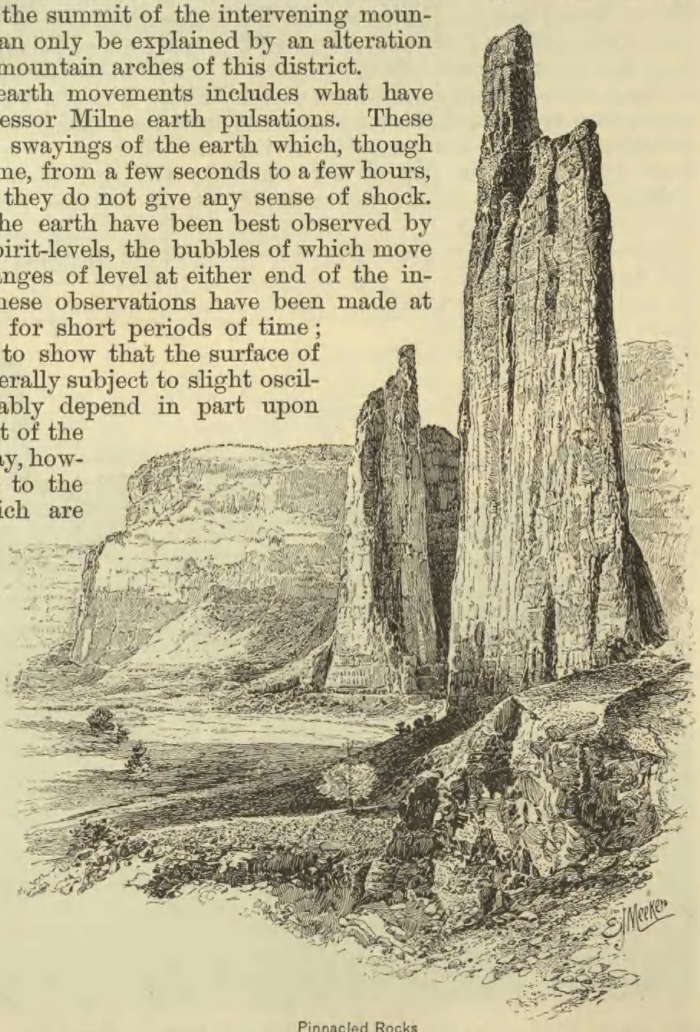
slow movements of the lands which we cannot feel, and can only infer from geological monuments, such as ancient shore-lines, or the marine fossils in the rocks which compose high mountains, and considering only the sensible movements of the earth's crust, we find several distinct classes of motions by which the earth is affected. Arranging these in the order of their magnitude and the time occupied by their movements, we have the groups noted below.

First among these oscillations of the earth we may notice the slow up or down movements, which are probably of the same general nature and of the same origin as the movements which build the continents, only much more rapid; so rapid, indeed, that they may be observed from decade, to decade, or, at least, from century to century. In this class we include the down-sinking of the coast of New Jersey, the uprising of the northern part of Scandinavia, or the oscillations of the shore on the coast of the Bay of Naples. These movements which, though in a geological sense rapid, rarely change the level of the land more than a foot or two in a century, appear to be divided into three distinct classes as follows: First, those which are due to the imposition of a heavy weight upon the earth's surface, or to the removal of such a weight. A good case of this is the deep depression of the northern part of North America where the glacial sheet came upon it, and its rapid re-elevation when the ice melted away. Next, those which are due to the formation of a great fault or break through the rocks as they are shoved about by the compressive forces which build mountain chains. And, finally, those which are due to the movements of volcanic gases and the lava which they propel toward the crater, whence, in time, they are to be discharged.

Effect of a Powerful Earthquake on Massive Masonry, Italy.

Of these slow movements the most interesting, because the best known, is that which is shown by the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Serapis, near Naples. We see by the evidence of these ruins that the temple has sunk down since the Christian era, so that the marine animals bored into the marble columns at the height of more than twenty feet above the present level of the sea ; it then rose up to its original level, and is now again sinking at the rate of one inch in three or four years. A similar movement connected with the process of mountain-building has been observed at Subiaco, about forty miles to the north of Rome. A hundred years or so ago the church of Jenne was invisible from Subiaco, while now it is in plain view over the summit of the intervening mountain. This change can only be explained by an alteration in the height of the mountain arches of this district.

Another class of earth movements includes what have been called by Professor Milne earth pulsations. These are temporary slight swayings of the earth which, though occupying a short time, from a few seconds to a few hours, are still so slow that they do not give any sense of shock. These swayings of the earth have been best observed by means of delicate spirit-levels, the bubbles of which move with very slight changes of level at either end of the instrument. So far these observations have been made at but few points and for short periods of time ; they serve, however, to show that the surface of the earth is very generally subject to slight oscillations, which probably depend in part upon changes in the weight of the atmosphere ; they may, however, in part, be due to the varying strains which are produced by the continent- and mountain-building process, and perhaps, in certain regions near the shore, by the action of the volcanic forces as well.



Pinnacled Rocks
Likely to be overturned by a succession of powerful earthquakes. (U. S. Geological Survey.)

Another class of movements has received the name of earth tremors. These are very slight jarrings of the earth, too trifling to make any impression on the unaided senses ; in fact, only made sensible by means of very delicate pendulums and other contrivances of that nature. Whenever such observations have been carefully undertaken, it has been found that the surface of the earth is in a state of recurrent or continuous movement. In Italy, where these inquiries have been most continually and skilfully made—where, indeed, this branch of geologic study originated—these tremors, though observable at nearly all times, are characterized by fluctuations in their frequency and intensity. During a time of great

velocity. Such facts show us that if rocks are struck a blow of sufficient violence they act as very elastic substances. Further experiments, also familiar in the arts, extend this conception. When a strong blast of gunpowder or other similar explosive is fired, as in quarries or mines, the shock extends for great distances. Thus in the last great explosion in the mines used for the destruction of the reefs at Hell Gate, near New York, the shock was distinctly perceptible at a distance of more than one hundred miles from the point where the blow was struck, and was possibly evident nearly two hundred miles away.

Returning to the instructive experiment with the marble, we observe that its elasticity is not manifested by a single bounce, but that it again and again rebounds from the stone floor before it comes to rest. This is because gravity impels it downward after each blow sends it up; but if we could suspend the ball in air after its first rebound, we should see that the little sphere vibrated for some time after the blow; we should, under favorable circumstances, see that it simply changed its form from a sphere to a spheroidal shape in a regular pulsating way. If we observe the rocks near a blast discharged in a quarry or mine, our instruments show us that the rocks of the earth's crust vibrate in essentially the same manner as the marble—it swings to and fro until the force which set it in motion is exhausted in the frictions which the impulse encounters.

One more peculiar experiment will enable the reader to complete his conception of the important features of earthquake waves. It is easy to remember what happens if we jar the centre of a still basin of water, as we do when we apply a certain amount of force to it by tossing a pebble upon its surface—wavelets are formed, which roll away from the centre. We can easily see that these wavelets are mere wrinkles in the water, created like those we may form in a strip of carpet when we shake it on the floor. If in their ongoing these water-waves strike against any body which does not move with them—a floating cake of ice, for instance—other little waves start back from the resisting objects, which cross and mingle with the original waves and partly destroy them. It is now, we may hope, not difficult to conceive that the waves started in a mass of rock, which are, in a certain general way, like the undulations of the water, may move in any direction from the point where they were created by the jar, until they come to the earth's surface, or are worn out by the frictions which they have to overcome. We also can conceive that diverse accidents in the rocks may much affect the movement of these waves of elastic compression, as they are called, which constitute an earthquake. When the rock is much rifted, they may be extinguished; when it is spongy and inelastic, they may die away. It is less easy to see that when a vibration is running through rock of a given elasticity, and encounters, as it well may, a kind of rock of another degree of elasticity, it will have its waves reflected, much as those of the pool of water are reflected from a floating cake of ice, and so make a confusion of cross-vibrations, which may very much vary the action of the original movements.

We turn now to consider more in detail the causes of earthquakes. We have seen that the power which urges the continents into their great folds, or the mountains into the lesser corrugations, afford a simple and, indeed, necessary cause of certain violent strains, which in their action tend to compress the rocks into a less bulk than they originally occupied. Under the influence of these strains, any one or more of the following accidents may occur: The rocks may wrinkle into folds like those we find in mountains; they may be broken along their natural joints or fracture-planes, and the sundered parts may slip over each other, or the rocks may be squeezed out like dough under the cook's roller, and so escape to a region of less pressure. In taking any of these methods of relief, the rocks are necessarily liable to many sudden starts, each accompanied by rendings and other violent movements.

When, in winter, the frozen ground rives asunder, though the crevice is but a small fraction of an inch wide, and a foot or two deep, the ground is often so violently jarred that a sensible earth-

metaphoric sense. This trust in a stable earth is a necessary element in much that is noblest and most aspiring in the life of men. Expose a people to constant devastations from an overwhelming force, whether it be in the form of an human enemy or a natural agent, and their state of mind becomes unfavorable for the maintenance of a high civilization. The best conditions of the state can only be secured when the laborer toils with the assurance that his work will endure long after his own brief life is over.

Earthquake shocks may, for convenience, be divided, according to the violence of the disturbance, into the following classes:

First, the shocks of extreme intensity, in which the most perfectly constructed masonry is destroyed; semidetached masses of stones along the faces of cliffs thrown down, and the soil-covering of the earth shaken as in a sieve. Of this group the greater earthquakes of Peru and that of New Madrid, Mo., may serve as examples.

Second, shocks of great intensity, in which all but the strongest edifices are overthrown, frail pinnacles of rock overturned, and the soil frequently rent by fissures. In this group the late earthquake at Charleston may find a place, though it probably belongs in the next lower division.

Third, shocks of moderate intensity, when the weaker buildings alone are seriously damaged, and the natural features of the surface not much affected. In this group we may fairly place the Massachusetts earthquake of 1755, and probably that of Charleston in 1886.

Fourth, shocks distinctly perceptible to the senses, but of slight effect even on weak architecture and without distinct influence upon the natural features of the earth's surface.

It should be understood that these divisions are merely for convenience of description—in fact earthquakes form a continuous series, grading from the slightest to the most violent shocks.

In endeavoring to determine the degree to which the different parts of North America have been subjected to devastating earthquake shocks, or to those which would prove disastrous in a country occupied by a complicated society, we find ourselves met with the difficulty which arises from the brevity of our historic records, concerning the greater part of this continent. It is true that in Mexico, and the peninsula dis-

"Navaho Church" Pinnacled Rocks
Likely to be overturned by a succession of earthquakes of the second order of violence.

James River, and westward to the meridian of Cincinnati, we have a region which, from the natural as well as the historic evidence, we may consider as far free from earthquake action of a dangerous sort as any part of the United States. In this region frail pinnacled rocks and those remnants of old caves, the so-called *natural bridges*, themselves often very frail, abound, and afford good evidence that earthquakes of great force, those which we have classed as of the first and second order, have for many thousand years been wanting in this district. Moreover, the historic evidence goes to show that for two centuries or so there have been no disturbances of importance in this region.

South of the James River we enter upon the wide lowlands of the Atlantic shore. In this region, owing to the low nature of the topography, there can be none of the natural shock-indicators which we have sought to use in exploring the past history of earthquakes. Parts of this region have been twice shaken with considerable violence—first in the earthquake of 1811, which mainly affected a small area on the borders of the Mississippi, but propagated its waves to this part of the Atlantic sea-board; and again in the late Charleston earthquake. That of Charleston, though in violence not to be compared with the greater shocks of South America, Jamaica, or Central America, was, next to that of 1811, the most violent which within the historic period has ever affected any part of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. Still it probably should be classed as of the third order in violence. If the edifices of Charleston had been built according to the rules which should guide architects who intend to guard against such calamities, it seems certain that the disastrous consequences of that shock would have been avoided.

The sea-board section of the Gulf States, like that of the Carolinian region, affords us no satisfactory geological evidence as to its earthquake history. But the mountainous region of the southern Appalachians, which is not far removed from this district, abounds in spire-shaped rocks which are delicately poised on their bases and appear to show that great shocks have long been unknown in those uplands. They especially abound in the valleys in which flow the upper tributaries of the Tennessee River. The greater part of the Mississippi Valley, as far as the natural and historic evidence goes to show, appears to be the seat of but slight disturbances; but in the central portion of that area, from the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers southward, in a region where the natural indices of the earth's stability are wanting, we have the seat of the greatest disturbance that has been recorded on any part of this continent north of the district of the isthmus.

The shocks of 1811–13 are, by their violence and continuity, to be ranked among the first score of recorded earthquakes. Save perhaps that which, in 1819, disturbed the delta of the Indus, in Western Hindostan, the Mississippi earthquake of 1811 directly produced more extensive and permanent local geographical changes than any other of which we have an account; so violent and continuous were the shakings that the alluvial land in the neighborhood of New Madrid was lowered below its previous level, and into the depressed region the stream of the Mississippi poured in such violence that for a time its lower waters, for a considerable part of their course, turned backward toward their source. Although the colonizing of the district had just begun, the area of country already cleared by settlers which was converted into morasses by the shock was so great that the Government was compelled to furnish some hundreds of thousand acres of new lands on higher ground to those whose dwelling-places had been made uninhabitable. It seems likely that an area of not less than five thousand square miles was, on the average, though irregularly, lowered to the depth of ten feet below its original level. The energy of these shocks was so great that the low, strongly built cabins of the frontiermen were wrecked, the forest-trees were beaten against each other, and their branches interlocked as they swung to and fro. The irregular movements of the ground led to the formation of numerous great crevices, from which turbid waters were thrown up to a considerable height. To protect

in' 'g'inst Chris'mus'; en den I say, 'Ef I wuz free ez you is, suh, I'd fling you down en take dem ginger-cakes 'way fum you.' Yes, suh. I tole 'im dat. It make me mad fer see de way dat man walk off wid my ginger-cakes.

"I got so mad, suh, dat I foller 'long atter 'im little ways; but dat ain' do no good, kaze he come ter whar dee wuz some yuther men, en dee 'vide up dem cakes till dee want no cake lef'. Den I struck 'cross de plan'ation, en walked 'bout in de drizzlin' rain tell I cool off my madness, suh, kaze de flour dat went in dem cakes cos' me mos' a hunderd dollars in good Confedrick money. Yes, suh; it did dat. En I work for dat money mighty hard.

"Well, suh, I ain' walk fur 'fo' it seem like I year some un talkin'. I stop, I did, en lissen, en still I year um. I ain' see nobody, suh, but still I year um. I walk fus' dis away en den dat away, en den I walk 'roun' en 'roun', en den it pop in my min' 'bout de big gully. It ain' dar now, suh, but in dem days we call it de big gully, kaze it wuz wide en deep. Well, suh, 'fo' I git dar I see hoss-tracks, en dee led right up ter de brink. I look in, I did, en down dar dee wuz a man en a hoss. Yes, suh; dee wuz bofe down dar. De man wuz layin' out flat on he back, en de hoss he wuz layin' sorter up en down de gully en right on top er one er de man legs, en eve'y time de hoss'd scramble en try fer git up de man 'ud talk at 'im. I know dat hoss mus' des a nata'lly groun' dat man legs in de yeth, suh. Yes, suh. It make my flesh crawl w'en I look at um. Yit de man ain' talk like he mad. No, suh, he ain'; en it make me feel like somebody done gone en hit me on de funny-bone w'en I year 'im talkin' dat away. Eve'y time de hoss scuffle, de man he 'low, 'Hol' up, ole fel, you er mashin' all de shape out'n me.' Dat w'at he say, suh. En den he 'low, 'Ef you know how you hurtin', ole fel, I des know you'd be still.' Yes, suh. Dem he ve'y words.

"All dis time de rain wuz a-siftin' down. It fall mighty saft, but 'twuz monst'ous wet, suh. Bimeby I crope up nigher de aidge, en w'en de man see me he holler out, 'Hol' on, aunty; don't you fall down yer!'

"I ax 'im, I say, 'Marster, is you hurted much?' Kaze time I look at 'im I know he ain' de villyun w'at make off wid my ginger-cakes. Den he 'low, 'I speck I hurt purty bad, aunty, en de wuss un it is dat my hoss keep hurtin' me mo'.'

"Den nex' time de hoss move it errortate me so, suh, dat I holler at 'im loud ez I ken, 'Wo dar, you scan'lous villyun! Wo!' Well, suh, I speck dat hoss mus' a-bin use'n ter niggers, kaze time I holler at 'im he lay right still, suh. I slid down dat bank, en I kotch holter dat bridle——I don't look like I'm mighty strong, does I, suh?" said Aunt Fountain, pausing suddenly in her narrative to ask the question.

"Well, no," said I, humoring her as much as possible. "You don't seem to be as strong as some people I've seen."

"Dat's it, suh!" she exclaimed. "Dat w'at worry me. I slid down dat bank, en I kotch dat hoss by de bridle. De man say, 'Watch out dar, aunty! don't let he foot hit you. Dee one cripple too much now.' I ain' pay no' 'tention, suh. I des grab de bridle, en I slew dat hoss head roun', en I fa'rly lif' 'im on he foots. Yes, suh, I des lif' 'im on he foots. Den I led 'im down de gully en turnt 'im a-loose, en you ain' never see no hoss supjued like dat hoss wuz, suh. Den I went back whar de man layin', en ax 'im ef he feel better, en he 'low dat he feel like he got a big load lif' offen he min', en den, mos' time he say dat, suh, he faint dead away. Yes, suh. He des faint dead away. I ain' never is see no man like dat, w'at kin be jokin' one minnit en den de nex' be dead, ez you may say. But dat's Marse Fess Trunion, suh. Dat's him up en down.

"Well, suh, I stan' dar, I did, en I ain' know w'at in de name er de Lord I gwine do. I wuz des ez wringin' wet ez if I'd a-bin baptize in de water; en de man he wuz mo' wetter dan w'at I wuz, en goodness knows how long he bin layin' dar. I run back ter de big-'ouse, suh, mighty nigh a mile, en I done my level bes' fer fin' some er de niggers en git um fer go wid me back dar en git de man. But I ain' fin' none un um, suh. Dem w'at ain' gone wid de Sherman army, dee done hide out. Den I went

in de big-'ouse, suh, en tell Mistiss 'bout de man down dar in de gully, en how he done hurted so bad he ain' kin walk. Den Mistiss—I speck you done fergit Mistiss, suh—Mistiss, she draw herse'f up en ax w'at business dat man er any yuther man got on her plan'ation. I say, 'Yassum, dat so; but he done dar, en ef he stay dar he gwine die dar.' Yes, suh; dat w'at I say. I des put it at mistiss right pine-blank.

"Den my young mistiss—dat's Miss Lady, suh—she say dat dough she spize um all dez bad ez she kin, dat man mus' be brung way from dar. Kaze, she say, she don't keer how yuther folks go on, de Tomlinsons is bleeze to do like Christun people. Yes, suh. She say dem ve'y words. Den Mistiss, she 'low dat de man kin be brung up en put in de corn-crib, but Miss Lady, she say no, he mus' be brung en put right dar in de big-'ouse in one er de up-sta'rs rooms, kaze maybe some er dem State er Georgy boys mought be hurted up dar in de Norf, en want some place fer stay at. Yes, suh. Dat des de way she talk. Den Mistiss, she ain' say nothin,' yit she hol' her head mighty high.

"Well, suh, I went back out in de yard, en den I went 'cross ter de nigger-quarter, en I ain' gone fur tell I year my ole man prayin' in dar some'r's. I know 'im by he v'ice, suh, en he wuz prayin' des like it wuz camp-meetin' time. I hunt 'roun' fer 'im, suh, en bimeby I fin' 'im squattin' down behime de do'. I grab 'im, I did, en I shuck 'im, en I 'low, 'Git up fum yer, you nasty, stinkin' ole villyun, you!' Yes, suh; I wuz mad. I say, 'W'at you doin' squattin' down on de flo'? Git up fum dar en come go 'long wid me!' I hatter laugh, suh, kaze w'en I shuck my old man by de shoulder, en holler at 'im, he put up he two han', suh, en squall out, 'Oh, pray, marster! Don't kill me dis time, en I ain' never gwine do it no mo'!'

"Atter he 'come pacify, suh, den I tell him 'bout de man down dar in de gully, en yit we ain' know w'at ter do. My ole man done hide out some er de mules en hosses down in de swamp, en he feard ter go atter um, suh, kaze he skeerd de Sherman army would come marchin' back en fine um, en he 'low dat he mos' know dee er comin' back atter dat man down dar. Yes, suh. He de skeerdest nigger w'at I ever see, ef I do say it myse'f. Yit, bimeby he put out atter one er de hosses, en he brung 'im back; en we hitch 'im up in de spring-waggin, en atter dat man we went. Yes, suh; we did dat. En w'en we git dar, dat ar man wuz plum ravin' deestracted. He wuz laughin' en talkin' wid hese'f, en gwine on, tell it make yo' blood run col' fer lissen at 'im. Yes, suh.

"Me en my ole man, we pick 'im up des like he wuz baby. I come mighty nigh droppin' 'im, suh, kaze one time, wiles we kyarn 'im up de bank, I year de bones in he leg rasp up 'g'inst one er n'er. Yes, suh. It make me blin' sick, suh. We kyard 'im home en put 'im up st'ars, en dar he stayed fer many's de long day."

"Where was Judge Tomlinson?" I asked. At this Aunt Fountain grew more serious than ever—a seriousness that was expressed by an increased particularity and emphasis in both speech and manner.

"You axin' 'bout Marster? Well, suh, he wuz dar. He wuz cert'n'y dar wid Mistiss en Miss Lady, suh, but look like he ain' take no intruss in w'at gwine on. *Some* folks 'low, suh, dat he ain' right in he head, but dee ain' know 'im—dee ain' know 'im, suh, like we-all. Endurin' er de war, suh, he wuz strucken wid de polzy, en den w'en he git well, he ain' take no intruss in w'at gwine on. Dey'd be long days, suh, w'en he ain' take no notice er nobody ner nuttin' but Miss Lady. He des had dem spells; en den, ag'in, he'd set out on de peazzer en sing by hese'f, en it make me feel so lonesome dat I bleeze ter cry. Yes, suh; it's de Lord's trufe.

"Well, suh, dat man w'at I fin' out dar in de gully wuz Mars Fess Trunion. Yes, suh; de ve'y same man. Dee ain' no tellin' w'at dat po' creetur gone thoo wid. He had fever, he had pneumony, en he had dat broke leg. En all 'long wid dat dee want skacely no time w'en he want laughin' en jokin'. Our w'ite folks, dee des spized 'im kase he bin wid Sherman army. Dee say he wuz Yankee; but I tell um, suh, dat ef Yankee look dat away dee wuz cert'n'y mighty like we-all. Mistiss, she ain'

REMINISCENCES OF

THE SIEGE AND COMMUNE OF PARIS.

By E. B. Washburne, Ex-Minister to France.

THE COMMUNE.

IT was not until Thursday evening, March 2d, 1871, that the details for the evacuation of Paris were regulated by the French and German military authorities. It was agreed that the evacuation should commence the next (Friday) morning at eight o'clock and terminate at eleven.

There was much disappointment felt in Paris at the delay which had taken place in respect to the official notice of the ratification of the treaty by the National Assembly. It had been supposed that the German troops would leave in the course of the afternoon of March 2d. They did not leave, however, and there seemed to be a larger number of them in the city then than at any time the day before. Nevertheless, everything continued to be perfectly quiet. The Champs Elysées, from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la Concorde, had been guarded by German soldiers, and in the afternoon I saw great numbers of French people on the Avenue mingling with them. The shops and restaurants in many parts of the city remained closed, but in other parts, more remote from the portion occupied by the Germans, everything was going on as usual. In driving out through the Boulevard du Temple to the Bastille, and returning by the Rue St. Antoine and the Rue de Rivoli as far as the Hôtel de Ville, I found the stores all open, the omnibuses and carriages in the street as usual, and the streets filled with people. No one, in such a part of the city, would have supposed that the hated enemy of France held the town by military occupation. The day was remarkably pleasant. In all parts of the city where I went, in which circulation had not been interdicted by the military authorities, I found the streets crowded, but there was no unusual excitement anywhere.

The German troops commenced moving out at the appointed time on the next morning, marching up the Champs Elysées and passing under the Arc de Triomphe with great cheering. At eleven o'clock precisely the last German soldier passed through the Porte Maillot, and Paris breathed free. During the occupation there had been undoubtedly a good deal of suppressed excitement in some quarters, but there had been no serious disturbance anywhere. Indeed, everything had passed off much better than could have been anticipated. No sooner were the troops fairly on their way out of the city than the closed stores, cafés, restaurants, and hotels threw open their doors ; the Avenue of the Champs Elysées was swept and sprinkled, and the magnificent fountains in the Place de la Concorde began to play. At three o'clock in the afternoon (the day was splendid) all the invested parts of the city, which had for two days been, as it were, under a funeral pall, presented a most gay and cheerful aspect, and the people looked far happier than I had seen them for so many long months.

It was an extraordinary state of things which existed from the time the armistice was signed. There was great discontent among all the lower classes, and the immense force of the National Guard was insubordinate and lawless. The Government of the National Defence had been indorsed by a *plebiscite* of the people of Paris on the 1st of November, by a majority of nearly five hundred thousand votes, and for a time they tried to stem the tide, by always answering that they had bread enough

Gustave Flourens (from a photograph).

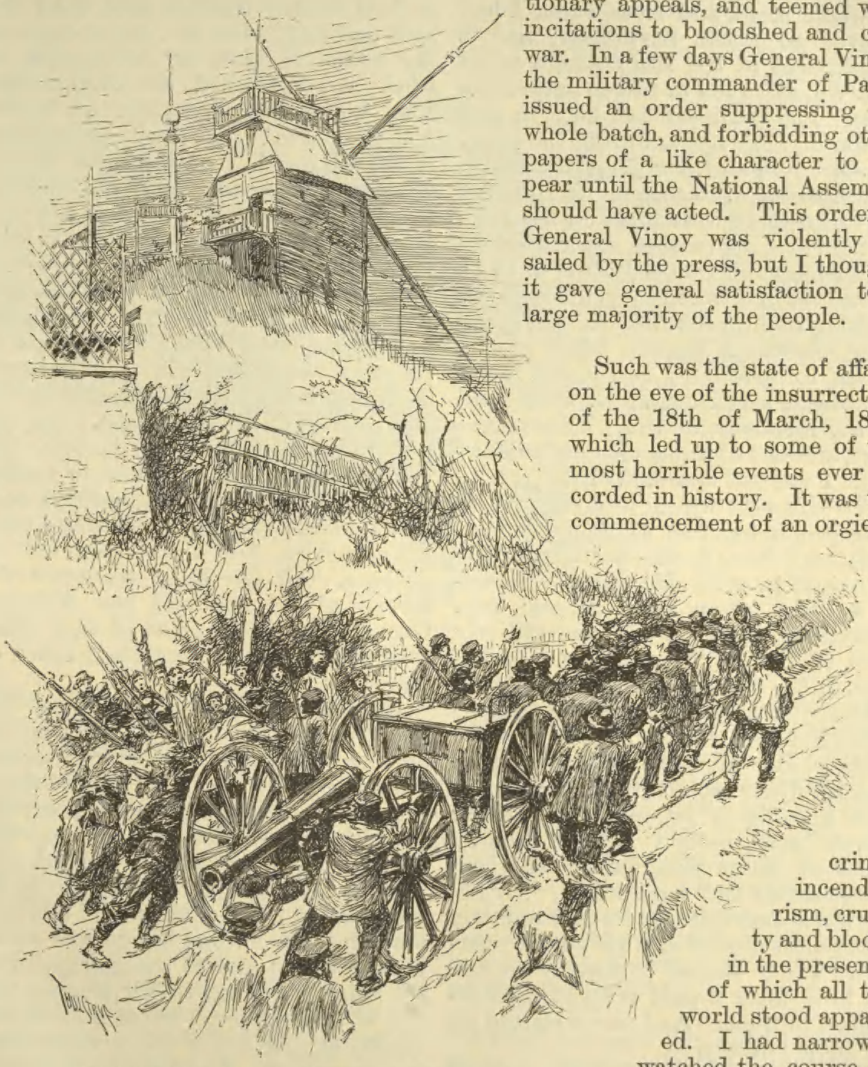
and to spare. But when that bread gave out and the rationing had to be resorted to, the public became violently agitated. Trochu was everywhere denounced for his lamentable failures in accomplishing military success, and for his general incapacity as the governor of Paris. He had sworn before the public that he would never capitulate. But that could not save him, and the Government of the National Defence decided to remove him as commander of the army of Paris and suppress his title and functions as governor of Paris. As a little sop to him, they declared that he should retain the presidency of the government. All power and authority of the Government of the National Defence seemed to be drifting away, and there was nothing to resist the current.

Among the most dangerous, active, and, it might be said, the most accomplished of the agitators and revolutionists was a young scholar by the name of Gustave Flourens. He had been arrested by the government for his participation in the affair of the 31st of October, and for other insurrectionary acts, and incarcerated in the prison of Mazas. On the 21st of January, 1871, a band of the insurrectionary National Guard broke into the prison and delivered Flourens and several other prisoners. His release was the forerunner of a very serious affair which took place at the Hôtel de Ville on the morning of the 22d of January. On every hand there was now disorder and incitation to violence, and on the 28th of January there appeared the germ of what became the Commune of Paris, which was the formation of what was called the *comité* of the National Guard—soon after moulded into a vast instrument that undertook to break down the government and to set up its own authority in Paris and in France.

At this time there was naturally the most intense excitement in the city. The proceedings of the National Assembly at Bordeaux attracted universal attention, and its election of M. Thiers as chief of the Executive power was well received by all the better classes. At the earliest moment possible after the organization of the Assembly the Government of the National Defence deposed its power into the Assembly's hands, but agreed to exercise its functions until another government could be established. Though Bordeaux was one of the first cities of France, it afforded very inadequate accommodations for the new legislative body, and for the vast numbers of people who congregated there. It was not strange, therefore, that as soon as the Assembly got through with the work which required immediate attention, it resolved to remove its sittings to Versailles. The question of this removal excited a good deal of feeling and discussion. The committee to which the question was referred made unanimous report in favor of removing the Assembly to Fontainebleau. Single-handed and alone, M. Thiers attacked the conclusions of the committee, and induced the Assembly to meet at Versailles about the middle of March, where it would sit, while the real seat of government would be at Paris. It was understood that M. Thiers would occupy the splendid hotel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and that he would hold his

official receptions there. The Council of Ministers, however, was to hold its meetings at Versailles.

While everything at this time was in chaos and uncertainty so far as the government of the country was concerned, it was quite evident that the tendency of the people was to continue the republic as the only form of government which could be sustained in France. Yet it was very unsafe to make predictions as to what might happen later. After the siege was raised some half-dozen very violent newspapers had been established, which were daily filled with the most revolutionary appeals, and teemed with incitations to bloodshed and civil war. In a few days General Vinoy, the military commander of Paris, issued an order suppressing the whole batch, and forbidding other papers of a like character to appear until the National Assembly should have acted. This order of General Vinoy was violently assailed by the press, but I thought it gave general satisfaction to a large majority of the people.



The National Guard Carrying Cannon to Montmartre.

Such was the state of affairs on the eve of the insurrection of the 18th of March, 1871, which led up to some of the most horrible events ever recorded in history. It was the commencement of an orgie of crime, incendiarism, cruelty and blood, in the presence of which all the world stood appalled. I had narrowly watched the course of events, and had, to some extent, foreseen the storm which was so soon to break upon Paris. On March 17th I had written a long account to my Government in respect to the state of things which existed in the city at that time, and had mentioned the fact that the National Guard had seized arms and ammunition, fortified themselves on the Butte Montmartre, and set up an insurrectionary government in opposition to the regular government. But

prise when he told me that M. Jules Favre and the whole government had left Paris for Versailles at half-past nine the night before. He said that matters had been hastened by a battalion of the National Guard, which passed the Quai d'Orsay, in front of the Foreign Office, at four o'clock in the afternoon, uttering menacing cries. Leaving the magnificent palace, then utterly deserted, I went on to the Boulevard and to the Washington Club, and found that the news of the shooting of General Clement Thomas and Lecomte by the insurgent troops the day before was confirmed. Before I reached the legation I found out that the Ministry of the Interior and the Ministry of Justice, as well as the Prefecture of Police, and the Hôtel de Ville, were all occupied by the insurgents. The regular government of France, constituted by the will of the people, as expressed through the National Assembly at Bordeaux, having been driven from Paris by the insurrectionary movement, had established itself at Versailles. That being the case, there was no longer a government at Paris with which I could hold any diplomatic relations ; and it was the same with all the diplomatic corps. It therefore became necessary to follow the government to Versailles. I was obliged to leave, like the others of my colleagues, and I immediately sent my secretary to Versailles to secure a place for the legation. But the city was full, and he was only enabled to hire a small room in a side street. For the first time since the foundation of our Government was the Minister of the United States obliged to write his official despatches from any place in France other than the city of Paris. But, as I informed my Government, while my official residence and the legation would be technically at Versailles, I should go into Paris every day and occupy the actual legation, in which there had been no change whatever.

The Palace of Justice.

I shall now come to a fuller description of the insurrection itself which had so suddenly brought about these extraordinary results.

When M. Thiers and his Ministers came into Paris after the siege to take the reins of the government, there were two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers of the National Guard fully armed and equipped and drawing their regular pay

of things which had arrived; and this further weakness being disclosed, it was natural that the insurrectionists should take more and more courage and commence massing more and more cannon from different parts of the city.

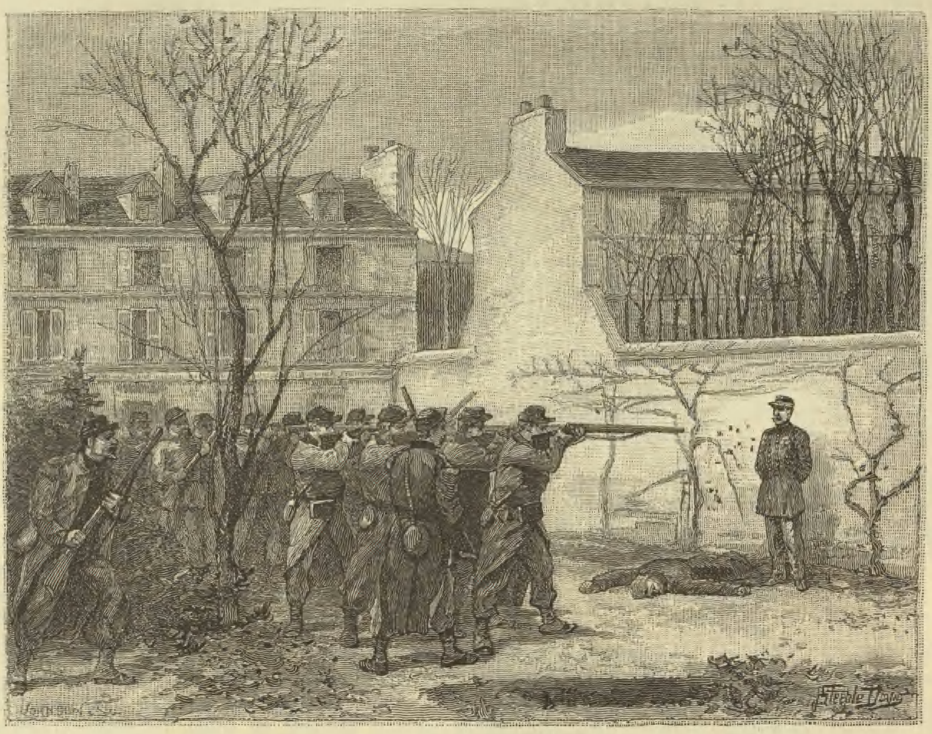
On the 17th of March the government issued a stirring proclamation, which was followed by another proclamation the succeeding day. The commencement of the insurrection of the 18th of March was signalized by an act of brutality and madness almost without parallel. General Lecomte was charged with the command of a force destined to recapture the Butte Montmartre and take away the guns of the insurrectionary National Guard. This force, however, proved treacherous, insubordinate and disloyal, and after seizing the guns, they gave them up, and fraternized with the other side. General Lecomte himself was made a prisoner. Another force was sent to release him, but without making any serious effort to that end, this second force also quickly fraternized with the insurgents, and were soon found drinking with them in the wine-shops. It was a strange sight, to see the women and children all coming into the streets, taking part with the insurrectionary forces, and howling like a pack of wolves. There was a report that General Vinoy, who had gone into the vicinity, and who was on horseback, was surrounded by a mob of women who pelted him with stones and, as the deepest mark of insult, threw at him a cap. After Lecomte had been arrested, he was taken to the Château Rouge and held as a prisoner.

General Lecomte (from a photograph).

General Clement Thomas (from a photograph).

Among the men who returned to Paris after the fall of the Empire was Clement Thomas. After eighteen years of exile, he had come back to France to offer his sword to his country. He had been a life-long republican, a true patriot, and a serious and able man. He was sent out of France after the *coup d'etat* of the 2d of December, 1851, by the order of one of those terrible "mixed commissions" of Bonapartists, which drove out of France so many of its ablest, most distinguished and patriotic men. The mem-

ory of these commissions will remain forever to dishonor the second empire. At the breaking out of the insurrection of the 18th of March, General Thomas, having learned that one of his old aides had been arrested by the insurgents, started off in citizen's clothes to go to Montmartre to look after him.



The Shooting of Thomas and Lecomte (from photographs of sketches made at the time).

Reaching the Place Pigalle, a National Guard recognized him, from his long, white beard, and went up to him and said, "Are you not General Thomas?" The general answered, "Whatever be my name, I have always done my duty." "You are a wretch and a traitor!" cried the National Guard, and seizing him by the collar, took him to the Château Rouge, where General Lecomte had previously been imprisoned. In the course of that day, the 18th of March, a force of about one hundred National Guards went to their prison and escorted them to the top of Montmartre, where they stopped before an apartment-house, No. 6 Rue des Rosiers. After the troubles were over, I had the curiosity to visit the place. It was a good-looking house for that part of the city, and there was a large garden in front. In a small room in the house, on the first floor, which I entered, a mock tribunal, or a burlesque court-martial, assembled, which, without form or ceremony, and without a hearing, decided, *séance tenante*, that the two generals should be immediately executed. Accordingly, a platoon of the assassin National Guard was at once called and the two men were taken into the garden, and Clement Thomas was ordered to take his place against the wall. The order was given, the report of muskets rent the air, and General Thomas fell with his face to the earth. "It is your turn now," said one of the assassins to General Lecomte. Standing near by, the general advanced, and, stepping over the body of General Clement Thomas, took his place with his back to the wall. The order "Fire!" was given, and General Le-

comte fell dead beside the body of General Thomas.

The people of Paris looked with great interest for the appearance of the *Journal Officiel* on Sunday morning, the

Lieutenant La Grange (said to have ordered the shooting of Thomas).

19th. It was issued, as usual, by the government. It published a proclamation to the National Guard and commented editorially on the insurrectionary and criminal proceedings of the day before, and denounced the assassination of General Lecomte and General Clement Thomas. "That frightful crime," said the editorial, "accomplished under the eyes of the central committee, gave the measure of horrors with which Paris would be menaced if the savage agitators, who troubled the city and dishonored France, should triumph."

The appearance of the *Journal Officiel* on Sunday, with its proclamations and denunciations, suggested to the central committee how important it was that the insurrectionists should control this organ of the government. Accordingly, on the morning of that day, a squad of the National Guard broke into the printing-office of the paper. As soon as the number of the 19th of March had been made up, printed, and sent out, the employés and all connected with the office escaped to Versailles to join the government and the National Assembly. The invaders then took possession of the printing-presses and the official and non-official articles which had been set up in type and remained in the composing-rooms. From that time the office and the control of the *Journal Officiel* was in the hands of the insurrectionists, who issued the paper in regular form. The name was not changed, and in typographical appearance it was precisely the same as it had previously been, but its proclamations and editorials were issued as coming from the *Fédération Républicaine de la Garde Nationale*, and it was the organ of the central committee.

On the same day, Sunday, the 19th, the central committee of the National Guard issued a proclamation. "Citizens!" said the proclamation, "The people of Paris have taken off the yoke endeavored to be imposed upon them; the inhabitants of Montmartre and Belleville have taken their guns and intend to keep them. Tranquil in our strength, we have waited without fear, as without provocation, the shameless madmen who menaced the republic. This time our brothers of the army will not raise their hands against the holy Ark of Liberty. Thanks for all; let Paris and France unite to build a republic and accept with acclaim the only government that will close forever the floodgates of invasion and civil war. The

Assi (from a photograph).

state of siege is raised, the people of Paris are convoked in its sections to elect the Commune. The safety of all citizens is assured by the body of the National Guard."

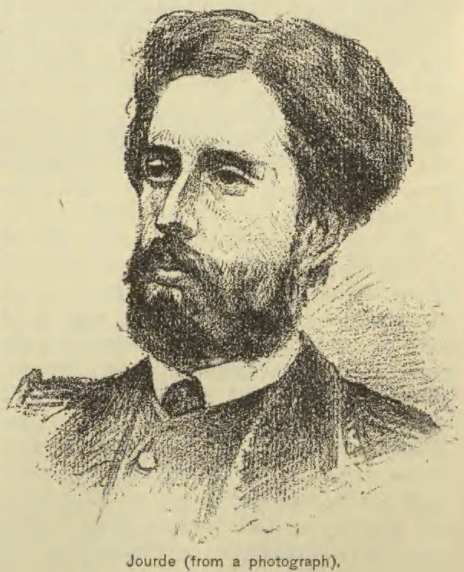
This proclamation was given at the Hôtel de Ville, which the insurrection-

ists had taken possession of. This central committee was composed of men

Lullier (from a photograph).

who were utterly unknown. They had emerged from total obscurity, and people asked with astonishment and stupor how it was possible that such men could possess themselves of such powers. Assi had been a prominent member of the International Society and had a deplorable notoriety, but he virtually became the first head of the "Commune." But he was overtaken by a fate which so often happens in time of revolution, insurrection, and public disorders. He was a man of action and had some ability. According to my recollection, he had headed a great strike at the mines of Creuzot and thereby acquired a certain reputation. In his position as chairman of the central committee he was one of the most violent and reckless. But in the end he was not able to keep up with the procession, and being accused of reaction, he was imprisoned by the Commune for lack of revolutionary energy, and, finally, when placed at liberty, he was relegated to a subordinate position. I do not remember ever having seen but two of the members of this central committee—Jourde, who afterward became the delegate of the Commune to the Ministry of Finance, and Charles Lullier.

On Tuesday, the 21st, Paris was in full revolt and under the absolute control of a body of usurpers upheld by a vast military force. The government of the country had fled. The Chief of the Executive Power, M. Thiers, all the Ministers, and most of their attachés and employés had fled. There was not a shadow of a legal and responsible city or national government, and it was a state of things that I can but look back upon now as being full of the greatest peril which ever impended over a people. And yet how strange! The great mass of the Parisians sat quietly down under that condition of matters. In the afternoon of that day I took a long drive through the most important quarters of Paris and through many important business streets. The stores were all open, the omnibuses were all running, the streets were full of people, and no one would have imagined, from what was seen on all sides, that we were in a city of two millions of people practically without any government whatever. There was a considerable demonstration, in the afternoon, by persons calling themselves "friends of order."

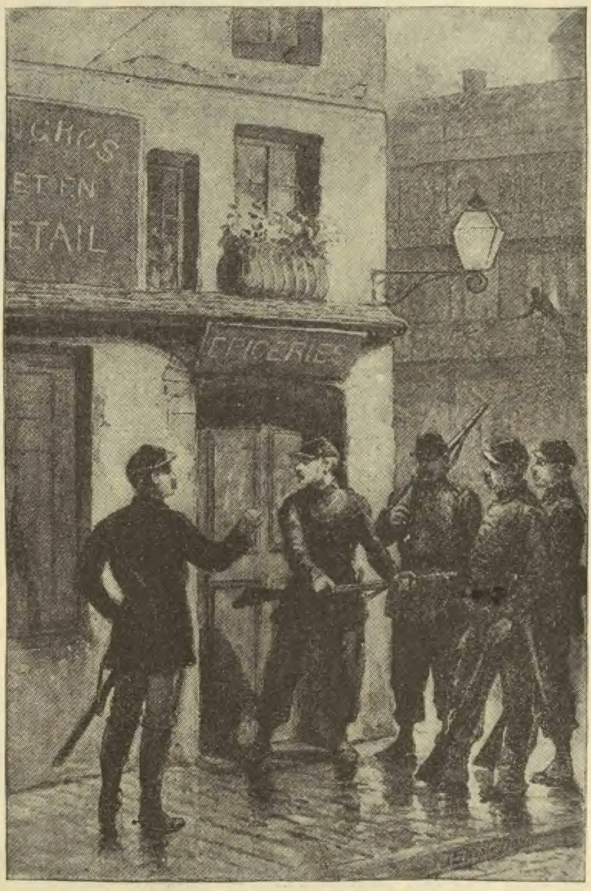


Jourde (from a photograph).

They were men of property and character who went entirely unarmed. The effect of that demonstration was to inspire some confidence among the or-

derly people of the city, but at the same time it served to exasperate the insurgents. As its effect seemed on the whole good, however, it was determined to repeat it on the next day, Wednesday, the 22d.

On that day I went to Versailles to make final arrangements for changing my official residence to that place. While there, in the afternoon, news came that there had been a shocking occurrence in the Rue de la Paix. It was bad enough at the best, but with the exaggerations which surrounded the intelligence it seemed absolutely terrible. Returning to the city late in the day, I found the excitement intense, and no one knew what was to take place, or what would come next. This demonstration of the "friends of order" had been a much larger one than that of the day before, and composed of thousands of the best citizens of Paris. They had rendezvoused at a certain point, and, without arms, formed themselves into squads and marched to the Rue de la Paix. In the procession there were many members of the National Guard, but they were mostly civilians, many of them carrying ordinary walking-sticks and in some cases umbrellas. The insurrectionary National Guard had possession of the Place Vendôme, at the foot of the Rue de la Paix. This demonstration was purely one of peace, by unarmed and patriotic men without any idea of violence, and made for the purpose of demonstrating that there was a law-and-order sentiment still existing in Paris. Proceeding down the Rue de la Paix in an orderly manner, toward the Place Vendôme, they were fired upon by the National Guard, and many were killed outright and a still larger number seriously wounded. Many prominent citizens of Paris were killed, among them Otto Hottinger, Regent of the Bank of France and a member of the great banking-house of Hottinger & Co. One American was killed, who, it turned out, was a young man from St. Louis who had come over to fight for the French in the war with Germany, and who had been in our service during the rebellion; and after all it was his fate to be shot down by the National Guard of Paris.



A Domiciliary Visit.

It would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the condition of things as they were in Paris, for two or three days after the massacre in the Rue de la Paix. Some portions of the city were quiet and orderly, but in other portions nothing was seen but "grim-visaged war," barricades, regiments marching and countermarching, the beating of the rappel, the mounting guard, the display of cannon and mitrailleuses, and

the interdiction of circulation in the streets. Numerous arrests were being made, mock trials were instituted, and executions were taking place. This condition of affairs was illustrated with sanguinary *naïveté* in a military report made on the 21st of March by the "General" commanding the National Guard at Montmartre, who had formerly been a dealer in cooking-utensils. He says, in the first place, that there is "nothing new; night calm and without incident." He then goes on to say that at five minutes after ten two sergeants were brought in by the *franc-tireurs* and immediately shot. He continued: "At twenty minutes after midnight, a guardian of the peace, accused of having a revolver, is shot." He closes his report of that calm night "without incident" by saying that the gendarme brought in by the guards of the twenty-eighth battalion at seven o'clock, is shot. Thus it was seen that in one night, in only one of the arrondissements, four officers of the law were deliberately murdered.

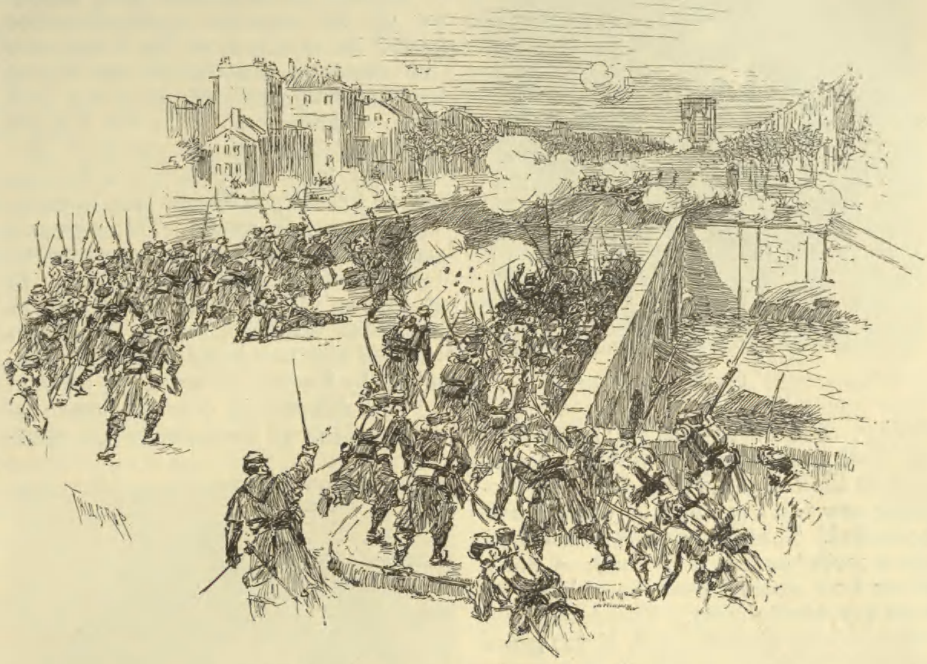
It was but a short time before the insurrectionists at the Hôtel de Ville commenced making requisitions, and issued a proclamation saying, that in case a requisition was not complied with, the "citizens" charged with the commission should have authority to call on the National Guard of the quarter for assistance. It was not a week after the 18th of March, the day of the breaking out of the insurrection, before the disorganization of Paris had become complete. There was no power to be applied to for the protection of life, liberty, or property. Anarchy, assassination, and massacre held high carnival, and whispers were heard everywhere of a "law of the suspect," of the drawing up of lists of proscriptions, and of domiciliary visits.

On the 24th of March the central committee had delegated the military power of Paris to three men—Brunel, Eudes, and Duval—to have the title of "General," and to act in concert until the arrival of General Garibaldi, who had been proclaimed as General-in-Chief. The new generals issued their proclamation, and further proclamations were issued by the central committee, which appeared in the *Journal Officiel* on the 25th of March. One of these proclamations definitely fixed Saturday, the 26th of March, for the municipal election to elect members of what was called an *Assemblée Communale*.

This election was called without the least pretence of authority by the *Comité Central*, in the hope of strengthening itself in its position by a pretended indorsement of the people of Paris. It had attempted to get the National Assembly to accede to the election. Many of the deputies of Paris in the Assembly united with many of the mayors of Paris to sustain it, but the great mass of the serious people, who justly appreciated what consequences would grow out of such a revolutionary action, were utterly opposed to having anything to do with such an election. The National Assembly repudiated it, but it was held all the same, and the day was one of fête. Being without a shadow of legality, the whole thing was a perfect farce. The whole vote not being sufficient under the law of the land to elect, the National Guard committee dispensed with that formality, and the result was that an *Assemblée Communale* was declared elected, which in no manner represented the people. Such was the smallness of the vote at the election, that it carried no moral force with it. Out of five hundred and fifty thousand voters, there were no more than a hundred and sixty-eight thousand votes cast. It was estimated that sixty thousand of such votes were given by men not in sympathy with the Commune movement, and if this were so, the central committee at the Hôtel de Ville was only backed by a little more than one-fifth of the whole number. Notwithstanding that, the insurgents claimed that they had been indorsed by the people of Paris, and the members elected were not slow to organize and to assume every power to rule and control the city. Great efforts were made by the insurgents of Paris to associate with themselves the revolutionary elements in other parts of France. The cry was raised that the National Assembly should be dissolved and that its members should be placed in accusation, where they should be "struck without pity." It was claimed that the Assembly was

monarchical and reactionary, and that it intended to overthrow the republic.

In all this time the position of M. Thiers, the Chief of the Executive Power at Versailles, was most embarrassing. He did not propose to strike until he was prepared for it, and there was great impatience and he was subject to much



Skirmish with Government Troops at the Bridge of Neuilly.

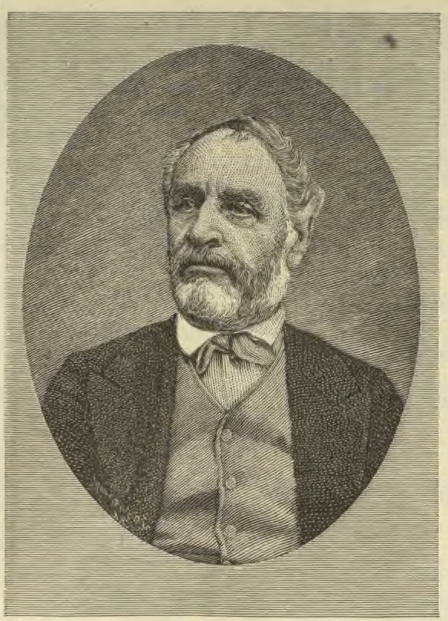
denunciation; but he was calm under every provocation, and made most earnest appeals to the members of the National Assembly to be patient and to be silent. He denied, in the most emphatic terms, that the government intended to overthrow the republic. He said, "We have formed the republic and we will serve the republic;" and further declared that "our mission is to reorganize the country and bring back peace, activity, labor, and prosperity, if it be possible, and then to leave to France entire liberty as to the choice of its destinies."

And now it was, in the last days of March, that the hopes of so many of the best people of Paris almost died within them. The mail service had all been stopped, all the employés of the Post Office Department having been removed from Paris. Neither was there any telegraphic service, and it was very difficult either to get to Paris or to get out of it. Domiciliary visits had already commenced, and some of the worst of the Jacobin papers had demanded that the government of the Hôtel de Ville should inaugurate a "policy of suspicion," and that a committee of public safety should be created. The red flag had replaced the tri-color at the Hôtel de Ville, the Palace of Justice, and the Tribunal of Commerce. And the spirit of insurrection and revolution seemed to be spreading over all France.

Entry in my diary:

"Paris, Friday, March 31st, 1871.

"Was at the legation all day yesterday and very busy. The Commune is looming up and 'means business.' Everything has a more sinister look. Before I left my house this morning I had heard that all the trains were stopped and the gates closed. I have sent out to see what the real situation is, and to get a pass, for I must go to Versailles

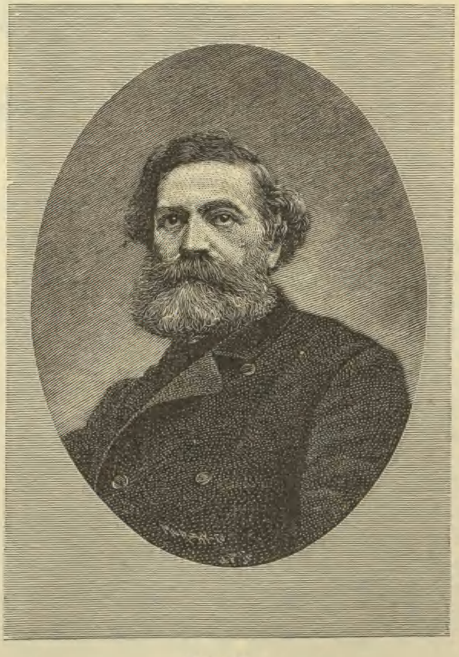


Delescluze.

to-day. The Post Office is 'burst up;' the Commune seized the whole concern, and all the employés have left. Everything now will have to go to Versailles to be mailed. There never was such a 'hell upon earth' as this very Paris. I don't know how soon I shall be obliged to take my family away. The Americans begin to be alarmed, and if the gates continue closed that alarm will increase to a regular panic. 'How long, oh, how long!'"

During this time many of the churches were open and service was held. There were funerals and weddings, but more of the former than of the latter. We would occasionally see a wedding-party on its way to the Mairie to a marriage. If you would peep into the first carriage you would see the prospective bride, young and pretty, as all brides are supposed to be, and generally, under these circumstances, in tears. In the second carriage you would find the prospective bridegroom looking distracted and anxious, for he was not certain as to what the condition of things might be at the Mairie.

The *Comité Central* had made a great parade by the surrender of its mandate of authority—such as it was—after the communal assembly should be elected. But this in reality was all pretence, and the controlling members of the committee never intended that the power should so far go out of their hands but that they would be enabled to control it in the communal assembly. The central committee was composed of thirty-seven members, and twenty out of the number managed to be elected as members of the Commune. The Commune, thus elected, was almost entirely composed of unknown and utterly obscure men, with but few exceptions. Those exceptions were men who had made themselves notorious, such as Felix Pyat, Delescluze, Blanqui, Flourens, and Gambon. This new and bogus city government was composed of one hundred and six members. It sat in one of the magnificent halls of the Hôtel de Ville, which had been occupied for municipal purposes previously by the city government of Paris. It is difficult to conceive what was the sensation of those wretched creatures, who found themselves the depository of an insurrectionary and lawless



Felix Pyat.

power which was to end in lighting up Paris in flames and the commission of every crime which the imagination could conceive of. When the end came they had all retired but fifty. Some went out in disgust with their associates; others from a feeling of horror aroused by the murders and outrages constantly taking place, but the greater part of them were influenced by motives of prudence. They had sense enough to know that they were in an adventure which could but end in disaster and disgrace, and most likely in a merited punishment.

The members of the Commune were installed at the Hôtel de Ville on Tuesday afternoon, March 28, 1871. It was an immense popular demonstration. All the vast military force of the National Guard was invited to be present. At about four o'clock it began to arrive from every direction, drums beating and flags flying. Upon a platform in front of the Hôtel de Ville there was placed a large square table, which was surrounded by some members of the *Comité Central*, in citizens' dress, and many officers of the National Guard; all were distinguished by red scarfs. The proceedings were opened by a display of flags on every side and by repeated salvos of artillery, followed by great applause and cries of "*Vive la Commune!*" "*Vive la République!*" etc. Continuing to arrive, the National Guard completely packed the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. At a designated moment the soldiers placed their caps upon the points of their bayonets and raised their muskets in the air. Gabriel Renvier, who had been president of the *Comité Central*, opened the proceedings, and read the vast multitude a list of the names of the members elected to the Commune. Two other members of this committee then stepped forward and made brief speeches, which were received with loud cries of "*Vive la Commune!*" There were a great number of military bands which had been placed at the foot of the balcony, and whenever opportunity occurred they would strike up the "*Marseillaise*," the "*Chant du Départ*," and other revolutionary airs, when the entire assemblage would join in the chorus. Renvier having made his proclamation of the Commune, all the battalions which had been massed upon the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville defiled before the balcony to the cry of "*Vive la Commune!*" Few scenes have ever been enacted which were more extraordinary and exciting. More than one hundred thousand persons were present at the ceremony. All the windows of the neighboring houses were filled with spectators, the barricades were covered with people, and the gamins perched themselves in all the trees of the Avenue Victoria.

The Commune having been proclaimed in this manner, it met for the first time on the evening of that day in the Hall of the Municipality of the Hôtel de Ville. It had always been preached in Paris, by all people of liberal sentiments, and by all the journals, even of every shade of opinion, which were opposed to the *régime* of the empire, that the sittings of all representative bodies should be public, or at least that there should be a full publication in the Journal of their proceedings. It was, therefore, with almost universal astonishment that the people of Paris who had taken such great interest in the insurrection, found that the sessions of the Commune would be held in secret. Although there was talk outside of there having been great dissensions in the body, no one really knew what had actually taken place. A new journal had been established, called *La nouvelle République*, which was to become a semi-official organ of the Commune. This confirmed the report that the sittings of that body would not be public, and also intimated that there would not be a public report of its sittings, but only a daily publication of its decrees.

The government of the Commune seemed to be fairly installed. There was no *Journal Officiel de la France*, but it appeared as the *Journal Officiel de la Commune de Paris*. That change lasted, however, for only one day. It made the official announcement that the central committee had remitted its powers to the Commune of Paris, and published an address to the inhabitants of the city. It claimed, as I had supposed it would, that the vote of the 26th

of March sanctioned the insurrection of the 18th of March. It denounced the government at Versailles as criminal, and then proclaimed the work it was about to undertake. Already it had commenced issuing its decrees, the first of which abolished the conscription and declared that no military forces, other than the National Guard, should be created or introduced into Paris; and, further, that all able-bodied citizens should be enrolled for service in the National Guard. Impressment was soon resorted to, and here is a case of which I had personal knowledge. There was a reputable man, who had a large family, who kept a little store near my legation. He in no manner mixed in affairs, but remained at home quietly attending to his business. One day he was seized by a squad of the brigand National Guard, forcibly taken to headquarters, soldier's clothes put on him, put into the front rank, and marched out to fight against the government troops. In a few hours his dead body was brought back to his family.

There was also published a decree exempting tenants from the payment of rent for the previous nine months, and if, perchance, any rent had been paid during that period, it was to be applied as a credit on future payments. All leases were cancelled at the will of the tenant for the period of six months from the date of the decree. Notices to quit were extended on demand of the tenant for the period of three months.

The "Journal of the Commune" of March 30th contained an announcement of the organization of the committees of the Commune, ten in number, and gave the names of the members of those committees. There was one on Foreign Affairs, of which the notorious Delescluze was the chairman. There was also an ominous committee of "public safety," and then there were committees of justice, of military affairs, of finance, of subsistence, and also the one that was termed the *Commission Executive*. The Paris Journal of that day stated that "General" Cluseret was a member of a committee that would have jurisdiction of all accusations of treason against the republic. The *Journal Officiel*, as the organ of the Commune, at a later date recommended all persons to murder the Duc d'Aumale and other princes, merely because they belonged to families connected with royalty. In the extraordinary state of things then existing, this incitation to murder did not seem to excite any very great degree of horror, for the people were beginning to look upon all such provocations to violence as matters simply incident to the times.

After the organization of the communal assembly and its installation at the Hôtel de Ville, that body might be said to be complete master of Paris, as there was no force to oppose it. There did not seem to be any further necessity for barricades, and they began slowly to disappear. The insurgents lost no time in taking possession of all the public places and public institutions. The General Post Office of Paris had fallen, and a member of the Commune had taken possession of that bureau. I did not intrust any more mail matter to the Paris Post Office, and all my letters were received and sent out at Versailles, or by the despatch-bag. Matters grew worse from day to day. A placard was soon put up in the quarter of Montmartre, informing the public that certain commissioners had been named to receive the denunciation of citizens suspected to be in complicity with the government at Versailles. That seemed to be the forerunner of a system of denunciations, the effect of which would be to fill all the prisons of Paris. I sent my private secretary, Mr. McKean, to the Prefecture on the 30th, and he found an enormous crowd of well-dressed people there, all of whom were looking for friends who had been arrested and taken away. On the 31st of March all the employés of the government in Paris left for Versailles and carried away all that was most necessary for them. On that day all the bureaus of the government in the various parts of the city were closed.

Entry in my diary:

"PARIS, Sunday, 1 P.M.,
"April 2d.

"Came in from Versailles last night, entering the city by the gate, at the Point du Jour, without any interruption. Leaving my home to come to the legation at half-past ten o'clock this morning, I

"All acknowledged that they had been badly handled, some attributing their disasters to one cause and some to another. Some said they were sent off without ammunition, and that they were therefore unable to return fire. Others declared that they were assured they would meet no opposition from the government troops, but, on the contrary, would be received with open arms. Instead thereof they were welcomed 'with bloody hands to hospitable graves.' One thing, however, is quite certain, the insurgents have met with a repulse which may possibly lead to important results. I went to the Champs Elysées at half-past twelve and found a regiment of the insurgent National Guard had advanced upon the avenue and halted near the Arc de Triomphe. On the other side of the Arc there was an immense crowd of people and National Guards, all looking in the direction where the firing had been going on within half an hour. While standing there, some excitement was created by a few artillery-men dashing along with a piece of six, and although they were yelling and brandishing their swords they failed to obtain anything but a feeble acclamation as they passed by the crowd, and a regiment of soldiers. The most distinct recognition that I heard was from an enthusiastic little Frenchman at my side, who cried out, '*Vive l'artillerie terrible!*'"

The 3d of April was a day of great excitement in Paris. The National Guards were roaming around everywhere, singly, in squads, in companies and regiments. In the afternoon a body of several hundred women formed at the Place de la Concorde and took up their line of march to Versailles, in poor imitation of those who marched upon the same place in the time of Louis the Sixteenth. They paraded up the Champs Elysées and through the Avenue Montaigne. A portion of them passed over the Pont de l'Alma, while the others took the route by the Point du Jour. Many of them wore the "*bonnet rouge*," and all were singing the Marseillaise. Whenever they met an omnibus they stopped it, caused the passengers to get out, and took possession themselves. One old woman, sixty years of age, mounted on the top of an omnibus, displayed the red flag and gave the word of command. How far they got and what became of them I did not know.

The greatest quiet prevailed throughout the 4th; but on the 5th I made this entry in my journal:

"All last night the cannon thundered on the site of Vanves and Issy forts. It was a regular artillery duel between these forts and the Versailles batteries. 'Nobody hurt,' as far as heard from. An American physician went out into the neighborhood of Issy with the ambulance carriage and got right under the fire. The ambulance party saw no wounded. The papers of this morning gave no account of the fighting; indeed, we shall not be likely to get at the truth in regard to operations, as the Commune will suppress every paper that tells the truth."

There was a curious proceeding on the 7th of April. The communards had conceived a great hatred for the guillotine (and for a good reason). It was denominated "an infamous instrument of monarchical domination," and the Commune, therefore, in order to emphasize its hatred for that instrument, decreed that one should be set up and burned before the statue of Voltaire in the Eleventh arrondissement, and this was made the occasion of a great ceremony. The guillotine was brought out and surrounded with huge pieces of wood and other combustible material. The order was given to burn this guillotine "for the purification of the arrondissement and for the preservation of the new liberty." This piece of foolery and absurdity attracted great attention. A vast crowd assembled to witness the spectacle, which was honored by the presence of a battalion of the National Guard. There was a large crowd of men, women, and children, who were very brave and shook their fists at the instrument which inspired in them so much hatred. At the proper time the fire was communicated and huge flames broke forth; and soon there was nothing but a heap of glowing ashes which the crowd looked upon with joy and sent up many huzzas.

SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER X.

THE FISHING PARTY.

THE young people were arranging, as Lemuel slunk past them in the dark, a fishing party for the following day. The proposal had been Isabel's—she had a fertile mind for pleasure-planning—and Annie and Seth were delighted with it. They would take a basket of food, and make the tea over a fire in the woods, and the two women could take turns in playing at fishing with a little rod which Seth had made for himself as a boy. It would be an ideal way of bidding good-by to Seth, said his pretty sister-in-law, and Annie, feeling more deeply both the significance of saying good-by and the charm of having a whole day to herself along the river, and in his company, had assented eagerly.

As for Seth, this sudden accession of feminine interest in, and concern for, him was extremely pleasant and grateful. The very suggestion of the trip, in his honor, was like a sweet taken in advance from the honeyed future which he was so soon to realize. Long that night, after he had walked over to the Warren gate with Annie, and returned to the unlathed attic where Milton lay already snoring, he thought fondly of the morrow's treat.

The morning came, warm but overcast, with a soft tendency of air from the west. "It couldn't have been better if it had been made to order," Seth said enthusiastically, when Isabel made her appearance before breakfast. "It will be good fishing and good walking, not too hot and not wet."

Albert smiled a trifle satirically when the project was unfolded to him—with that conceited tolerance which people who don't fish always extend to those who do. "You'll probably get wet and have the toothache," he said to his wife, but offered no objection.

The lunch was packed, the poles were ready, the bait-can stood outside the shed door, breakfast was a thing of the past, and Isabel sat with her sun-hat and parasol—but Annie did not come. Seth fidgeted and fumed as a half-hour went by, then the hour itself. It was so unlike Annie to be late. He made an errand to the hay-barn, to render the waiting less tedious, and it was there that Milton found him, rummaging among some old harness for a strap.

"Annie's come over," said Milton, "I heerd her say somethin' 'baout not goin' fishin', after all. Looks 'sif she'd be'n cryin' tew. I tole 'em I'd fetch yeh."

Seth came out into the light, slapping the dust off his hands. "What's that you say? Why isn't she going?"

"I dunnao nothin' more'n I've told yeh. Ask her yerself. I s'pose she's be'n cryin' at the thought of yer goin'. That'll be the eend o' ev'rythin' atwixt you two, won't it?"

"Oh, do mind your own business, Milton!" Seth said, and hurried across the barnyard to where the two young women stood, on the doorstep. "Why aren't you going, Annie? What's the matter?" he called out as he approached.

Poor Annie looked the picture of despair. Her face bore the marks of recent tears, and she hung her head in silence. Isabel answered for her.

"Going? Of course she is going. It would be ridiculous not to go, now that everything's arranged. Get the things together, Seth, and let us make a start."

"But Milton said she wasn't going," persisted Seth.

"Dear, dear, how downright you are! Don't I tell you that she *is* going, that there is nothing the matter, that we are waiting for you?" And there was nothing more to be said.

The sun came out before the trio had gone far, but not before they had begun to forget the cloud at the start. The grass in the pastures was not quite dry yet, but wet feet were a part of the fun of the thing, Isabel said gayly. The

"No," answered Seth, "I've come to work on the *Chronicle*."

"Oh—printer? I guess some of the fellows are there still, throwing in their cases. If you like, I'll show you."

Seth replied, with some embarrassment: "No, I'm not a printer. I've come to be—to be—an editor."

Tom's manner changed in a twinkling from civility to extreme cordiality.

"Oh—ho! you're the new man from Thessaly, eh? Jack Fairchild's brother! By Jove! How *are* you, anyway? When did you get in? Where are you stopping?"

"I'm not stopping anywhere, unless it be this stairway here," Seth replied, pointing to his carpet-bag with a smile, for his companion's cheerfulness was infectious. "I came in half an hour ago, and I scarcely knew where to go, or what to do first. I gather that you are connected with the *Chronicle*."

"Well, I should remark!" said Tom, taking the bag up as he spoke. "Come along. We'll have some supper down at Bismarck's, and leave your grip there for the evening. We can call for it on our way home. You'll stop with me tonight, you know. It ain't a particularly fly place, but we'll manage all right, I guess. And how's Jack?"

In the delight of finding so genial a colleague, one, too, who had known and worked with his brother, Seth's heart rose, as they walked down the street again. He had been more than a little dismayed at the prospect of meeting those unknown writers whose genius radiated in the columns of the *Chronicle*, and in whose company he was henceforth to labor. Especially had he been nervous lest he should not speak with sufficient correctness, and should shock their fastidious ears with idioms insensibly acquired in the back-country. It was a great relief to find that this gentleman was so easy in his conversation, not to say colloquial.

They stopped presently at a broad open door, flanked by wide windows, in which were displayed a variety of bright-tinted play-bills, and two huge pictures of a goat confidently butting a small barrel. There was a steep pile of these little, dark-colored barrels on the sidewalk at the curb, from which came a curious smell of resin. As they entered, Seth discovered that this odor belonged to the whole place.

The interior was dark, and, to the country youth's eyes, unexpectedly vast. The floor was sprinkled with gray sand. An infinitude of small, circular oak tables, each surrounded with chairs, stretched out in every direction into the distant gloom. Away at the farther end of the place, somebody was banging furiously on a piano. In the middle distance, three elderly men sat smoking long pipes and playing dominoes, silently, save for the sharp clatter of the pieces. Nearer, three other men, seated about a table, were all roaring in German at the top of their lungs, pounding with their glasses on the resounding wood, and making the most excited and menacing gestures. While Seth stared at them, expecting momentarily to see the altercation develop into blows, he felt himself clutched by the arm, and heard Tom say:

"Bismarck, this is Mr. Fairchild, a new *Chronicle* man. You must use him as well as you do me."

Seth turned and found himself shaking hands with an old German, monstrous in girth, and at once fierce and comical in aspect, with short, upright gray hair, a huge yellowish-white mustache, and little piggish blue eyes nearly hidden from view by the wave of fat which rendered his great purple face as featureless as the bottom of a platter.

"Who effer vas Misder Vott's frent, den you bed he owens dis whole houwus," this stout gentleman wheezed out, smiling warmly, and releasing Seth's hand to indicate, with a sweeping gesture of his pudgy paw, the extent of Seth's new and figurative possessions.

On the invitation of the host they all took seats, and a lean, wolfish-faced young man named "Owgoost," who shuffled along pushing his big slippers on the floor, brought three tall, foaming glasses of dark-brown beer. Seth did not care for beer, and had always, in a general way, avoided saloons and drink, but of course, under these circumstances, it would be ridiculous not to do as the others did. The beverage was bitter, but not unpleasant, and with an effort he drank it half down at a time, as

THE STORY OF A NEW YORK HOUSE.

By H. C. Bunner.

III.

ST. JOHN'S PARK and Hudson Street, and all well-bred New York, for that matter, had its fill of the Dolph hospitality the next winter. It was dinner and ball and rout and merry-making of one sort or another, the season through. The great family sleighs and the little bachelor sleighs whirred and jingled up to the Dolph door surely two, and sometimes four evenings in every week, and whirred and jingled away again at intensely fashionable hours, such as plain folk used for sleeping.

They woke up Abram Van Riper, did the revellers northward bound to country houses on the riverside, and, lying deep in his feather-bed, he directed his rumbling imprecations at the panes of glass, that sparkled with frost in the mild moonlight.

> Oh, come, maidens, come o'er the blue, rolling wave,
> The lovely should still be the care of the brave—
> Trancadillo, trancadillo, trancadillo, dillo, dillo, dillo!

sang the misguided slaves of fashion, as they sped out of hearing.

"Trancadillo!" rumbled Mr. Van Riper. "I'd like to trancadillo them, consume 'em!" and then he cursed his old friend's social circle for a parcel of trumpery fools; and Mrs. Van Riper, lying by his side, sighed softly with chastened regret and hopeless aspiration.

But everybody else—everybody who was anybody—blessed the Dolphs, and the Dolphs' cellar, and their man-servant, and their maid-servant, and their roasted ox and their saddle of venison, and the distinguished stranger who was within their gates; and young Mrs. Dolph was made as welcome as she made others.

For the little girl with the great dark eyes took to all this giddiness as naturally as possible—after her quiet fashion. The dark eyes sparkled with subdued pleasure that had no mean pride in it when she sat at the head of her great mahogany table and smiled at the double row of bright faces that hemmed in the gorgeous display of the Dolph silver and china and fine linen. And it was wonderful how charming were the famous Des Anges manners, when they were softened and sweetened by so much grace and beauty.

"Who would have thought she had it in her?" said the young ladies down in St. John's Park. "You remember her, don't you, what a shy little slip of a thing she was when we were at old Dumesnil's together? Who was it used to say that she had had the life grandmothered out of her?"

"Fine little creature, that wife of Dolph's," said the young men, as they strolled about in Niblo's Garden. "Dolph wouldn't have had the road all to himself if that old dragon of a grandmother had given the girl half a chance. 'Gad, she's an old grenadier! They say that Dolph had to put her to her facings the day after he was married, and that he did it in uncommon fine style, too."

"He's a lucky devil, that Dolph," the younger ones would sigh. "Nothing to do, all the money he wants, pretty wife, and the best wine in New York! I wish my old man would cut the shop and try to get an education in wine."

Their devotion to the frivolities of fashion notwithstanding, the young Dolphs were a loving, and, in a way, a domestic couple. Of course, everybody they knew had to give them a dinner or a ball, or pay them some such social tribute, and there were a myriad calls to be received and returned; but they found time for retired communings, even for long drives in the sleigh which, many a time in young Jacob Dolph's bachelor

well" and do ill would only take to meaning ill and doing well!

. . . . .

Jacob Dolph the elder took but a doubtful part in all the festivities. The cloud that had hung dimly over him had begun to show little rifts; but the dark masses between the rifts were thicker and heavier than ever. It was the last brief convulsive struggle of the patient against the power of the anæsthetic, when the nervous hand goes up to put the cloth away from the mouth, just before the work is done and consciousness slips utterly away, and life is no more for the sufferer, though his heart beat and the breath be warm between his lips.

When he was bright he was almost like his old self, and these delusive periods came oftenest when he met some old friend, or in quiet morning hours when his daughter—so he always called her—sat at his feet in the sunny breakfast-room, and sewed and listened, or perhaps read to him from Scott's latest novel.

He may have had some faint sub-consciousness of his condition, for although he took the deepest interest in the balls and the dinners, he would never appear before his son's guests except when he was at his best and brightest. But he loved to sit, withdrawn in a corner, watching the young life that fluttered through the great rooms, smiling to himself, and gently pleased if some old crony sought him out and talked of old times—the older the times were, the better he remembered them. Indeed, he now recalled some things that he had not thought of since his far-off boyhood.

In truth, the younger Dolphs often had small heart in their festal doings. But the medical science of the day, positive, self-satisfied, and blinded by all manner of tradition, gave them, through its ministers, cruelly false hopes of the old man's ultimate recovery. Besides, they could not well order things otherwise. The extravagant hospitality of the day demanded such ceremonial, and to have abated any part of it would only have served to grieve and to alarm the object of their care.

The whole business was a constant pride and joy to old Mr. Jacob Dolph. When there was a dinner to be given, he would follow Aline as she went about the house superintending the preparations of her servants, in her flowered apron of black silk, with her bunch of keys—honest keys, those, a good four inches long, with tongues as big as a domino—jingling at her side. He would himself overlook the making ready of the wines, and give oft-repeated instructions as to the proper temperature for the port, and see that the champagne was put on ice in the huge octagonal cellaret in the dining-room corner. And when all was ready, as like as not he would kiss Aline on the forehead, and say:

"I have a headache to-night, my dear, and I think I shall take my dinner in my room."

And he would go feebly upstairs, and when old Julius, who always waited upon him, brought up his tray, he would ask:

"Is it a fine dinner, Julius? Did everybody come?"

And Julius would invariably reply, with profound African dignity:

"Mons'us gran' dinneh, seh! 'E fines' dinneh I eveh witness', seh! I have stood behin' you' chai', seh, this thutty y'ah, an' I neveh see no such a gran' dinneh, Misteh Do'ph, seh!"

"Except the dinner we gave Mr. Hamilton, in State Street, Julius," the old man would put in.

"*Ex*cep' that, seh," Julius would gravely reply: "*that* was a pol-litical dinneh, seh; an', *of* co'se, a pol-litical dinneh—" an expressive pause—"but this he' is sho'ly a mons'us fine dinneh, seh."

. . . . .

His bodily vigor was unimpaired, however, and except that his times of entire mental clearness grew fewer and briefer as the months went on, there was little change in the old gentleman when the spring of 1829 came. He was not insane, he was not idiotic, even at the worst. It seemed to be simply a premature old age that clouded his faculties. He forgot many things, he was weakly absent-minded, often he did not recognize a familiar face, and he seemed ever more and more disinclined to think and to talk. He liked best to sit in si-

addressed him with his usual unruffled precision:

"I will request of you, Dolph, a large glass of port. I need not suggest to you that it is unnecessary to stint the measure, for the hospitality of this house is——"

"How is she, doctor? For God's sake, tell me—is she—is she——"

"The hospitality of this house is prover—," the precise doctor recommenced.

"Damn the hospitality!" cried Jacob Dolph: "I mean—oh, doctor—tell me—is anything wrong?"

"Should I request of you the cup of amity and geniality, Mr. Dolph, were there cause for anything save rejoicing in this house?" demanded the physician, with amiable severity. "I had thought that my words would have conveyed——"

"It's all over?"

"And bravely over!" And the doctor nodded his head with a dignified cheerfulness.

"And may I go to her?"

"You may, sir, after you have given me my glass of port. But remember, sir——"

Dolph turned to the sideboard, grasped a bottle and a glass, and thrust them into the doctor's hands, and started for the door.

"But remember, sir," went on the unperturbed physician, "you must not agitate or excite her. A gentle step, a tranquil tone, and a cheerful and encouraging address, brief and affectionate, will be all that is permitted."

Dolph listened in mad impatience, and was over the threshold before the doctor's peremptory call brought him back.

"What is it now?" he demanded, impatiently.

The doctor looked at him with a gaze of wonder and reproach.

"It is a male child, sir," he said.

Jacob Dolph crept up the stairs on tiptoe. As he paused for a moment in front of a door at the head, he heard the weak, spasmodic wail of another Dolph.

. . . . .

"There's no help for it—I've got to do it," said Jacob Dolph.

It was another wintry morning, just after breakfast. The snow was on the ground, and the sleigh-bells up in Broadway sent down a faint jingling. Ten winters had come and gone, and Mr. Dolph was as comfortably stout as a man should be who is well fed and forty. He stood with his back to the fire, pulling at his whiskers, which formed what was earlier known as a Newgate collar, with his right thumb and forefinger. His left thumb was stuck in the armhole of his flowered satin waistcoat, black and shiny.

Opposite him sat a man of his own age, clean-shaven and sharp-featured. He had calm, somewhat cold, gray eyes, a deliberate, self-contained manner of speaking, and a pallid, dry complexion that suited with his thin features. His dress was plain, although it was thoroughly neat. He had no flowered satin waistcoat; but something in his bearing told you that he was a man who had no anxiety about the narrow things of the counting-room; who had no need to ask himself how much money was coming in to-morrow. And at the same time you felt that every cent of whatever might be to-morrow's dues would find its way to his hands as surely as the representative figures stood on his ledger's page. It was young Mr. Van Riper—but he, too, had lost his right to that title, not only because of his years, but because in the garret of the house in Greenwich Village, a cobweb stretched from one of the low beams to the head of old Abram Van Riper's great walking-stick, which stood in the corner where it had been placed, with other rubbish, the day after Abram Van Riper's funeral.

"I should not advise it, Dolph, if it can be helped," Mr. Van Riper observed, thoughtfully.

"It can't be helped."

"I can give you your price, of course," Van Riper went on, with deliberation; "but equally of course, it won't be anything like what the property will bring in the course of a few years."

Dolph kicked at the hearth-rug, as he answered, somewhat testily:

"I'm not making a speculation of it."

Mr. Van Riper was unmoved.

"And I'm not making a speculation of you, either," he said, calmly; "I am speaking only for your own benefit, Dolph."

business ways. I might have kept out of it all. College is a good thing for a man, of course; but college doesn't teach you how to buy lots in Western cities—especially when the Western cities aren't built."

"College teaches you a good many other things, though," said Van Riper, frowning slightly, as he put the tips of his long fingers together; "I wish I'd had your chance, Dolph. *My* boy shall go to Columbia, that's certain."

"*Your* boy?" queried Dolph, raising his eyebrows.

Van Riper smiled.

"Yes," he said, "my boy. You didn't know I had a boy, did you? He's nearly a year old."

This made Mr. Jacob Dolph kick at the rug once more, and scowl a little.

"I'm afraid I haven't been very neighborly, Van Riper—," he began; but the other interrupted him, smiling good-naturedly.

"You and I go different ways, Dolph," he said. "We're plain folks over in Greenwich village, and you—you're a man of fashion."

Jacob Dolph smiled—not very mirthfully. Van Riper's gaze travelled around the room, quietly curious.

"It costs money to be a man of fashion, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Dolph, "it does."

There was silence for a minute, which Van Riper broke.

"If you've got to sell, Dolph, why, it's a pity; but I'll take it. I'll see Ogden to-day, and we can finish the business whenever you wish. But, in my opinion, you'd do better to borrow."

Dolph shook his head.

"I've been quite enough of a fool," he replied.

"Well," said Mr. Van Riper, rising, "I must get to the office. You'll hear from Ogden to-morrow. I'm sorry you've got in such a snarl; but—" his lips stretched into something like a smile—"I suppose you'll know better next time. Good-day."

. . . . .

After Mr. Dolph had bowed his guest to the door, Mrs. Dolph slipped down the stairs and into the drawing-room.

"Did he take it?" she asked.

"Of course he took it," Dolph answered, bitterly, "at *that* price."

"Did he say anything," she inquired again, "about its being hard for us to—to sell it?"

"He said we had better not sell it now—that it would bring more a few years hence."

"He doesn't understand," said Mrs. Dolph.

"He *couldn't* understand," said Mr. Dolph.

Then she went over to him and kissed him.

"It's only selling the garden, after all," she said; "it isn't like selling our home."

He put his arm about her waist, and they walked into the breakfast-room, and looked out on the garden which to-morrow would be theirs no longer, and in a few months would not be a garden at all.

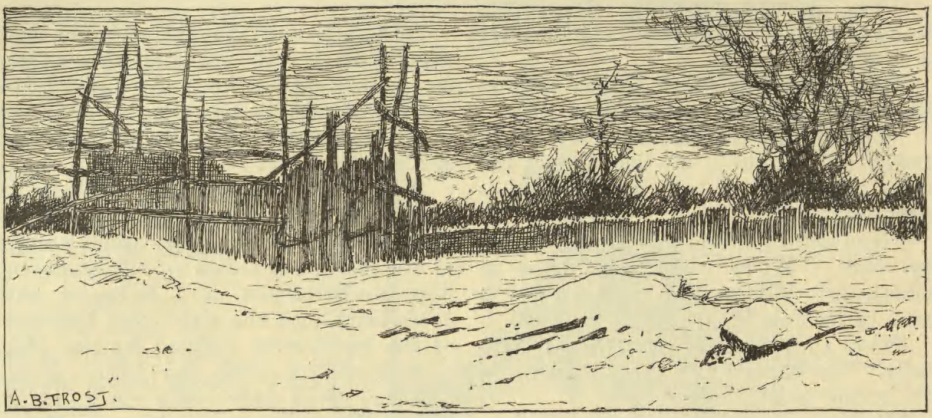
High walls hemmed it in—the walls of the houses which had grown up around them. A few stalks stood up out of the snow, the stalks of old-fashioned flowers—hollyhock, and larkspur, and Job's-tears, and the like—and the lines of the beds were defined by the tiny hedges of box, with the white snow-powder sifted into their dark, shiny green. The bare rose-bushes were there, with their spikes of thorns, and little mounds of snow showed where the glories of the poppy-bed had bloomed.

Jacob Dolph, looking out, saw the clear summer sunlight lying where the snow lay now. He saw his mother moving about the paths, cutting a flower here and a bud there. He saw himself, a little boy in brave breeches, following her about, and looking for the harmless toads, and working each one into one of the wonderful legends which he had heard from the old German gardener across the way. He saw his father, too, pacing those paths, of summer evenings, when the hollyhocks nodded their pink heads, and glancing up, from time to time, at his mother as she sat knitting at that very window. And, last of all in the line, yet first in his mind, he saw his wife tripping out in the fresh morning to smile on the flowers she loved, to linger lovingly over the beds of verbena, and to pick the little nosegay that stood by the side of the tall coffee-urn at every summer morning breakfast.

And the wife, looking out by his side, saw that splendid boy of theirs running over path and bed, glad of the flowers and the air and the freedom, full of young life and boyish sprightliness, his long hair floating behind him, the light of hope and youth in his bright face.

And to-morrow it would be Van Riper's; and very soon there would be houses there, to close up the friendly window which had seen so much, which had let so much innocent joy and gladness into the old breakfast-room; and there would be an end of flower-bordered paths and nodding hollyhocks. She put her face upon her husband's shoulder, and cried a little, though he pretended not to know it. When she lifted it, somehow she had got her eyes dry, though they were painfully bright and large.

"It isn't like selling our house," she said.



AN INTERLUDE.

By R. Armytage.

SIGHING, she spoke, and leaning clasped her knees;—
"Well hast thou sung of living men and dead,
Of fair deeds done, and far lands visited.
Sing now of things more marvellous than these!
Of fruits ungathered upon wondrous trees,
Of songs unsung, of gracious words unsaid,
Of that dim shore where no man's foot may tread,
Of strangest skies, and unbeholden seas!

Full many a golden web our longings spin,
And days are fair, and sleep is over-sweet;
But passing sweet those moments rare and fleet,
When red spring sunlight, tremulous and thin,
Makes quick the pulses with tumultuous beat
For meadows never won, or wandered in."

they may have been at first, has mellowed and softened the whole.

There has been some controversy as to the maker of the tapestry, and as to its exact date. It is attributed by popular tradition to Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, who is supposed to have worked it, with her ladies, to commemorate the glories of her husband. Some writers suppose it to have been made at a somewhat later date than that of her lifetime. Mr. Freeman, however, probably the best authority on the subject, assigns the work to a period little after that of the conquest, but does not attribute its manufacture to the queen. The tapestry was worked, as he thinks, for Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, half-brother to William on the mother's side. There are some reasons to suppose that English workmen were employed. Odo appears at least four times in the tapestry, and several of his vassals, otherwise almost unknown men, are represented. The tapestry itself was exhibited in the cathedral of Bayeux down to the time of the French Revolution, being stretched round the nave on certain feast days. During the eight centuries which have

The Siege of Dol.

poléon, to fire the French heart for a new conquest of England. On being returned to Bayeux the tapestry was wound on two cylinders or windlasses in the town-hall, and rolled from one to the other for the inspection of the curious. By this process it became somewhat frayed, especially near the ends. It was not until 1842 that the priceless relic was displayed to students and the public, under glass, in a special museum of its own. Thence it was again removed, in 1871, on the approach of the Prussian invaders. It was soon brought back,

Harold saves the Normans from the Quicksands.

elapsed since its completion it has escaped many dangers. The church was burned in 1106. It was pillaged by the Calvinists in 1562. In 1792 the tapestry narrowly escaped being cut up into coverings for carts for the French Revolutionary army. In 1803 it was carried to Paris and exhibited in the Musée Na-

however, and stretched again in its museum, where it has been carefully copied several times.*

* An excellent series of colored engravings of the tapestry was published by the Society of Antiquaries, of London, in their *Vetusta Monumenta*, vol. vi., in 1823; a complete series of photographs, with valuable notes, by Frank Rede Fowke (London, Arundel Society, 1875). In these photographs the reproduction is between four and a half and five inches wide. A set of colored lithographs, reduced

The Surrender of Dinan.

The design of the central portion of the tapestry is divided into scenes or compartments, the separation between them being usually made by trees or buildings. But one scene sometimes runs into another in a way to make any count uncertain. A Latin inscription, placed generally near the top of each division, tells its story in a few words. Thus the tapestry is a history of the conquest, told from the Norman side. But more valuable than the record it bears of important events is its testimony concerning the little affairs of daily life—the clothing, armor, and weapons, the food, manners, and fashions—of our ancestors.

In the first compartment King Edward the Confessor is seen, seated on a cushioned throne. His crown is on his head, his sceptre in his hand. He wears the full beard, which was then going out of fashion both in England and France. His long white hands, mentioned by William of Malmesbury, are clearly shown, as he raises a finger in admonition. Beside him stand two figures in short tunics and long hose, with mantles (a distinction of nobility) draped about them. The young men wear moustaches only, as was usual among Englishmen, the Normans being clean-shaven. These men are probably Earl Harold and a companion, taking leave of the king before their journey to France. In the next scene they ride to the sea-coast. Harold goes first, with his hawk on his hand and his dogs running before him. Although these dogs are colored blue and green, they are drawn with much life and spirit. Before sailing, Harold goes into a church, and afterward partakes of a banquet. The latter is enjoyed in a hall supported by round arches and covered by a tiled roof. Some of the guests drink from round cups, some from carved ox-horns.

William arming Harold.

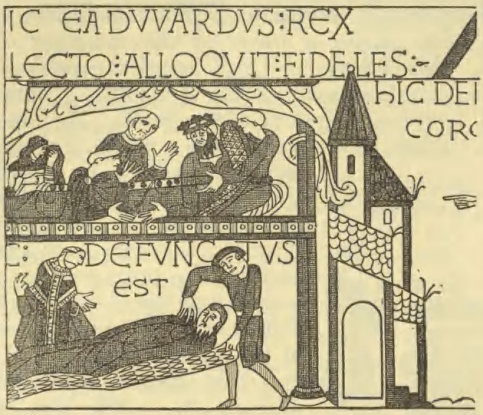
When the meal is over they come down a flight of steps to the water, and, having taken off their long hose, wade out to the ship, carrying their dogs under their arms. They then step their mast and push off from the shore. The ac-

from the *Vetusta Monumenta*, and rather roughly executed, elucidated by Rev. John Collingwood Bruce, LL.D., F.S.A., was published in 1856. They are about two inches wide. (London, John Russell Smith.) Articles on the tapestry are printed in the 17th and 19th volumes of the *Archæologia* of the Society of Antiquaries of London; a treatise "on the Banners of the Bayeux Tapestry, and some of the earliest heraldic charges, by Gilbert J. French," was reprinted from the Journal of the Archæological Association of Great Britain and Ireland, for July, 1857. (London, T. Richards.) Edward A. Freeman has an appendix on the tapestry in the third volume of his "History of the Norman Conquest," and there are many references to it in the history itself. The *Roman de Rou*, written by Robert Wace, about a century after the battle, has been much used in the preparation of this article. It was very carefully published by Dr. Hugo Andresen, Heilbronn, 1877. Many works on arms and armor have been consulted, and especially the fifth volume of the *Dictionnaire raisonné du Mobilier Français*, by Viollet le Duc. Paris, 1874.

through dangerous quicksands. Caught among these we see the Norman army. The men carry their shields above their heads to keep them from the salt water; a horse and his rider are floundering. Harold, by his personal strength, is saving two Normans from the sands. One he carries pickapack, and the other he pulls by the wrist. Below, in the border, are eels and fishes devouring those who have been lost.

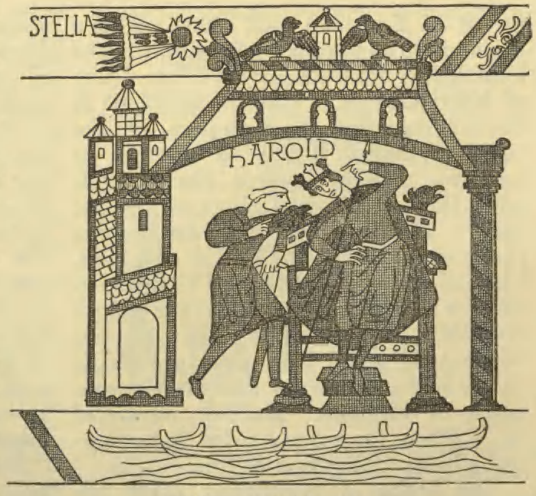
Completion of Westminster Abbey.

After chasing Conan from before Dol the Normans lay siege to Dinan. We see them on horseback and in armor advance toward the outer defences of the place. Javelins are thrown from both sides. Meanwhile two knights on foot, leaving their pennoned lances stuck in the ground, and their shields leaning against them, advance boldly to the palisade and set fire to it with torches. On the other side of the picture, Conan gives over the keys of the town. He reaches them, on a lance, from the walls to an officer (probably Duke William), who receives them in the same manner.



The Death of King Edward the Confessor.

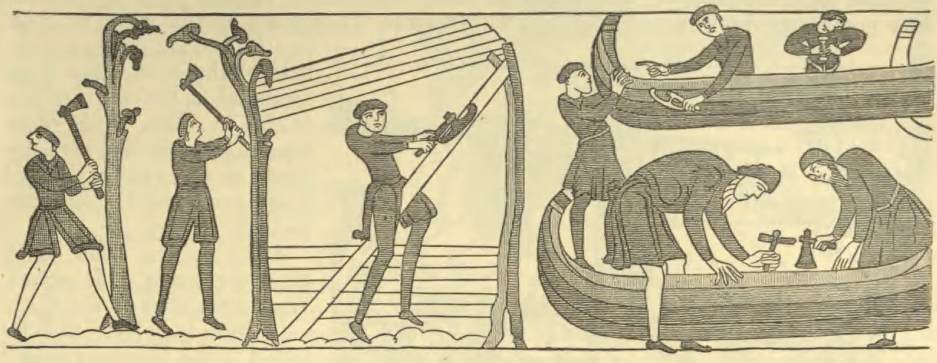
Immediately after the surrender of Dinan we have a scene with the inscription, "*Here William gave arms to Harold.*" It is probable, however, that something more than a present of the spoils of Dinan is intended. Both warriors are clad in armor. Harold holds a lance with a pennon in his left hand. William's left hand rests on Harold's helmet; his right is raised, as in earnest speech. The scene is perhaps that of conferring knighthood, a ceremony which took place, according to Wace, between the duke and the earl at Avranches. There are difficulties, however, in so considering it. Knighthood was conferred among the Normans by a ceremony on horseback. Among the Saxons it was conferred by a priest and according to a religious ritual. Here it is a layman who gives the honor, and both he and the recipient are on foot.



Bad News brought to Harold.

The campaign was now ended, and the Normans returned to Bayeux. It was here that, before sending Harold back to England, William exacted from him an oath. The nature and extent of the promise is not absolutely certain, but there is nothing positively to contradict the story told by a Norman poet a century later. Harold, he says, first proposed to give over the kingdom of England to William on King Edward's death, and to take to wife Ele, William's daughter. This Harold offered to swear to,

and William assembled a great council at Bayeux to hear the oath. The duke then got together all the relics he could find—the bodies of the saints—and filled

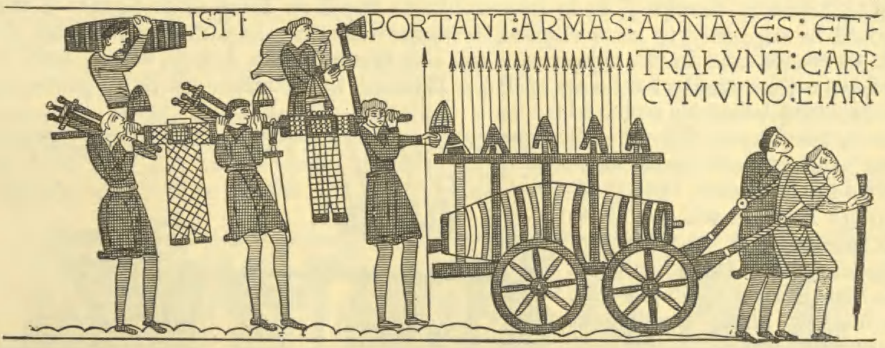


Building the Ships.

a tub with them. Over the tub was thrown a silken cloth, so that Harold neither knew nor saw what it contained. On the cloth was laid a reliquary, the best that could be had and the most precious; it was called the ox-eye. When Harold stretched his hand over

showed Harold what was within and on what relics he had sworn. Harold was indeed aghast at what he saw.

This story, with its curious primitive notion of cheating your prisoner and taking liberties with the saints, and enlisting the powers of heaven against your enemy by tempting him to offer them an unintended insult, is neither conclusively affirmed nor denied by the evidence of the tapestry. Harold stands



Arms and Provisions.

it, his hand trembled and his flesh crept. Then he swore and pledged himself, as was dictated to him, to marry Ele, the duke's daughter, and to give up England to the duke, to the best of his power, after Edward's death, if he himself should be alive, so help him God, and the holy relics that were there. And several of those present said, "God grant it!" When Harold had kissed the relics and had risen to his feet, the duke led him to the tub and took off the silken cloth which had covered it, and

between two altars, one apparently permanent and the other movable. The front of each is concealed by drapery, and on each stands an ornamental box, or reliquary, of elaborate architectural design, such as the bones of saints are kept in to this day. On top of one of these boxes is a projection, terminating in a ball or knob, which may well be the "ox-eye" mentioned by the old poet. Toward each Harold extends a hand. It is clearly the intention of the artist to show that the English earl

swore on many relics ; else why the two reliquaries. If the story of the pious fraud be true, it may not have suited the bishop, or his patron, to publish it, but rather to intimate that Harold swore with full knowledge of what he was doing. On the other hand, if the story were notorious, the draped altars would suggest the hidden tub. The objection afterward raised to this oath by Harold was not fraud, but duress ; he said that he was William's prisoner when he took it. Moreover, the exact nature of the oath taken is as doubtful as the story of the tubful of relics. That some solemn promise was actually made, or some solemn act of fealty performed, there can be little doubt.

The Mora.

After taking the oath Harold returns to England. We see his boat on the channel, which may here well be called "the narrow seas," for while her stern almost overhangs the coast of France her bow is within half a lance's length of England. From the terrace of a castle a watchman, shading his eyes with his hand, looks for the coming sail. Harold and a companion ride to London, and present themselves before King Edward.

As the best authorities are quite uncertain as to the exact date of the incidents hitherto narrated, it is impossible to say how long an interval of time should be supposed to have elapsed between the scene last mentioned and that which occurs next in the tapestry. We see Westminster Abbey, whose building had been the principal interest of King Edward the Confessor's later years, and whose completion he survived but a few days. The church was consecrated three days after Christmas, 1065, although Edward was too ill to be present, and on the 6th of January, 1066, the king died. He was buried the next day, in his own abbey church, the most interesting spot on English soil. The building has since his time been almost entirely renewed and rebuilt; but in its choir, in the place corresponding to that where the high altar of most cathedrals stands, is the wooden tomb of Edward, the work of a later age ; while around this cluster the monuments of kings and heroes, and above hangs the armor of an English monarch who won on French soil a battle as brilliant, if not as important, as that of Hastings.* The original building, in which the body of the Confessor was first laid, was neither small nor mean. A long nave of round arches, a central tower or lantern, an apse, and transepts (the last perhaps unfinished) are shown in the tapestry. On the roof

Norman Cooks.

* The saddle, helmet, and shield used by Henry V., at the battle of Agincourt, hang in the chapel of King Edward the Confessor.

a workman is setting up a weather-cock — the cock that crowed to Peter on Saint Peter's Church.

Toward this stately edifice Edward's funeral is advancing. The bier is borne by eight laymen, and a party of the clergy follows it. One carries a bishop's crook; others have books. Beside the bier two boys are carrying bells, one in each hand. The body is seen wrapped in a shroud and shaded by a canopy.

The Banquet.

The artist goes back a step and shows us the last scene in Edward's life. A contemporary chronicler has preserved the names of the group of stiffly drawn but expressive figures that cluster round the bed of the dying man. The cushion that supports his head and shoulders is in the hands of Wymarc, one of the great officers of his household. On the further side of the couch stands Stigand, the Archbishop of Canterbury, easily recognized by his embroidered robe and his tonsure. At the king's feet sits his queen, Eadgyth, and wipes her eyes. Nearest the spectator is a kneeling figure in the cloak of a nobleman. To him the dying man appears to speak, even in this tapestry made for a Norman bishop. For this is Harold, the hero of the great tragedy, the man destined to be the last English king of England until the nation shall have conquered and absorbed its conquerors. King Edward named him as his successor, but the nomination was preceded by a prophecy of woe. Two holy monks, known to him in his youth, said the dying monarch, had lately appeared to him in a vision. The great men of the kingdom, they had told him, were not what they seemed. Earls, bishops, abbots, and men in holy orders —they were ministers of the fiend. Within a year and a day the whole land would be a prey to devils. Thus with prophecy and injunction the old king passed away.

The great council of the nation was at that time assembled at Westminster. Without delay it elected Harold to the royal office. In the tapestry two noblemen are seen offering him the crown. Edward had died childless, and there was no male descendant of the royal house living and grown to manhood.

The First Attack.

They consist of stripes and bands of various colors, and in most cases the pennon ends in three points. When any more elaborate device is attempted, it usually takes the form of a cross or of two or more circles. I think that the lance generally passed through the hem of the pennon, but this is sometimes doubtful. One of the banners pictured in the tapestry would, if we could surely recognize it, deserve peculiar attention. It is on record that Pope Alexander II. sent a consecrated banner to Duke William, and a ring containing a hair of St. Peter. The ring is not to be found on the duke's finger in the tapestry, nor can the banner be identified with absolute certainty. A distinguished antiquary, however, has pitched on one particular pennon, which bears a yellow or golden cross on a white ground surrounded by a blue border, as the papal gift ; * and it is noticeable that this device is almost identical with that on the flag carried at William's masthead in the ship Mora, which bore him to England.

The English Churls.

Only once is a figure more elaborate than a simple cross shown on a Norman banner in the tapestry. This is the representation of a bird on a semicircular banner with nine small streamers. This bird has been thought by some scholars to be the holy Dove, by others to be a raven, the standard of a band of Danish origin. The small size of the figure makes its identification impossible.

Two other standards, more curious than any Norman pennon, even though sent by a pope to encourage an invader, are to be seen in the tapestry. These are dragons, not embroidered on cloth, but made solid, either of metal or wood (for a stuffed dragon is hardly to be supposed), and carried on spears. The dragon was the ensign of Wessex, but King Harold's own standard was the "fighting man." This last, which is not shown in the tapestry, would appear to have been an embroidered figure. The dragon, however, made solid, and taking the place of a flag, can hardly have been an invention of the designer of the tapestry, to whom flags of cloth were familiar. It is probable, therefore, that the dragon standard was indeed solid, like the eagle of the Roman legion or the French regiment, and like those figures of dragons which are represented on Trajan's column at Rome.

Duke William spent the summer of 1066 in building and collecting a fleet. His half-brothers, Bishop Odo and Count Robert of Mortain, gave one hundred and one hundred and twenty ships respectively. Other vessels were sent in from all sides, and the builders were kept busy. The whole fleet numbered six hundred and ninety-six sail by the lowest reckoning, while the highest credible figure is above three thousand. But the largest of these vessels, the Mora herself, the gift of the Duchess Matilda, which bore the great duke to the conquest of a kingdom, was but an open boat with one mast, easily unstepped. Into such boats men and horses were crowded. The numbers of the army are variously estimated at from fourteen to sixty thousand.

Long they waited for a fair wind, in-

* Viollet-le-Duc, Dictionnaire raisonné du Mobilier Français, vol. v., p. 171.

voking the saints. At last the relics of St. Valery were brought from their church and laid in a field, on a carpet. The pious warriors crowded around them to pray, and covered the body of the saint with the pile of their offerings. The powers of heaven were appeased, as they believed, and on the 27th of September the south wind blew fair for England. The day was spent in embarking; the night, in sailing over the channel; in the morning they approached the white cliffs of England. We see in the tapestry the long lapstreak hulls, painted in bright lines; the colored sails, that remind us of Venice; the row of bucklers along the gunwale; the heads of men and horses looking out over the rolling water. We see the landing; the horses taken from the ships; the scouts galloping over the country; the foragers bringing in cattle and provisions. A house is burned, and we see the mistress going forth leading a child by the hand. From other sources we learn that the country all about Hastings was so plundered that after twenty years it still showed marks of the Norman pillage. For a time the invading army remained undisturbed. King Harold was away in the north, where, three days before the landing of William, he had defeated another host of invaders under his own brother Tostig and Harold Hardrada, King of Norway. So William was left to land unopposed at Pevensey, to march unhindered to Hastings, and to fortify his camp there. Nor was the time spent without feasting. In one of the most curious scenes of the whole tapestry we see the pot hanging over the fire; we see a head cook taking dainties from a portable oven. He balances a dish on his left hand; in his right he holds a curious double hook, perhaps a hawk's claw on the end of a stick, with which he lifts—can it be a croquette?—and arranges his dish with French taste. We see the chickens on the spits. A sideboard is hastily made of shields laid on a trestle; but the dinner-table, which is very curious, must have been brought among the baggage. It is shaped like a horseshoe, and the guests sit only on the outer side; while on the inner a servant, on one knee and with a napkin over his arm, presents a dish. There is no cloth on the table, but there are dishes, knives, and cups; yet we see fish laid on the bare board. Odo, the bishop, is blessing the food and drink. He holds a bowl in his left hand and stretches three fingers over it. But the hunger of the other guests will hardly be restrained. Two appear to be pledging each other; one seizes a cake; another raises a morsel to his lips.

William shows his Face to his Friends.

I had hoped, and at one time believed, that of Odo, at least, the tapestry had preserved a portrait. We see him in the scene above mentioned, and in the next, where he is holding council with his brothers, with a round face, large eyes, and a mouth of the type called cherubic. But I find him in another part of the tapestry with sunken cheeks. In fact, if the artist ever attempted portraiture, which is not impossible, as the size of the heads admits it (a face can be amply covered with a silver dollar), time and winding on windlasses have destroyed the portraits, except as to such obvious features as moustaches and beards. William is usually represented as a tall man, but I do not think that this means much. There is a tendency, even in artistic representations much more advanced than those of the tapestry, to give size to the most important figure. In fact, a great man does look big to those who see him.

After the feast the tapestry is occupied with the preparations for the battle. On the afternoon of the 13th of October, 1066, the English army, advancing from London, was drawn up on a hill called Senlac, about seven miles

from Hastings. The position itself was strong and well chosen. Harold fortified it with a ditch and a palisade, and the shields of the warriors themselves, resting with one end upon the ground, formed a wall. All Englishmen at that time fought on foot, using their horses only to carry them to the field, while the chief strength of the Normans was in their cavalry. The hill of Senlac is long and narrow facing the south. On the middle of the hill King Harold took his place, beside the standards of the dragon and the fighting man. Around him were his brothers and his personal followers, the flower of the English army; the men of Kent, and the citizens of London. They were armed with lances, javelins, and swords, and with the terrible axe. On the flanks were the raw levies, mostly without defensive armor, and carrying anything to strike with, from a lance to a pitchfork, and even the stone hatchets of an earlier civilization.

On Saturday, the 14th of October, Duke William led out his army to attack the English position. It was composed of his own subjects of Normandy, and of adventurers from all France. Indeed, it is noticeable that the person who superintended the making of the tapestry, presumably a Norman, calls the invaders *Franci*, and not *Normanni*. The duke was mounted on a noble charger, the gift of a Spanish king. Three horses were killed under him that day, says a chronicler.

Near the duke rode his two half-brothers, Odo and Robert. Neither Odo nor William used their swords that day, but each was armed with a club. On the part of the bishop this was made necessary by a rule of the Church of Rome, which forbade her shepherds to shed the blood of the sheep. The shepherds might, however, knock the sheep on the head. By the duke the club must have been carried from choice. Some later generals have preferred to go into battle armed only with a stick, but in the duke's hands the stick was a formidable weapon.

The tapestry shows William's army on its march from Hastings. One Vital, a follower of Odo, announces the neighborhood of the English; while at about the same time Harold hears of the approach of the French. The duke exhorts his men to prepare for the battle with manliness and wisdom. The knights flourish their lances, the archers draw their bows. The horsemen charge the British square, and arrows, bolts, and javelins whistle through the air. Which of these gallant gentlemen is Taillefer, the minstrel, who rode first to the battle, throwing his sword into the air and catching it by the handle, while he sang the song of Roland at Roncesvalles? * One Englishman he pierced with his lance; another he struck down with his sword; then he fell beneath an English stroke. If this obscure warrior cannot be recognized in the tapestry, we are more fortunate in the case of the brothers of King Harold. Both of these were killed early in the day, Leofwine struck by a spear under the arm as he swung his mighty axe; Gyrth, the brave and prudent, falling, like him, in single combat with a mounted knight. Some of the old chroniclers attribute his death to the hand of the great duke himself, but the tapestry does not confirm this story.

The battle grows more furious. Frenchmen and Englishmen are falling at once, the axe and the sword doing their work. The lower border of the tapestry is full of dead men and horses. We see the English churls on their hill, without armor, fighting manfully. It is reported among the Normans that the duke had fallen; but William and Odo rally the fugitives. We see the Duke of Normandy rising in his stirrups and tilting back his helmet so that the nose-piece may not hide his face from his soldiers' eyes. On the other hand, to translate the quaint Latin of the tapestry, "Here Odo, the bishop, holding a club, comforts the boys." The Normans return to the charge. Meanwhile the French archers are ordered to fire in the air. The storm of arrows falls in the English faces, as when the wind drives the rain. The English lift their shields to cover their heads; the French swords find room to strike. The veterans who, in the centre of the English line, surround the standards and the

* The *Chanson de Roland* has been admirably translated into English verse by John O'Hagan, London, C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1880.

to your country, to yourself. And remember, though you heard of it but yesterday, the Count Polacco has been dead a year and a half.

"Nineteen months," sighed the countess, with a sob. And before he left the room they were engaged. He did not go to bed that night; but wandered in the moonlight, treading as on clouds. Favored young man!

In the morning, he noticed with delight that she had laid aside her long crape veil. Already, said she, her country called for her; she must recommence her labors, and the deep mourning would attract too much notice. May had vaguely fancied she would start at once for Milan or Warsaw, and after a few months' delay he would meet her, and they would have a quiet marriage ceremony. But she explained to him that the true arena of her labors was in Paris. Here was the focus of conspiracies; here she must live and have a *salon*, and call together her devoted countrymen. Here she would need his protection, and, with his American passport, he could safely visit her oppressed fatherland, when events required action on the spot.

Obviously, as he recognized with joy, this plan made it necessary for them to be married immediately. But then he must speak to her of his uncle's will. Not that it mattered much; he was quite ready to renounce fortune, even life, for her; but she must know that they would not be rich. It was a mere formality; but it must be done. So he told her of the curious will; and how, if he married before August the fourteenth, 1886, he was to lose all his uncle's property, even to what remained of the celebrated Eclipse claret. But then, what was money? Particularly to them, who had no other aims than love and patriotism; both commodities not to be bought, or measured in sterling exchange or napoleons. But the countess seemed to attach much weight to May's communication.

Money, alas! was in these sordid times necessary, even for patriotic revolutions. The wheels must be greased, even when Bucephalus drew the chariot. Still, this was not the essential. She was quite willing to share her small fortune with the man whom she loved; but how could she bear to ruin him—to make her alliance his sacrifice? Suppose he should ever repent his action? And here May began to make his oaths eternal; but she stopped him. Was there no other way? Could there be no escape, no legal device? Lawyers would do almost anything, if paid enough. But May shook his head, and pressed again her hand to his lips; and her dark eyes brimmed with tears.

She, for herself, would be willing to suffer him as her adorer, to trust him as her knight, her follower, as he once had proposed before. But what would the world say—the cold and heartless world? And she looked at May imploringly, as if for advice.

And May had to admit, in answer, that the world would be likely to make itself as disagreeable as usual under similar circumstances—particularly, now that the unhappy count was dead, and could no longer defend his heroic consort from the spite of petty spirits. May had true Boston reverence for what the world said; and it never occurred to him that even a heroine, who had braved two emperors, might brave its verdict.

For some moments neither spoke. What was there to say? But the silence grew oppressive; and at last she broke it with a cry.

"Farewell, then," said she.

But at this May broke out with a round oath. Farewell it should never be. What cared he for his uncle's fortune, or for the estate in Brookline, when his future lay in Poland? He would have a little left; he could win more by his own exertions. For a moment his impetuosity almost overbore her resistance. But then the Paris *salon* was a necessity; and half of her own estate and all of poor Polacco's had been seized by foreign despots. She would think it over. She would give him an answer that night. And then there came a lover's parting; and May went back to his hotel, not wholly desperate, and got the engagement-ring he had ordered, and sent it to her. It was of small diamonds; but then there was a necklace, sent from Paris, of perfect Oriental pearls.

And he had gone back that evening,

and he had found a letter. The countess had gone, leaving the note behind her. It was edged with deep black; and May took it now from his pocket-book, yellow and worn, with a smile that would have been cynical had it not been slightly nervous.

"*Très-cher!*" it began, "I cannot bear" (it was all in French, but we will make clumsy English of the countess's delicate phrase, as did May, when he read it now) "that your love for me should be your ruin. It is too late for me to deny that you also have my heart; I can only fly. Otherwise my woman's weakness would destroy either you or myself. If you do not wish to betray me, seek not my refuge out. I shall keep the ring as a pledge" (she says nothing about the necklace, it occurred to May, at this late date)—"a pledge that I shall be faithful to you, as, I hope, you to me. For what are six or seven years?" (At her age! thought May, with a shudder.) "I will devote them to my unhappy countrymen." (*Compatriotes* was the original.) "But wait for me until you are free; and perhaps, who knows? my Italy redeemed! I will join you, and be one with you forever. Meantime you will travel, possibly forget me! But on the fourteenth of August, 1886, you will be at home. *On that day you will hear from me!*"

May laid the letter down. This was most unquestionably the fourteenth day of August in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-six. He looked nervously at the door of the pavilion, and then through the blinds, in the direction of the house. His face grew fixed and rigid; and the countess's note fell unheeded to the floor.

A carriage was standing before the front door, and beside it stood a footman in livery.

BALLADE OF THE PENITENTS.

By Andrew Lang.

"Le repentir de leur premier choix les rend des *Pénitens du Diable*, comme dit Tertullien."—PASCAL, "Pensées," 1672, p. 178.

"OH, who be ye that doubtful tread
And listless through the glad array?
With languid look, with drooping head,
In all this rout of ladies gay?
Ye walk with them, but not as they,
Ye tarry sadly in their tents,
Why fare ye thus half-hearted, say?"—
"We are St. Satan's Penitents!

"A straiter path we once would tread,
Through wilds that knew not of the May,
The loads that weighed on us like lead,
We bore through thorns and sloughs of clay.
No time had we to pause or play
With music of glad instruments,
But still we clambered: Well-a-day!
We are St. Satan's Penitents.

"'The path is over steep,' we said,
'The rueful skies are ashen gray,
And over harshly are we sped,
Still upward! Ne'er a stop nor stay!'
We cast our burdens all away,
We fled adown the steep ascents,
We were aweary of that way;
We are St. Satan's Penitents."

ENVOY.

Fair is the path, and bright the day,
Where now we whisper our laments;
With backward glance we go astray,
We are St. Satan's Penitents.

WHAT IS AN INSTINCT?

By William James.

INSTINCT is usually defined as the faculty of acting in such a way as to produce certain ends, without foresight of the ends, and without previous education in the performance. That instincts, as thus defined, exist on an enormous scale in the animal kingdom needs no proof. They are the functional correlatives of structure. With the presence of a certain organ goes, one may say, almost always a native aptitude for its use. "Has the bird a gland for the secretion of oil? She knows instinctively how to press the oil from the gland, and apply it to the feather. Has the rattlesnake the grooved tooth and gland of poison? He knows without instruction how to make both structure and function most effective against his enemies. Has the silk-worm the function of secreting the fluid silk? At the proper time she winds the cocoon such as she has never seen, as thousands before have done; and thus without instruction, pattern, or experience, forms a safe abode for herself in the period of transformation. Has the hawk talons? She knows by instinct how to wield them effectively against the helpless quarry."*

A very common way of talking about these admirably definite tendencies to act is by naming abstractly the purpose they subserve, such as self-preservation, or defence, or care for eggs and young—and saying the animal has an instinctive fear of death or love of life, or that she has an instinct of self-preservation, or an instinct of maternity and the like. But this represents the animal as obeying abstractions which, not once in a million cases is it possible it can have framed. The strict physiological way of interpreting the facts leads to far clearer results. The actions we call instinctive all conform to the general reflex type; they are called forth by determinate sensory stimuli in contact with the animal's body, or at a distance in his environment. The cat runs after the mouse, runs or shows fight before the dog, avoids falling from walls and trees, shuns fire and water, etc., not because he has any notion either of life or of death, or of self, or of preservation. He has probably attained to no one of these conceptions in such a way as to react definitely upon it. He acts in each case separately, and simply because he cannot help it; being so framed that when that particular running thing called a mouse appears in his field of vision he *must* pursue; that when that particular barking

*P. A. Chadbourne: Instinct, p. 28. New York, 1872.

rounded with mystification, that an insect should always lay her eggs in a spot appropriate to the nourishment of her young, is no more marvellous than the phenomenon that every animal pairs with a mate capable of bearing posterity, or feeds on materials capable of affording him nourishment. . . . Not only the choice of a place for laying the eggs, but all the various acts for depositing and protecting them, are occasioned by the perception of the proper object, and the relation of this perception to the various stages of maternal impulse. When the burying beetle perceives a carrion, she is not only impelled to approach it and lodge her eggs in it, but also to go through the movements requisite for burying it; just as a bird who sees his hen-bird is impelled to caress her, to strut around her, dance before her, or in some other way to woo her; just as a tiger, when he sees an antelope, is impelled to stalk it, to pounce upon it, and to strangle it. When the tailor-bee cuts out pieces of rose-leaf, bends them, carries them into a caterpillar or mouse hole in trees or in the earth, covers their seams again with other pieces, and so makes a thimble-shaped case—when she fills this with honey and lays an egg in it, all these various appropriate expressions of her will are to be explained by supposing that at the time when the eggs are ripe within her the appearance of a suitable caterpillar or mouse hole and the perception of rose-leaves are so correlated in the insect with the several impulses in question that the performances follow as a matter of course when the perceptions take place." . . .

"The perception of the empty nest, or of a single egg, seems in birds to stand in such a close relation to the physiological functions of oviparation, that it serves as a direct stimulus to these functions, while the perception of a sufficient number of eggs has just the opposite effect. It is well known that hens and ducks lay more eggs if we keep removing them than if we leave them in the nest. The impulse to sit arises, as a rule, when the bird sees a certain number of eggs in her nest. If this number is not yet to be seen there, the ducks continue to lay, although they perhaps have laid twice as many eggs as they are accustomed to sit upon. . . . That sitting, also, is independent of any idea of purpose and is a pure perception-impulse is evident, among other things, from the fact that many birds, *e.g.*, wild ducks, steal eggs from each other. . . . The bodily disposition to sit is, it is true, one condition [since broody hens will sit where there are no eggs], but the perception of the eggs is the other condition of the activity of the incubating impulse. The propensity of the cuckoo and of the cow-bird to lay their eggs in the nests of other species must also be interpreted as a pure perception-impulse. These birds have no bodily disposition to become broody, and there is therefore in them no connection between the perception of an egg and the impulse to sit upon it. Eggs ripen, however, in their oviducts, and the body tends to get rid of them. And since the two birds just named do not drop their eggs anywhere on the ground, but in nests, which are the only places where they may preserve the species, it might easily appear that such preservation of the species was what they had in view, and that they acted with full consciousness of the purpose. But this is not so. . . . The cuckoo is simply excited by the perception of quite determinate sorts of nest, which already contain eggs, to drop her own into them and throw the others out, because this perception is a direct stimulus to these acts. It is impossible that she should have any notion of the other bird coming and sitting on her egg." *

Remember that nothing is said yet of the origin of instincts, but only of the constitution of those that exist fully formed. How stands it with the instincts of mankind?

Nothing is commoner than the remark that Man differs from lower creatures by the almost total absence of instincts, and the assumption of their work in him by "reason." A fruitless discussion might be waged on this point by two theorizers who were careful not to define their terms. "Reason" might be used, as it often has been used since Kant, not as the mere power of "inferring," but also as a name for the *tendency*

* Der Thierische Wille.

if may be that for years to come no dog will excite in him the impulse to fondle again. On the other hand, the greatest natural enemies, if carefully introduced to each other when young and guided at the outset by superior authority, settle down into those "happy families" of friends which we see in our menageries. Young animals, immediately after birth, have no instinct of fear, but show their dependence by allowing themselves to be freely handled. Later, however, they grow "wild," and, if left to themselves, will not let man approach them. I am told by farmers in the Adirondack wilderness that it is a very serious matter if a cow wanders off and calves in the woods and is not found for a week or more. The calf, by that time, is as wild and almost as fleet as a deer, and hard to capture without violence. But calves rarely show any particular wildness to the men who have been in contact with them during the first days of their life, when the instinct to attach themselves is uppermost, nor do they dread strangers as they would if brought up wild.

Chickens give a curious illustration of the same law. Mr. Spalding's wonderful article on instinct shall supply us with the facts. These little creatures show opposite instincts of attachment and fear, either of which may be aroused by the same object, man. If a chick is born in the absence of the hen, it "will follow any moving object. And, when guided by sight alone, they seem to have no more disposition to follow a hen than to follow a duck or a human being. Unreflecting lookers-on, when they saw chickens a day old running after me," says Mr. Spalding, "and older ones following me for miles, and answering to my whistle, imagined that I must have some occult power over the creatures: whereas I had simply allowed them to follow me from the first. There is the instinct to follow; and the ear, prior to experience, attaches them to the right object." * But if a man presents himself for the first time when the instinct of *fear* is strong, the phenomena are altogether reversed. Mr. Spalding kept three chickens hooded until they were nearly four days old, and thus describes their behavior:

"Each of them, on being unhooded, evinced the greatest terror to me, dashing off in the opposite direction whenever I sought to approach it. The table on which they were unhooded stood before a window, and each in its turn beat against the window like a wild bird. One of them darted behind some books, and, squeezing itself into a corner, remained cowering for a length of time. We might guess at the meaning of this strange and exceptional wildness; but the odd fact is enough for my present purpose. Whatever might have been the meaning of this marked change in their mental constitution—had they been unhooded on the previous day they would have run to me instead of from me—it could not have been the effect of experience; it must have resulted wholly from changes in their own organizations." *

Their case was precisely analogous to that of the Adirondack calves. The two opposite instincts relative to the same object ripen in succession. If the first one engenders a habit, that habit will inhibit the application of the second instinct to that object. All animals are tame during some phase of their infancy. Habits formed then limit the effects of whatever instincts of wildness may later be evolved.

Mr. Romanes gives some very curious examples of the way in which instinctive tendencies may be altered by the habits to which their first "objects" have given rise. The cases are a little more complicated than those mentioned in the text, inasmuch as the object reacted on not only starts a habit which inhibits other kinds of impulse toward it (although such other kinds might be natural), but even modifies by its own peculiar conduct the constitution of the impulse it actually awakens.

Two of the instances in question are those of hens who hatched out broods of chicks after having (in three previous years) hatched ducks. They strove to coax or to compel their new progeny to enter the water, and seemed much perplexed at their unwillingness. Another hen adopted a brood of young ferrets which, having lost their mother, were put under her. During all the time they were

* Spalding, *op. cit.*, p. 287.

* *Op. cit.*, p. 289.

as gloves, etc., which he had played with till he was tired. He scratched the carpet with his forefeet, dropped the object from his mouth upon the spot, and then scratched all about it (with both fore and hind feet, if I remember rightly), and finally went away and let it lie. Of course, the act was entirely useless. I saw him perform it at that age, some four or five times, and never again in his life. The conditions were not present to fix a habit which could last when the prompting instinct died away. But suppose meat instead of a glove, earth instead of a carpet, hunger pangs instead of a fresh supper a few hours later, and it is easy to see how this dog might have got into a habit of burying superfluous food, which might have lasted all his life. Who can swear that the strictly instinctive part of the food-burying propensity in the wild *Canidæ* may not be as short-lived as it was in this terrier?

A similar instance is given by Dr. H. D. Schmidt,* of New Orleans.

"I may cite the example of a young squirrel which I had tamed, a number of years ago, when serving in the army, and when I had sufficient leisure and opportunity to study the habits of animals. In the autumn, before the winter sets in, adult squirrels bury as many nuts as they can collect, separately, in the ground. Holding the nut firmly between their teeth, they first scratch a hole in the ground, and, after pointing their ears in all directions to convince themselves that no enemy is near, they ram—the head, with the nut still between the front teeth, serving as a sledge-hammer—the nut into the ground, and then fill up the hole by means of their paws. The whole process is executed with great rapidity, and, as it appeared to me, always with exactly the same movements; in fact, it is done so well that I could never discover the traces of the burial-ground. Now, as regards the young squirrel, which, of course, never had been present at the burial of a nut, I observed that, after having eaten a number of hickory nuts to appease its appetite, it would take one between its teeth, then sit upright and listen in all directions. Finding all right, it would scratch upon the smooth blanket on which I was playing with it as if to make a hole, then hammer with the nut between its teeth upon the blanket, and finally perform all the motions required to fill up a hole—*in the air;* after which it would jump away, leaving the nut, of course, uncovered."

The anecdote, of course, illustrates beautifully the close relation of instinct to reflex action—a particular perception calls forth particular movements, and that is all. Dr. Schmidt tells me that the squirrel in question soon passed away from his observation. It may fairly be presumed that, if he had been long retained prisoner in a cage, he would soon have forgotten his gesticulations over the hickory-nuts.

One might, indeed, go still further with safety, and expect that, if such a captive squirrel were then set free, he would never afterward acquire this peculiar instinct of his tribe.*

Leaving lower animals aside, and turning to human instincts, we see the law of transiency corroborated on the widest scale by the alternation of different interests and passions as human life goes on. With the child, life is all play and fairy-tales and learning the external properties of "things;" with the youth, it is bodily exercises of a more systematic sort, novels of the real world, boon-fellowship and song, friendship and love, nature, travel and adventure, science and philosophy; with the man, ambition and policy, acquisitiveness, responsibility to others, and the selfish zest of the battle of life. If a boy grows up alone at the age of games and sports, and learns neither to play ball, nor row, nor sail, nor ride, nor skate, nor fish, nor shoot, probably he will be sedentary to the end of his days; and, though the best of opportunities be afforded him for learning these things later, it is a hundred to one but he will

* Transactions of American Neurological Association, vol. i., p. 129, 1875.

* "Mr. Spalding," says Mr. Lewes (Problems of Life and Mind, Prob. I., chap., ii., § 22, note), "tells me of a friend of his who reared a gosling in the kitchen, away from all water; when this bird was some months old, and was taken to a pond, it not only refused to go into the water, but when thrown in scrambled out again, as a hen would have done. Here was an instinct entirely suppressed." See a similar observation on ducklings in T. R. R. Spedding: Essays on Darwinism, 1871, p. 73. London.

but triumphant answer from Ivan. Then from his place in the confessional Father Andrei tottered, his face white, his eyes standing out, his whole frame shaking. He clung to the door of the confessional to support himself, and looked in horror at Ivan as he came out from his place.

"You demon!" gasped the priest. Ivan smiled at him diabolically. "Devil! damned one! You—you—But, by God in Heaven, you shall suffer for it. I will send to Kiev to-night—I will go myself—to inform the authorities——"

"Oh, no," laughed Ivan; "I have told you everything under the seal of the confessional."

"My God, the devil speaks the truth!" cried the priest, falling upon his knees, while tears of impotent but just wrath ran down his face. Ivan looked at him a moment in silence, as though considering some question. Then he shook his head, and went out through the main door of the church, leaving the priest alone.

When at last Anfissa came in search of her master, she found him kneeling before the high altar, as if in prayer. He was so still, however, that the old woman was frightened.

"Master," she said, touching him on the shoulder. The priest sprang to his feet.

"I know nothing about it," he cried. "I can tell you nothing." Then he passed his hand over his eyes. "Oh, it's you, Anfissa," he said, in a tone of inexpressible relief.

"You must go to bed," said the old woman, leading him toward the door into the house, and Father Andrei, after looking once hastily around the church, submitted quietly to her directions. Hardly, however, had they reached the living-room, when, for the second time, there came a loud knocking at the door. Grumbling more than usual, Anfissa opened the door, and peered about to see who the new visitor might be.

Without the formality of asking permission Zakaroff, the police-officer of the village, pushed the old woman aside and entered. The priest started when he recognized his visitor, but instantly recovered himself.

"You are welcome, Anthony Dmitrivitch," he said. "What can I do for you? Tea, Anfissa." But Zakaroff raised his hand in token that he wanted no tea, and looked at Father Andrei. He seemed to find some difficulty in answering the priest's question, for he hemmed and hawed a good deal. At last he burst out:

"I am—hem—sent to bring your reverence. I—I hope your reverence won't find any fault with me for doing my duty—it's what one has to do very often, as your reverence doubtless knows——"

"Certainly, I shall not blame you," said the priest. "But what do you mean by 'duty' in this case? Who sends you here?"

"Why, your reverence," said Zakaroff, after more hesitation, "the inspector—he it is who sent me to bring you; and as I'm a police-officer, your reverence knows I must obey the inspector. So"—resuming his official tone—"you'll be kind enough to come with me to August Hummel's house."

"He's just come from there," exclaimed Anfissa. Zakaroff looked hard at the priest.

"You have just come from there?" he said, sharply. "Were you there to-night?"

"Yes, he was," snapped Anfissa. "He is not to go out of this house again to-night," she added, "Zakaroff or no Zakaroff."

"The inspector——" began Zakaroff.

"I am coming," said the priest, beginning to put on his heavy boots and coat.

"I shall go with you," announced Anfissa, and forthwith disappearing, she returned equipped for the journey through the snow, before the dazed priest had finished his preparations.

When the little party came out of the drifts into the triangular patch of snow in front of August Hummel's new house, the priest noticed that there was more light in the house than there had been an hour before; and then he saw three or four men in a little group in front of the house, just where the light shone upon them through one of the windows. Two of them were on their knees, examining something in the snow close to the door-step and a tall man stood by, watch-

ing them. As the priest approached they stood up, and just then the tall man caught sight of the little party coming across the snow.

"Ah, Zakaroff," he said. "Is that Father Andrei?"

"Yes, captain," answered Zakaroff, saluting. And the priest, trembling violently, he knew not why, answered, too. "It is I, Captain Nikolas. Are my services needed?"

"Doubtless," answered the inspector, shortly. Then turning to the men, he said: "You two stay here, and see that those footprints are not filled up or lost. Now, Father Andrei, have the goodness to follow me." So saying, he advanced to the door, which he pushed open, himself entering first, while the man with him stood aside to let the priest pass.

In the centre of the brightly lighted room, immediately in front of the door, lay the dead body of August Hummel, the owner of the new house. On his back he lay, his head toward the door, his dead eyes staring straight up from under angry brows, his hands clinched as though in anger, in front of his breast, and a little red spot visible on the coarse white linen shirt.

For a moment the priest stood horrified, not raising his eyes from the face of his dead friend. Then, with a long sigh, he looked up. At the table where he had sat not two hours before was a clerkly-looking man, and by his side Captain Nikolas, the Inspector. By the great dresser, the pride of August Hummel's heart, stood the head man of the village, Mikhail Mikhailovitch, the father of the dead man's wife. Each of these men looked steadily at the startled priest, who returned their gaze helplessly.

Just then Anfissa touched his shoulder.

"This was the noise you made with August Hummel, was it?" she asked. For a moment Father Andrei looked now at the inspector, now at Anfissa. Suddenly the meaning of her question dawned upon him.

"My God, woman! No!" he almost shrieked. "Do you think that of me? Do you think I would kill August?"

The priest's voice was evidently recognized by someone in the inner room, for the door was flung open, and Marfa Hummel rushed into the room where her husband's body lay. Behind her followed her mother and her sister.

"You priest!" she cried, rushing up to where Father Andrei stood, "why did you kill August? Father Andrei, Father Andrei, why did you murder my husband? Oh, you evil man, to kill your best friend!" and she stepped toward him threateningly. The priest instinctively put up his hands to protect himself.

"Yes," cried Marfa, "kill me too, as you have killed my husband! Oh! August, August!" and she fell on her knees by her husband's body, rocking herself to and fro. Her mother and Anfissa ran to her assistance, and presently took her away to the inner room.

There was a long silence in the room. At length the priest looked up.

"Surely you do not think I killed that man?" he asked, huskily, looking from one to another of the men.

"Who else could have done so?" asked the inspector. The priest shuddered. "This woman accuses you to your face. She tells me that she saw you struggling with her husband when she looked into this room during the evening." The priest looked toward the door into the inner room. The inspector continued: "Only one man has been to this house this evening, and only one man left the house. Compare the priest's boots with the footprints," he suddenly ordered.

Involuntarily Father Andrei made a motion to resist; but while one held him in a chair, Zakaroff and another officer pulled off one and then the other of his boots, and followed by Mikhail Mikhailovitch, went out into the darkness.

"Release him," said the inspector at length. The priest sat still in the chair, rubbing his forehead with his hand, and gazing vacantly around the room. The inspector leaned back in his chair, the clerk held the pen in his mouth, and turned over the papers he had in front of him.

At length, after a time that seemed an hour, Zakaroff and the others returned with the priest's boots, the soles of which were moist with snow.

points strongly at you as being the murderer of August Hummel."

"On the other side," continued the chief judge, "is your good character, and that alone is opposed to the weight of testimony against you. Unluckily for you, however, character is not evidence, and what you have in character you lack in evidence. After lengthy and thorough deliberation, therefore, we have reached a decision—that you are guilty of the crime charged against you, the murder of August Hummel. Have you anything to say before sentence is passed upon you?"

Leaning heavily on the rail before him, the priest began slowly to speak in a trembling, husky voice. The words sounded to him as though they did not come from himself, and his lips were so dry that he could hardly articulate.

"I have nothing to say," he said, at length, "except—that—everything—is against me—and that I did not kill August Hummel." And he bowed his head and waited silently.

"Everything in the testimony is against you, as you say," retorted the judge, quickly. Then more calmly, "You are undoubtedly the murderer of August Hummel. There seems to have been no reason for the crime; it was a wanton murder; but as it seems to have been done without premeditation, and as your character before the murder had been so excellent, we have decided to be merciful toward you. We therefore sentence you to imprisonment during the term of your natural life."

The chief judge paused, and the priest drew a long breath, while everybody in the room stared at him to see how he would receive the sentence.

"During the term of my natural life," he repeated, aloud. Then he turned to the judges and bowed. "I thank your excellencies during the term——" he caught himself up; "I thank your excellencies," he said, and left the dock.

IV.

That Colonel Ivan Kalof was brave was shown by the cross of St. George he wore on his left breast, pinned there by the Grand Duke Michael himself one day in the Russian trenches before Plevna. That he was brave was also proved by the fact that, during the Turkish war, he had served on General Skobeleff's staff. For Skobeleff chose the members of his military family for their individual bravery, and for some military instinct each possessed, rather than for any merely theoretical knowledge of the art of war. So it was that Ivan Ivanovitch, entering the Turkish war as a sergeant, came out of it a colonel, promoted and made an officer on Skobeleff's staff because of the bravery he had shown so often, because of his bull-dog ferocity and tenacity of grip. His promotion was not unexampled. In a service where princes serve enthusiastically as privates, and a carpet-general sees service with the shoulder-straps of a lieutenant, it is not strange if a sergeant becomes a colonel. And it was a colonel that Ivan Ivanovitch came out from the war, with scars of numerous wounds, and a reputation for great and persistent bravery.

Besides being brave, Colonel Ivan Kalof was also accomplished—at least he had been accomplished. Twenty odd years before the war his friends considered him an excellent musician, and indeed, he could play the organ in church, and the piano out of church. But for many years he had not needed to make use of his accomplishment, while his instinctive bravery had often been needed during that feverish Turkish war. But he never needed his bravery more than he did when, three years after the war, he was chief of police of the Holy City of Kiev.

Colonel Ivan Kalof was unmarried. He had loved a girl years ago; but she had married a foreigner, a young German, and though her husband had been killed in a quarrel with the village pope, leaving her a young widow, Ivan Kalof—he was not a colonel then—had never renewed his offer of marriage to her. He never talked about his disappointment, and simply remained a bachelor.

Marfa Hummel talked freely about her grief, but she remained a widow, as Colonel Kalof a bachelor. At first she lived in the new house her husband had taken her to, where her boy was born, her husband killed. But as soon as she could, she moved into the city of

"CORDON!"

By T. R. Sullivan.

"It is a bargain, monsieur—a bargain! The rent is a mere nothing; *puisqu'il y a du confort ici,*" said the old concierge, as he threw open one of the shutters, and flooded the room with dusty sunshine.

The apartment was *au premier,* at the back of a small court numbered 59 of the rue Neuve St. Augustin. No. 59—I give it fearlessly, since even its foundation-stones have long been Haussmannized away.

The court was flooded with sunshine that was not dusty, and a great plane-tree grew in one corner, close against an ivy-covered wall. The yellow placard, À LOUER, hanging at the door, had been the bait luring me into this mouse-trap, as it certainly proved to be.

But all that comes later on. For the present, it is enough to say that the room was comfortably furnished after the old Venetian manner, and hung with Cordova leather, old too, and real; beyond, there was a salon, with a floor so highly polished that I narrowly escaped a sprained ankle in crossing it; and a chamber, commonplace enough, but for the chintz hangings with which its walls and ceiling were draped oppressively, in wide plaits that met overhead in a central rosette, somehow suggesting the interior decoration of a coffin. In spite of this untimely thought, and of the superfluous *antichambre* and *salle-à-manger,* useless incumbrances in bachelor quarters, I took the apartment for a month, to the evident delight of old Casimir, whose feather-duster twitched expressively in his palsied hand.

The tremulous eagerness of this good gentleman made me half suspect that he had not the remotest right to let the rooms at all. But he told a well-varnished tale of an old proprietor who hated women, and who passed his life in search of a country so civilized as to do without them. From this journey of desperation he returned now and then to restore his tired senses in the coffined chamber, and to gather courage for a new departure. It was midsummer; I might keep the rooms until the autumn; not an hour longer, since the patron would then be likely to pounce down upon his possessions, unannounced, at any moment. Just now, he was believed to be in Lapland.

When I moved in, that very afternoon, a guilty feeling of intrusion overcame me. The place was so luxurious, so well ordered, so unlike the four walls of lodging for which one pays. In the library of the leather hangings the patron's books were upon the shelves; his portfolio, his paper-knife upon the table; the ink in the miniature helmet of blue steel was dry, it is true; but there lay the well-worn quill beside it. The room reveals the man, says Diderot; granting this, the patron was a man of taste and well informed. I took down some of the books; here were superb bindings, old and rare editions. Upon one fly-leaf his name was written—Marius Morizot—the hand clear and fine, like a woman's. Casimir had said that he was old. Bibliophile and traveller, with the means to follow his fantastic bent, this patron would certainly be an agreeable man to meet on his own ground; that is, if one came properly introduced. All here was as if he had left it yesterday. What if the door were to open and admit him at the next moment?

Just then the door did open, but only Casimir came in, bringing firewood; for the sun had already left the little court in shadow, and there was an unseasonable chill in the waning summer day. The old man wore a black skull-cap over his thin, gray hair, and a green baize apron that swathed him nearly to the ankles. He chattered about the fire as he built and lighted it; all the time holding under his arm the eternal feather-duster, which seemed to be his badge of office. I had lately seen, at the Comédie Française, Regnier's masterpiece, the sly old servant in *La joie fait peur.* The picture of amiable senility. Here was the thing itself.

grew angry, and, in his excitement, tipped over his watering-pot upon Chambord, who turned tail and disappeared. I could convince him of nothing but my own imbecility; and so I left him, muttering strange oaths among his flowers.

One rarely fails to recall a startling bit of his own experience, the first time its date comes round again. So it happened that this adventure was uppermost in my mind one midsummer night of the following year, on board the good steamer "Baron Osy," bound from London to Antwerp. We had left the White Tower just at noon, and had dropped leisurely down the overburdened Thames, threading our cautious way through larger and smaller ocean craft, in and out among tow-boats and barges, and awkward little luggers with red sails and spankers; past the big guns of Woolwich, and Greenwich Hospital with its white-haired veterans, whose reckoning leaves off where ours begins; by Tilbury Fort and Gravesend, where the great river, broadened to an estuary, stretches out its arms to greet the Medway, and the two go wandering off here and there in a tangle of green hills that know no winter, but are always green. So we had come out into yellower and wilder water; the sun had set in a bank of cool, gray clouds; the white cliffs and glimmering lights of Margate were already low on the horizon; and the long twilight crept down upon us slowly, imperceptibly.

I had seen but few passengers, all of the heaviest and most uninteresting modern Flemish pattern. But a chance remark of one of the stewards led me to think that there were others of consequence, holding themselves aloof in their cabins. One by one, those who were about me on the after-deck had gone below as the night breeze strengthened. I knew that the stars were coming out, that under the pale-green streak of western sky the English coast was fast receding. But my thoughts were hundreds of miles away. With them I was really strolling through the Passage des Princes and back along the Boulevard, humming, as I walked, the doctor's air in "L'Ombre:"

"Midi—minuit—
Le jour—la nuit!
Midi, c'est la vie,
Minuit, la mort—oui!"

And so on, through all the details of that troubled night. I lived again in Monsieur Morizot's apartment; I saw his chair at the fire, his book upon the table; nay, even the old letter-press danced before my eyes:

"The prisoner is sworn; and asked his name, age, rank, and place of abode.

"He said that his name was François Ravaillac, born and dwelling at Angoulême——"

The sound of my voice brought me back to the deck of the "Baron Osy." I had spoken the words aloud. I turned, and saw that they must have been overheard by a passenger who stood at the rail, not ten feet away. He wore a close-fitting, pointed cap and a long dark coat, buttoned tightly under his chin, and these garments had a suggestive richness in them. A splendid jewel, too, shone upon his hand. But his eyes were fixed on me with a look in which fear and wonder mingled strangely; his face seemed white as death; and it was the face of the valet, Cornelio.

I realized an unknown power in the words which I had spoken; and without moving from my place, I finished the broken sentence from the trial of Ravaillac, then repeated it word for word from the beginning. With that, the mark upon his cheek quivered convulsively; he gave a wild cry, like some brute brought to bay, and with one appealing look, as if toward imaginary pursuers closing in upon him, he flung himself over the rail into the sea.

I rushed to the ship's side, as one of the hands, who had seen him jump, tore a life-preserver from the guards, and threw it after him. We caught sight of an arm tossed up in the foaming wake far behind. A wave swept over it. The engines were stopped, and a boat was lowered. After a long time it came back, bringing only the wet corks. The old gray sexton of the sea works quickly and well.

We found his name registered upon the list—Ramon Quizás, *rentier*, of Rio. He had no companion, and his trunks were stored somewhere on the quay at

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A COLLECTION OF

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF THACKERAY.

INTRODUCTION.

NO writer of recent times is so much quoted as Thackeray; scarcely a week passes without his name recurring in one or other of the leading articles of the day; and yet whilst his published works retain their influence so firmly, the personal impression of his life and conversation becomes more and more shadowy and indistinct as the friends who knew and loved him the most are gradually becoming fewer and passing away. Thackeray's nature was essentially modest and retiring. More than once it appears that he had desired his daughter to publish no memoir of him. Mrs. Ritchie, who alone could do justice to her Father's memory, and who has inherited the true woman's share of his genius, and of the tender and perceptive sympathy of his character, has ever held this injunction sacred, even to the extent of withholding all his letters to his family from publication. Yet it happens from time to time that some chance letters of doubtful authenticity, and others utterly spurious, have appeared in print, and have even perhaps found acceptance amongst those who, knowing him only by his published works, were without the true key for distinguishing what was genuine from what was simply counterfeit.

The letters which form this collection were most of them written by Mr. Thackeray to my husband, the late Rev'd W. H. Brookfield, and myself, from about 1847, and continuing during many years of intimate friendship, beginning from the time when he first lived in London, and when he especially needed our sympathy. His happy married life had been broken up by the malady which fell upon his young wife after the birth of her youngest child; his two remaining little girls were under his mother's care, at Paris. Mr. Thackeray was living alone in London. "Vanity Fair" was not yet written when these letters begin. His fame was not yet established in the world at large; but amongst his close personal friends, an undoubting belief in his genius had already become strongly rooted. No one earlier than my dear gifted husband adopted and proclaimed this new faith. The letters now so informally collected together are not a consecutive series; but they have

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always been carefully preserved with sincere affection by those to whom they were written. Some of them are here given without the omission of a word; others are extracts from communications of a more private character; but if every one of these letters from Thackeray could be rightly made public, without the slightest restriction, they would all the more redound to his honour.

JANE OCTAVIA BROOKFIELD.

29 CARLYLE SQUARE, CHELSEA.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In arranging the letters for publication, a simple chronological order has been followed, regardless of their relative importance. In some cases the originals were not dated; and in each of these instances an effort has been made to supply the omission. Often it has been possible to do this with certainty; and in that case the date is printed above the letter in Roman type. Where such certainty could not be reached, conjectural dates are given in italics and enclosed in brackets; but even then they have been so far verified by means of incidents referred to in the letters, or other evidence, that they may be depended upon as fixing very closely the time of the notes to which they are attached. In this final arrangement of the letters, and in some additional annotation, the Editor has enjoyed the privilege of advice and assistance from Mr. James Russell Lowell, who kindly consented, with the cordial approval and thanks of Mrs. Brookfield, to give them this aid.

The Editor is permitted to make public the following letter from Mrs. Ritchie to Mrs. Brookfield:

36a ROSARY GARDENS, HEREFORD SQUARE, S. W.
April 28.

MY DEAR MRS. BROOKFIELD:

I am very glad to hear that you have made a satisfactory arrangement for publishing your selections from my Father's letters. I am of course unable myself by his expressed wish to do anything of the sort. While I am glad to be spared the doubts and difficulties of such a work, I have often felt sorry to think that no one should ever know *more* of him. You know better than anyone what we should like said or unsaid, and what he would have wished; so that I am very glad to think you have undertaken the work, and am always your affectionate

ANNE RITCHIE.

LETTERS.

[*Jan.* 1847.]

[*To Mr. Brookfield.*]

MY DEAR W.:

There will be no dinner at Greenwich on Monday. Dickens has chosen that day for a reconciliation banquet between Forster and me.

Is madame gone and is she better? My heart follows her respectfully to Devonshire and the dismal scenes of my youth.

I am being brought to bed of my seventh darling with inexpressible throes: and dine out every day until *Juice* knows when.

I will come to you on Sunday night if you like—though stop, why shouldn't you, after church, come and sleep out here in the country?

Yours,

JOS. OSBORN.

[*To Mr. Brookfield.*]

le Dimanche.

[*August,* 1847.]

MONSIEUR L'ABBÉ:

De retour de Gravesend j'ai trouvé chez moi un billet de M. Crowe, qui m'invite à diner demain à 6 heures précises à Ampstead.

En même temps M. Crowe m'a envoyé une lettre pour vous,—ne vous trouvant pas à votre ancien logement

(où l'adresse de l'horrible bouge où vous demeurez actuellement est heureusement ignorée)—force fut à M. Crowe de s'adresser à moi—à moi qui connais l'ignoble caveau que vous occupez indignement, sous les dalles humides d'une église déserte, dans le voisinage fétide de fourmillants Irlandais.

Cette lettre, Monsieur, dont je parle—cette lettre—je l'ai laissée à la maison. Demain il sera trop tard de vous faire part de l'aimable invitation de notre ami commun.

Je remplis enfin mon devoir envers M. Crowe en vous faisant savoir ses intentions hospitalières à votre égard. Et je vous quitte, Monsieur, en vous donnant les assurances réiterées de ma haute considération.

CHEVALIER DE TITMARSH.

J'offre à Madame l'Abbesse mes hommages respectueux.

1847.

[*To Mr. Brookfield.*]

MY DEAR OLD B.:

Can you come and dine on Thursday at six? I shall be at home—no party—nothing—only me. And about your night-cap, why not come out for a day or two, though the rooms are very comfortable in the Church vaults.* Farewell.

Ever your LOUISA.

(And Madam, is she well?)

[1847.]

[*Enclosing the following note.*]

TEMPLE, 8 NOV.

MY DEAR THACKERAY:

A thousand thanks. It will do admirably, and I will not tax you again in the same manner. Don't get nervous or think about criticism, or trouble yourself about the opinions of friends; you have completely beaten Dickens out of the inner circle already. I dine at Gore House to-day; look in if you can.

Ever yours, A. H.

MADAM:

Although I am certainly committing a breach of confidence, I venture to offer my friend up to you, because you have considerable humour, and I think will possibly laugh at him. You know you yourself often hand over some folks to some other folks, and deserve to be treated as you treat others.

The circumstances arose of a letter which H—— sent me, containing prodigious compliments. I answered that these praises from all quarters frightened me rather than elated me, and sent him a drawing for a lady's album, with a caution not to ask for any more, hence the reply. Ah! Madame, how much richer truth is than fiction, and how great that phrase about the "inner circle" is.

I write from the place from which I heard your little voice last night, I mean this morning, at who knows how much o'clock. I wonder whether you will laugh as much as I do; my papa in the next room must think me insane, but I am not, and am of Madame, the *Serviteur* and *Frère affectionné*.

W. M. T.

[1847.]

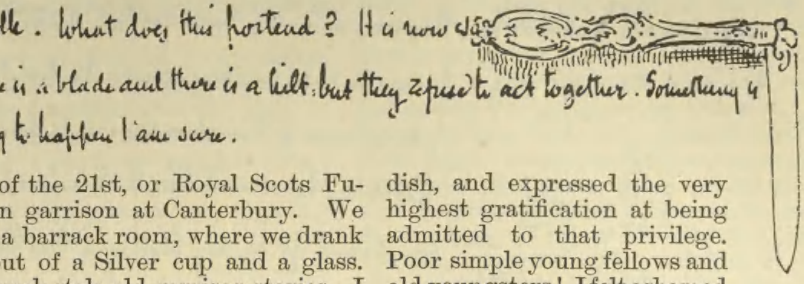
[*To Mr. Brookfield.*]

MY DEAR W. H. B.:

I daresay you are disgusted at my not coming to the *bouge*, on Sunday night, but there was a good reason, which may be explained if required hereafter. And I had made up my account for some days at Southampton, hoping to start this day, but there is another good reason for staying at home. Poor old grandmother's will, burial &c., detained me in town. Did you see her death in the paper?

Why I write now, is to beg, and implore, and intreat that you and Mrs. Brookfield will come and take these three nice little rooms here, and stop with me until you have found other

* In this Letter, and elsewhere, reference is made to my husband's living in the "church vaults." Our income at this time was very small, and a long illness had involved us in some difficulty. Mr. Brookfield's aversion to debt and his firm rectitude of principle decided him to give up our lodgings, and to remove by himself into the vestry of his District Church, which was situated in a very squalid neighborhood. Here he could live rent free, and in the midst of his parish work, whilst he sent me to stay with my dear father, the late Sir Charles Elton, at Clevedon Court, for the recovery of my health. At this juncture our circumstances gradually brightened. Mr. Thackeray, my uncle, Mr. Hallam, and other friends interested themselves towards obtaining better preferment for Mr. Brookfield, whose great ability and high character were brought to the notice of Lord Lansdowne, then President of the Council, and head of the Education Department. He appointed Mr. Brookfield to be one of H. M. Inspectors of Schools, an employment which was very congenial to him. Our difficulties were then removed, and we were able to establish ourselves in a comfortable house in Portman Street, to which so many of these letters are addressed.



officers of the 21st, or Royal Scots Fusiliers, in garrison at Canterbury. We went to a barrack room, where we drank about, out of a Silver cup and a glass. I heard such stale old garrison stories. I recognised among the stories many old friends of my youth, very pleasant to meet when one was eighteen, but of whom one is rather shy now. Not so these officers, however; they tell each other the stalest and wickedest old Joe Millers; the jolly grey-headed old majors have no reverence for the beardless ensigns, nor *vice-versa*. I heard of the father and son in the other regiment in garrison at Canterbury, the Slashers if you please, being carried up drunk to bed the night before. Fancy what a life. Some of ours,—I don't mean yours Madam, but I mean mine and others—are not much better, though more civilised.

We went to see the wizard Jacobs at the theatre, he came up in the midst of the entertainment, and spoke across the box to the young officers;—he knows them in private life, they think him a good fellow. He came up and asked them confidentially, if they didn't like a trick he had just performed. "Neat little thing isn't it?" the great Jacobs said, "I brought it over from Paris." They go to his entertainment every night, fancy what a career of pleasure!

A wholesome young Squire with a large brown face and a short waistcoat, came up to us and said, "Sorry you're goin', I have sent up to barracks a great lot o' *rabbuts*." They were of no use, those *rabbuts*; the 21st was to march the next day. I saw the men walking about on the last day, taking leave of their sweethearts, (who will probably be consoled by the Slashers).

I was carried off by my brother-in-law through the rain, to see a great sight, the regimental soup-tureens and dishcovers, before they were put away. "Feel *that*" says he, "William, just feel the weight of that!" I was called upon twice to try the weight of that soup dish, and expressed the very highest gratification at being admitted to that privilege. Poor simple young fellows and old youngsters! I felt ashamed of myself for spying out their follies and fled from them and came off to Dover. It was pouring with rain all day, and I had no opportunity of putting anything into the beautiful new sketch books.

I passed an hour in the Cathedral, which seemed all beautiful to me; the fifteenth Century part, the thirteenth century part, and the crypt above all, which they say is older than the Conquest. The most charming, harmonious, powerful combination of shafts and arches, beautiful whichever way you saw them developed, like a fine music or the figures in a Kaleidoscope, rolling out mysteriously, a beautiful foundation for a beautiful building. I thought how some people's towering intellects and splendid cultivated geniuses rise upon simple, beautiful foundations hidden out of sight, and how this might be a good simile, if I knew of any very good and wise man just now. But I don't know of many, do you?

Part of the Crypt was given up to French Calvinists; and texts from the French Bible of some later sect are still painted on the pillars, surrounded with French ornaments, looking very queer and out of place. So, for the matter of that, do we look queer and out of place in that grand soaring artificial building: we may put a shovel hat on the pinnacle of the steeple, as Omar did a crescent on the peak of the church at Jerusalem; but it does not belong to us, I mean according to the fitness of things. We ought to go to church in a very strong, elegant, beautifully neat room; croziers, and banners, incense, and jimcracks, grand processions of priests and monks (with an inquisition in the distance), and lies, avarice, tyranny, torture, all sorts of horrible and unnatural oppressions and falsehoods kept out of sight; such

a great lot o' rabbits - they were of no use those rabbits, the 21st was to march the next day - I saw the men walking about on the last day taking leave of their sweethearts (who will probably be consoled by the Sleepers) I was carried off by my brother in law Watcyn the 7am to see a great sight - the regimental soup tureens and dish covers before they were put away - 'Feel that' says he, 'William just feel the weight of that' I was called upon twice to try the weight of that soup-dish and expressed the very highest grade of admiration at being admitted to that privilege - Poor simple young fellows and old youngsters! I felt ashamed of myself for walking about spying out their follies: dined fled from them and came off to Canterbury Dover.

a place as this ought to belong to the old religion. How somebody of my acquaintance would like to walk into a beautiful calm confessional and go and kiss the rood or the pavement of a'Becket's shrine. Fancy the church quite full; the altar lined with pontifical gentlemen bobbing up and down; the dear little boys in white and red flinging about the incense pots; the music roaring out from the organs; all the monks and clergy in their stalls, and the archbishop on his throne—O! how fine! And then think of the ✚, of our Lord speaking quite simply to simple Syrian people, a child or two maybe at his knees, as he taught them that love was the truth. Ah! as one thinks of it, how grand that figure looks, and how small all the rest; but I dare say I am getting out of my depth.

I came on hither [to Brussels] yesterday, having passed the day previous at Dover, where it rained incessantly, and where I only had the courage to write the first sentence of this letter, being utterly cast down and more under the influence of blue devils than I ever remember before; but a fine bright sky at five o'clock in the morning, and a jolly brisk breeze, and the ship cutting through the water at fifteen miles an hour, restored cheerfulness to this wearied spirit, and enabled it to partake freely of beefsteak and *pommes-de-terre* at Ostend; after an hour of which amusement, it was time to take the train and come on to Brussels. The country is delightfully well cultivated; all along the line you pass by the most cheerful landscapes with old cities, gardens, cornfields and rustic labour.

At the *table d'hôte* I sat next a French Gentleman and his lady. She first sent away the bread; she then said "*mais, mon ami, ce potage est abominable;*" then she took a piece of pudding on her fork, not to eat, but to smell, after which she sent it away. Experience told me it was a little *grisette* giving herself airs, so I complimented the waiter on the bread, recommended the soup to a man,

and took two portions of the pudding, under her nose.

Then we went (I found a companion, an ardent admirer, in the person of a Manchester merchant) to the play, to see Dejazet, in the "*Gentil Bernard*," of which piece I shall say nothing, but I think it was the wickedest I ever saw, and one of the pleasantest, adorably funny and naughty. As the part (*Gentil Bernard* is a prodigious rake,) is acted by a woman, the reality is taken from it, and one can bear to listen, but such a little rake, such charming impudence, such little songs, such little dresses! She looked as *mignonne* as a china image, and danced, fought, sang and capered, in a way that would have sent Walpole mad could he have seen her.

And now writing has made me hungry, and if you please I will go and breakfast at a Café with lots of newspapers, and garçons bawling out "*Voilà M'sieu*"—how pleasant to think of! The Manchester admirer goes to London to-day and will take this. If you want any more please send me word *Poste Restante* at Spa.

I am going to-day to the Hôtel de la Terrasse, where Becky used to live, and shall pass by Captain Osborn's lodgings, where I recollect meeting him and his little wife—who has married again somebody told me;—but it is always the way with these *grandes passions*—Mrs. Dobbins, or some such name, she is now; always an over-rated woman, I thought. How curious it is! I believe perfectly in all those people, and feel quite an interest in the Inn in which they lived.

Good bye, my dear gentleman and lady, and let me hear the latter is getting well.

W. M. T.

HÔTEL DES PAYS BAS, SPA.

August 1st to 5th. 1848.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

Whoever you may be who receive these lines,—for unless I receive a letter from the person whom I privately mean, I shall send them post-paid to somebody else,—I have the pleasure to inform you, that on yesterday, the 30th, at 7 A.M., I left Brussels, with which I was much pleased, and not a little tired, and arrived quite safe per railroad and *diligence* at the watering place of Spa. I slept a great deal in the coach, having bought a book at Brussels to amuse me, and having for companions, three clergymen (of the deplorable Romish faith) with large idolatrous three-cornered hats, who read their breviaries all the time I was awake, and I have no doubt gave utterance to their damnable Popish opinions when the stranger's ears were closed; and lucky for the priests that I was so situated, for speaking their language a great deal better than they do themselves (being not only image-worshippers but Belgians, whose jargon is as abominable as their superstition) I would have engaged them in a controversy, in which I daresay they would have been utterly confounded by one who had the Thirty-nine Articles of truth on his side. Their hats could hardly get out of the coach door when they quitted the carriage, and one of them, when he took off his, to make a parting salute to the company, quite extinguished a little passenger.

We arrived at Spa at two o'clock, and being driven on the top of the *diligence* to two of the principal hotels, they would not take me in as I had only a little portmanteau, or at least only would offer me a servant's bedroom. These miserable miscreants did not see by my appearance that I was not a flunkey, but on the contrary, a great and popular author; and I intend to have two fine pictures painted when I return to England, of the landlord of the Hôtel d'Orange refusing a bed-chamber to the celebrated Titmarsh, and of the proprietor of the Hôtel d'York, offering Jeames a second-floor back closet. Poor misguided people! It was on the 30th July 1848. The first thing I did after *at length* securing a *handsome* apartment at the Hôtel des Pays Bas, was to survey the town and partake of a glass of water at the Pouhon well, where the late Peter the Great, the imperator of the Bo-Russians appears also to have drunk; so that two great men at least have refreshed themselves at that fountain. I was next conducted to the baths, where a splendid concert of wind and stringed instruments was performed under my window, and many hundreds of gentle-

folks of all nations were congregated in the public walk, no doubt to celebrate my arrival. They are so polite however at this place of elegant ease, that they didn't take the least notice of the Illustrious Stranger, but allowed him to walk about quite unmolested and, (to all appearance) unremarked. I went to the *table d'hôte* with perfect affability, just like an ordinary person; an *ordinary* person at the *table d'hôte*, mark the pleasantry. If that joke doesn't make your sides ache, what, my dear friend, can move you? We had a number of good things, fifteen or sixteen too many I should say. I was myself obliged to give in at about the twenty-fifth dish; but there was a Flemish lady near me, a fair blue-eyed being, who carried on long after the English author's meal was concluded, and who said at dinner to-day, (when she beat me by at least treble the amount of victuals) that she was languid and tired all day, and an invalid, so weak and delicate that she could not walk. "No wonder," thought an observer of human nature, who saw her eating a second supply of lobster salad, which she introduced with her knife, "no wonder, my blue-eyed female, that you are ill, when you take such a preposterous quantity of nourishment;" but as the waters of this place are eminently ferruginous, I presume that she used the knife in question for the purpose of taking steel with her dinner. The subject I feel is growing painful, and we will, if you please, turn to more delicate themes.

I retired to my apartment at seven, with the same book which I had purchased, and which sent me into a second sleep until ten when it was time to go to rest. At eight I was up and stirring, at 8.30 I was climbing the brow of a little mountain which overlooks this pretty town, and whence, from among firs and oaks, I could look down upon the spires of the church, and the roofs of the Redoute, and the principal and inferior buildings and the vast plains, and hills beyond, topped in many places with pine woods, and covered with green crops and yellow corn. Had I a friend to walk hand in hand with, him or her, on these quiet hills, the promenade methinks might be pleasant. I thought of many such as I paced among the rocks and shrubberies. Breakfast succeeded that solitary, but healthy reverie, when coffee and eggs were served to the Victim of Sentiment. Sketch-book in hand, the individual last alluded to set forth in quest of objects suitable for his pencil. But it is more respectful to Nature to look at her and gaze with pleasure, rather than to sit down with pert assurance, and begin to take her portrait. A man who persists in sketching, is like one who insists on singing during the performance of an opera. What business has he to be trying his stupid voice? He is not there to imitate, but to admire to the best of his power. Thrice the rain came down and drove me away from my foolish endeavours, as I was making the most abominable caricatures of pretty, quaint cottages, shaded by huge ancient trees.

In the evening was a fine music at the Redoute, which being concluded, those who had a mind were free to repair to a magnificent neighbouring saloon, superbly lighted, where a great number of persons were assembled amusing themselves, round two tables covered with green cloth and ornamented with a great deal of money. They were engaged at a game which seems very simple; one side of the table is marked red and the other black, and you have but to decide which of the red or the black you prefer, and if the colour you choose is turned up on the cards, which a gentleman deals, another gentleman opposite to him gives you five francs, or a napoleon or whatever sum of money you have thought fit to bet upon your favourite colour.

But if your colour loses, then he takes your napoleon. This he did, I am sorry to say, to me twice, and as I thought this was enough, I came home and wrote a letter, full of nonsense to—

[*August* 11th]

My Dear Mrs. Brookfield:

You see how nearly you were missing this delightful letter, for upon my word I had packed it up small and was going to send it off in a rage to somebody else, this very day, to a young lady whom some people think over-rated very likely,

or to some deserving person, when, *O gioja e felicità* (I don't know whether that is the way to spell *gioja*, but rather pique myself on the g) when O! *bonheur suprême*, the waiter enters my door at 10 o'clock this morning, just as I had finished writing page seven of PENDENNIS, and brings me the *Times* newspaper and a beautiful thick 2/4 letter, in a fine large hand. I eagerly seized—the newspaper, (ha ha! I had somebody

Drawing by Thackeray in water colour and pencil (Mrs. Brookfield).

there) and was quickly absorbed in its contents. The news from Ireland is of great interest and importance, and we may indeed return thanks that the deplorable revolution and rebellion, which everybody anticipated in that country, has been averted in so singular, I may say unprecedented a manner. How pitiful is the figure cut by Mr. Smith O'Brien, and indeed by Popery altogether! &c. &c.

One day is passed away here very like its defunct predecessor. I have not lost any more money at the odious gambling table, but go and watch the players there with a great deal of interest. There are ladies playing—young and pretty ones too. One is very like a lady I used to know, a curate's wife in a street off Golden Square, *whatdyoucallit* street, where the pianoforte maker lives; and I daresay this person is puzzled why I always go and stare at her so. She has her whole soul in the pastime, puts out her five-franc pieces in the most timid way, and watches them disappear under the *croupier's* rake with eyes so uncommonly sad and tender, that I feel inclined to go up to her and say "Madam, you are exceedingly like a lady, a curate's wife whom I once knew, in England, and as I take an interest in you, I wish you would get out of this place as quick as you can, and take your beautiful eyes off the black and red." But I suppose it would be thought rude if I were to make any such statement and —Ah! what do I remember? There's no use in sending off this letter to-day, this is Friday, and it cannot be delivered on Sunday in a Protestant metropolis. There was no use in hurrying home from Lady ———, (Never mind, it is only an Irish baronet's wife, who tries to disguise her Limerick brogue, but the fact is she has an exceedingly pretty daughter), I say there was no use in hurrying home so as to get this off by the post.

Yesterday I didn't know a soul in this place, but got in the course of the day a neat note from a lady who had the delight of an introduction to me at D-v-nsh-re House, and who proposed tea in the most flattering manner. Now, I know a French duke and duchess, and at least six of the most genteel persons in Spa, and some of us are going out riding in a few minutes, the rain having cleared off, the sky being bright, and

the surrounding hills and woods looking uncommonly green and tempting.

. . . . .

A pause of two hours is supposed to have taken place since the above was written. A gentleman enters, as if from horseback, into the room No. 32 *of the Hotel des Pays Bas, looking on to the fountain in the Grande Place. He divests himself of a part of his dress, which has been spattered with mud during an arduous but delightful ride over commons, roads, woods, nay, mountains. He curls his hair in the most killing manner, and prepares to go out to dinner. The purple shadows are falling on the Grande Place, and the roofs of the houses looking westward are in a flame. The clock of the old church strikes six. It is the appointed hour; he gives one last glance at the looking-glass, and his last thought is for*—(*see page* 4—*last three words.*)

The dinner was exceedingly stupid, I very nearly fell asleep by the side of the lady of the house. It was all over by nine o'clock, half an hour before Payne comes to fetch you to bed, and I went to the gambling house and lost two napoleons more. May this be a warning to all dissipated middle-aged persons. I have just got two new novels from the library by Mr. Fielding; the one is *Amelia*, the most delightful portrait of a woman that surely ever was painted; the other is *Joseph Andrews*, which gives me no particular pleasure, for it is both coarse and careless, and the author makes an absurd brag of his twopenny learning, upon which he values himself evidently more than upon the best of his own qualities. Good night, you see I am writing to you as if I was talking. It is but ten o'clock, and yet it seems quite time here to go to bed. . . . .

I have got a letter from Annie, so clever, humourous and wise, that it is fit to be printed in a book. As for Miss Jingleby, I admire her pretty face and manners more than her singing, which is very nice, and just what a lady's should be, but I believe my heart is not engaged in that quarter. Why there is six times as much writing in my letter as in yours! you ought to send me ever so many pages if bargains were equal between the male and female, but they never are. There is a prince here who is seventy-two years of age and wears frills to his trowsers.

What if I were to pay my bill and go off this minute to the Rhine? It would be better to see that than these genteel dandies here. I don't care about the beauties of the Rhine any more, but it is always pleasant and friendly. There is no reason why I should not sleep at Bonn to-night, looking out on the Rhine opposite Drachenfels—that is the best way of travelling surely, never to know where you are going until the moment and fate say "go." Who knows? By setting off at twelve o'clock, something may happen to alter the whole course of my life? perhaps I may meet with some beautiful creature who . . . But then it is such a bore, packing up those shirts. I wonder whether anybody will write to me *poste restante* at Homburg, near Frankfort-on-the-Maine? And if you would kindly send a line to Annie at Captain Alexander's, Montpellier Road, Twickenham, telling her to write to me there and not at Brussels, you would add, Madame, to the many obligations you have already conferred on

Your most faithful servant,

W. M. THACKERAY.

I have made a dreadful dumpy little letter, but an envelope would cost $^1/_2$ more. I don't like to say anything disrespectful of Dover, as you are going there, but it seemed awfully stupid. May I come and see you as I pass through? A line at the Ship for me would not fail to bring me.

21 August. [1848] Home.

[*To Mr. Brookfield.*]

MY DEAR OLD B.:

I am just come back and execute my first vow, which was to tell you on landing that there is a certain bath near Minden, and six hours from Cologne by the railway (so that people may go all the way at their ease) where all sorts of complaints—including of course yours, all and several, are to be cured. The bath is Rehda, station Rehda. Dr. Sutro of the London German Hospital, knows all about it. I met an acquaintance just come thence, (a Mrs. Brace-

bridge and her *mari*) who told me of it. People are ground young there—a young physician has been cured of far gone tubercles in the lungs ; maladies of languor, rheumatism, liver complaints, all sorts of wonders are performed there, especially female wonders.

Y not take Madame there, go, drink, bathe, and be cured? Y not go there as well as anywhere else this summer season? Y not come up and see this German doctor, or ask Bullar to write to him? Do, my dear old fellow; and I will vow a candle to honest Horne's chapel if you are cured. Did the Vienna beer in which I drank your health, not do you any good? God bless you, my dear Brookfield, and believe that I am always affectionately yours,

W. M. T.

[1848.]

My dear Mrs. Brookfield:

Now that it is over and irremediable I am thinking with a sort of horror of a bad joke in the last number of *Vanity Fair*, which may perhaps annoy some body whom I wouldn't wish to displease. Amelia is represented as having a lady's maid, and the lady's maid's name is Payne. I laughed when I wrote it, and thought that it was good fun, but now, who knows whether you and Payne and everybody won't be angry, and in fine, I am in a great tremor. The only way will be, for you I fear to change Payne's name to her Christian one. Pray don't be angry if you are, and forgive me if I have offended. You know you are only a piece of Amelia, my mother is another half, my poor little wife—*y est pour beaucoup*.

and I am

Yours most sincerely

W. M. Thackeray

I hope you will write to say that you forgive me.

October 1848.

13 Young Street, Kensington.

My Dear Lady Brookfield:

I wrote you a letter three nights ago in the French language, describing my disappointment at not having received any news of you. Those which I had from Mrs. Turpin were not good, and it would have been a pleasure to your humble servant to have had a line. Mr. William dined with the children good-naturedly on Sunday, when I was yet away at Brighton.

Drawing by Thackeray of Mrs. Brookfield and her Two Maids.

My parents are not come yet, the old gentleman having had an attack of illness to which he is subject; but they promised to be with me on Tuesday, some day next week I hope. I virtuously refused three invitations by this day's post, and keep myself in readiness to pass the first two or three evenings on my Papa's lap.

That night I wrote to you the French letter, I wrote one to Miss Brandauer, the governess, warning her off. I didn't send either. I have a great mind to send yours though, it is rather funny, though I daresay with plenty of mistakes,

and written by quite a different man, to the Englishman who is yours respectfully. A language I am sure would change a man; so does a handwriting. I am sure if I wrote to you in this hand, and adopted it for a continuance, my disposition and sentiments would alter and all my views of life. I tried to copy, not now but the other day, a letter Miss Procter showed me from her uncle, in a commercial hand, and found myself after three pages quite an honest, regular, stupid, commercial man; such is sensibility and the mimetic faculty in some singularly organized beings. How many people are you? You are Dr. Packman's Mrs. B, and Mrs. Jackson's Mrs. B, and Ah! you are my Mrs. B. you know you are now, and quite different to us all, and you are your sister's Mrs. B. and Miss Wynne's, and you make gentle fun of us all round to your private B. and offer us up to make him sport. You see I am making you out to be an Ogre's wife, and poor William the Ogre, to whom you serve us up cooked for dinner. Well, stick a knife into me, here is my *busam;* I won't cry out, you poor Ogre's wife, I know you are good natured and soft-hearted *au fond.*

I have been re-reading the *Hoggarty Diamond* this morning; upon my word and honour, if it doesn't make you cry, I shall have a mean opinion of you. It was written at a time of great affliction, when my heart was very soft and humble. Amen. *Ich habe auch viel geliebt.*

Why shouldn't I start off this instant for the G. W. Station and come and shake hands, and ask your family for some dinner; I should like it very much. Well, I am looking out of the window to see if the rain will stop, or give me an excuse for not going to Hatton to the Chief Baron's. I won't go—that's a comfort.

I am writing to William to ask him to come and dine to-morrow, we will drink your health if he comes. I should like to take another sheet and go on tittle-tattling, it drops off almost as fast as talking. I fancy you lying on the sofa, and the boy outside, walking up and down the oss. But I wont. To-morrow is Sunday. Good bye, dear lady, and believe me yours in the most friendly manner.

W. M. T.

[*Reply to an invitation to dinner, a few days later.*]

Had I but ten minutes sooner
Got your hospitable line,
'Twould have been delight and honour
With a gent like you to dine;—
But my word is passed to others,
Fitz, he is engagëd too:
Agony my bosom smothers,
As I write adieu, adieu!

[*Lines sent in a note of about this date.*]

I was making this doggerel instead of writing my *Punch* this morning, shall I send *it or no?*

'Tis one o'clock, the boy from *Punch* is sitting in the passage here,
It used to be the hour of lunch at Portman Street, near Portman Squeer.
O! stupid little printers' boy, I cannot write, my head is queer,
And all my foolish brains employ in thinking of a lady dear.
It was but yesterday, and on my honest word it seems a year—
As yet that person was not gone, as yet I saw that lady dear—
She's left us now, my boy, and all this town, this life, is blank and drear.
Thou printers' devil in the hall, didst ever see my lady dear,
You'd understand, you little knave, I think, if you could only see her,
Why now I look so glum and grave for losing of this lady dear.
A lonely man I am in life, my business is to joke and jeer,
A lonely man without a wife, God took from me a lady dear.
A friend I had, and at his side,—the story dates from seven long year—
One day I found a blushing bride, a tender lady kind and dear!
They took me in, they pitied me, they gave me kindly words and cheer,
A kinder welcome who shall see, than yours, O, friend and lady dear?

The rest is wanting.

1848.

[*To Mr. Brookfield.*]

My dear Vieux:

When I came home last night I found a beautiful opera ticket for this evening,

and saw the most beautiful pair of embroidered slippers, worked for a lady at

Clevedon Court.*

whose feet . . . ; and I begin more and more to think Adelaide Procter, an uncommonly nice, dear, good girl. Old Dilke of the *Athenæum*, vows that Procter and his wife, between them, wrote *Jane Eyre*, and when I protest ignorance, says, "Pooh! you know who wrote it, you are the deepest rogue in England, &c." I wonder whether it can be true? It is just possible, and then what a singular circumstance is the ✚ fire of the two dedications.† *O! Mon Dieu!* but I wish *Pendennis* were better.

As if I had not enough to do, I have begun to blaze away in the *Chronicle*

again: its an awful bribe—that five guineas an article. After I saw you on Sunday I did actually come back straight, on the omnibus. I have been to the Cider Cellars since again to hear the man sing about going to be hanged, I have had a headache afterwards, I have drawn, I have written, I have distracted my mind with healthy labor. Now wasn't this much better than plodding about with you in heavy boots amidst fields and woods? But unless you come back, and as soon as my work is done, I thought a day or two would be pleasantly spent in your society, if the house of Clevedon admits of holding any more.

Does Harry Hallam go out with dog and gun? I should like to come and see him shoot, and in fact, get up field sports through him and others. Do you remark all that elaborate shading, the shot &c., ? All that has been done to while away the time until the dinner's ready, and upon my conscience I believe it is very near come. Yes, it is 6½. If Mrs. Parr is at Clevedon, present the

* Clevedon Court, Somersetshire, often referred to in these letters, and already mentioned in the note p. 389, the home of Sir Charles Elton, Mrs. Brookfield's father.

Clevedon Court dates from the reign of Edward II. (1307 to 1327), and though added to and altered in Elizabeth's time, the original plan can be clearly traced and much of the 14th Century work is untouched. The manor of Clevedon passed into the hands of the Eltons in 1709, the present possessor being Sir Edmund Elton, 8th Baronet.

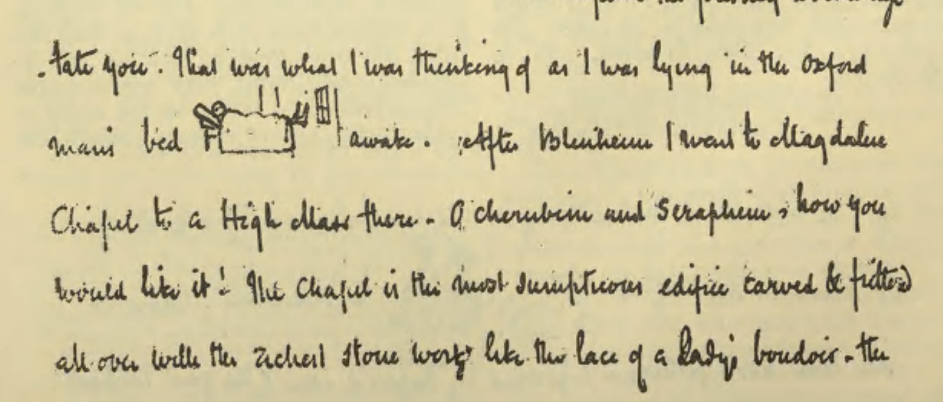
The manor-house is the original of Castlewood in *Esmond*.

† *Jane Eyre* to Thackeray, *Vanity Fair* to Barry Cornwall.

subjects are taken from the loves of those extraordinary gods and goddesses, mentioned in Lemprière's Dictionary,—and we walked in the park, with much profit; surveying the great copper-coloured trees, and the glum old bridge and pillar and Rosamond's Well; and the queer, grand, ugly but magnificent house, a piece of splendid barbarism, yet grand and imposing somehow, like a chief raddled over with war-paint, and attired with careful hideousness. Well, I can't make out the simile on paper, though it's in my own mind pretty clear. What you would have liked best was the chapel dedicated to God and the Duke of Marlborough. The monument to the latter, occupies the whole place, almost, so that the former is quite secondary. O! what comes? It was the scout who brought me your letter, and I am very much obliged to you for it. . . .

I was very sorry indeed to hear that you have been ill—I was afraid the journey would agitate you, that was what I was thinking of as I was lying in the Oxford man's bed awake.

After Blenheim I went to Magdalen Chapel to a High Mass there. O cherubim and seraphim, how you would like it! The chapel is the most sumptuous edifice, carved and frittered all over with the richest stone-work like the lace of a lady's boudoir. The windows are fitted with pictures of the saints painted in a grey colour,—real Catholic saints, male and female I mean, so that I wondered how they got there; and this makes a sort of rich twilight in the church, which is lighted up by a multitude of wax candles in gold sconces, and you say your prayers in carved stalls wadded with velvet cushions. They have a full chorus of boys, some two dozen I should think, who sing quite ravishingly. It is a sort of perfection of sensuous gratification; children's voices charm me so, that they set all my sensibilities into a quiver; do they you? I am sure they do. These pretty brats with sweet innocent voices and white robes, sing quite celestially;—no, not celestially, for I don't believe it is devotion at all, but a high delight out of which one comes, not impurified I hope, but with a thankful pleased gentle frame of mind. I suppose I have a great faculty of enjoyment. At Clevedon I had gratification in looking at trees, landscapes, effects of shine and shadow &c., which made that dear old Inspector who walked with me, wonder. Well there can be no harm in this I am sure. What a shame it is to go on bragging about what is after all sheer roaring good health for the most part; and now I am going to breakfast. Good bye. I have been lionising the town ever since, and am come home quite tired. I have breakfasted here, lunched at Christ Church, seen Merton, and All Souls with Norman Macdonald, where there is a beautiful library and a boar's head in the kitchen, over which it was good to see Norman's eyes gloating; and it being All Saints' day, I am going to chapel here, where they have also a very good music I am told.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all over with the richest stone work like the lace of a Lady's boudoir. The

shine to-morrow upon this infinitesimal speck of creation, and under which I shall read, please God, a letter from my kindest Lady and friend. About my future state I don't know; I leave it in the disposal of the awful Father,—but for to-day I thank God that I can love you, and that you yonder and others besides are thinking of me with a tender regard. Hallelujah may be greater in degree than this, but not in kind, and countless ages of stars may be blazing infinitely, but you and I have a right to rejoice and believe in our little part and to trust in to-day as in tomorrow. God bless my dear lady and her husband. I hope you are asleep now, and I must go too, for the candles are just winking out.

Thursday. I am glad to see among the new inspectors, in the Gazette in this morning's papers, my old acquaintance Longueville Jones, an excellent, worthy, lively, accomplished fellow, whom I like the better because he flung up his fellow and tutorship at Cambridge in order to marry on nothing a year. We worked in Galignani's newspaper for ten francs a day, very cheerfully ten years ago, since when he has been a schoolmaster, taken pupils or bid for them, and battled manfully with fortune. William will be sure to like him, I think, he is so honest, and cheerful. I have sent off my letter to Lady Ashburton this morning, ending with some pretty phrases about poor old C. B. whose fate affects me very much, so much that I feel as if I were making my will and getting ready to march too. Well ma'am, I have as good a right to presentiments as you have, and to sickly fancies and despondencies; but I should like to see before I die, and think of it daily more and more, the commencement of Jesus Christ's christianism in the world, where I am sure people may be made a hundred times happier than by its present forms, Judaism, asceticism, Bullarism. I wonder will He come again and tell it us. We are taught to be ashamed of our best feelings all our life. I don't want to blubber upon everybody's shoulders; but to have a good will for all, and a strong, very strong regard for a few, which I shall not be ashamed to own to them. . . . It is near upon three o'clock, and I am getting rather anxious about the post from Southampton *via* London. Why, if it doesn't come in, you won't get any letter to-morrow, no, nothing—and I made so sure. Well, I will try and go to work, it is only one more little drop. God bless you, dear lady. . . . .

. . . *Friday.* I have had a good morning's work and at two o'clock comes your letter; dear friend, thank you. What a coward I was, I will go and walk and be happy for an hour, it is a grand frosty sunshine. Tomorrow morning early back to London.

31 January, 1849

Ship, Dover.

Just before going away.

How long is it since I have written to you in my natural handwriting? . . . I am so far on my way to Paris, Meurice's Hotel, Rue de Rivoli. . . . I had made up my mind to this great, I may say decisive step, when I came to see you on Saturday, before you went to Hither Green. I didn't go to the Sterling, as it was my last day, and due naturally to the family. We went to bed at half past nine o'clock. To-day I went round on a circuit of visits, including Turpin at your house. It seems as if I was going on an ever so long journey. Have you any presentiments? I know some people who have. Thank you for your note of this morning, and my dear old William for his regard for me; try you and conserve the same. . . . There is a beautiful night, and I am going by Calais. Here, with a step on the steaming vessel,

I am, affectionately yours,

W. M. T.

Meurice's Hotel, Rivoli Street,

Paris. [*Feb:* 1849.]

If you please, I am come home very tired and sleepy from the Opera, where my friend Rothschild gave me a place in his box. There was a grand *ballet* of which I could not understand one word, that is one *pas*, for not a word was

more absurd than what they pretend to copy. The Archbishop had a wig only the other day, though not quite such a wig as this; the chiefs of the police came in with oilskin hats, policemen's coats quite correct, and white tights and silk stockings, which made me laugh so, that the people in the stalls next me didn't know what I was at! But the parody was in fine prodigious, and will afford matter to no end of penny-a-line speculation. . . . I sit in my little snug room and say God bless you and Mr. Williams. Here is near four pages of Pendennis. . . .

April, 10th. 1849.

My Dear Persons.—After lying in bed until you had reached Clifton, exceeding melancholy from want of sleep, (induced by no romantic inward feeling but by other causes much more material and vulgar, viz., late smoking, etc., previous nights) shall I tell you what it was dissipated my blue devils? As I was going toward London the postman stopped me in the street and asked me if I would take my letters, which he handed to me:—one was an opera-box which I sent off to Mrs. M. for to morrow; and one was a letter from an attorney demanding instantly £112 for that abominable Irish Railway; and in presence of this real calamity all the sentimental ones vanished straight. I began to think how I must raise the money,—how I must go to work, nor be shilly-shallying any longer; and with this real care staring me in the face I began to forget imaginary grievances and to think about going to work immediately; and how for the next 3 months I must screw and save in order to pay off the money. And this is the way, M'am, that the grim duties of the world push the soft feelings aside; we've no time to be listening to *their* little meek petitions and tender home prattle in presence of the imperative Duty who says "Come, come, no more of this here,—get to work, Mister"—and so we go and join the working gang, behind which Necessity marches cracking his whip. This metaphor has not been worked so completely as it might be, but it means that I am resolved to go to work directly. So being determined on this I went off at once to the Star and Garter at Richmond and dined with those 2 nice women and their husbands, viz, the Strutts and Romillys. We had every sort of luxury for dinner, and afterwards talked about Vanity Fair and Pendennis almost incessantly (though I declare I led away the conversation at least 10 times, but they would come back) so that the evening was uncommonly pleasant. Once, twice, thrice, it came into my head—I wonder what those people at Clifton are doing; I would give 2/6 to be with them; but in the mean while it must be confessed, the Star and Garter is not bad. These ladies are handsome and good, and clever, and kind; that solicitor general talks with great pleasantness; and so I came home in a fly with an old gentleman who knew Sir S. Romilly, and we talked of the dark end of that history of a very good and wise man, and how he adored his wife (it was her death which caused his suicide), and how his son was equally attached to his own, of whose affection for her husband my informer gave many pretty instances. This conversation brought me to Kensington, where after thinking about the £112 a little, and a little more about some friends of mine whom I pray God to make happy, I fell into a great big sleep—from which I wake at this present 8 o'clock in the morning to say Bon jour, Madame. Where do you think this is wrote from? From an attorney's office, Old Jewry. The Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, their coaches and footmen, in gold and silk stockings, have just passed in a splendid procession through the mud and pouring rain. I have been to the bankers to see how much money I have got. I have got £120; I owe £112; from £120 take £112, leaves 8 for the rest of the month. Isn't that pleasant? Well, but I know how to raise some;—the bankers say I may over-draw. Things isn't so bad.

But now, (this is from the Garrick Club) now I say for the wonderful wonder of wonders. There is a chance for Mr. Williams such as he little looked for. EMMA is free. The great Catastrophe has happened—last night she and her mother fled from the infamous R. and

took refuge at Mrs. Procter's* where they had Adelaide's and Agnes' beds—who went and slept with Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmid next door. Mr. and Mrs. P. called at Kensington at 11 o'clock and brought the news. R. had treated his wife infamously; R. had assailed her with the most brutal language and outrages; —that innocent woman Madame G——, poor thing, who meddled with nothing and remained all day in her own garret so as to give no trouble, was flung out of the house by him—indeed only stayed in order to protect her daughter's life. The brute refused to allow the famous picture to be exhibited —in fact is a mad-man and a ruffian. Procter and I went off to make peace, and having heard R.'s story, I believe that he has been more wronged than they.

The mother in-law is at the bottom of the mischief. It was she who made the girl marry R., and, the marriage made, she declined leaving her daughter; in fact, the poor devil, who has a bad temper, a foolish head—an immense vanity —has been victimised by the women and I pity him a great deal more than them. O! what a comedy it would make! but the separation I suppose is final, and it will be best for both parties. It will end no doubt in his having to pay a 4th of his income for the pleasure of being a month married to her, and she will be an angelic martyr, &c. I wonder whether you will give me a luncheon on Thursday. I might stop for 2 hours on my way to Taunton and make you my hand-shake. This would be very nice. I thought of writing to Mrs. Elton and offering myself, but I should like first to have the approval of Mr. Williams, for after all, I am not an indifferent person but claim to rank as the Afft. brother of both of you.

W. M. T.

[*April*, 1849.]

Fragment.

Yesterday's wasn't a letter, you know, ma'am; and I am so tired now of penmanship, that I don't think I shall be able to get through one. I wish you were on the sofa in Portman Street, and that I could go and lie down on the opposite one and fall asleep. Isn't that a polite wish? Well, I am so beat that I ought to go to bed, and not inflict my yawns upon anyone; but I can't begin snoring yet. I am waiting at the Club, till the printer's boy brings the proofs of No. 7,* which is all done; there are two new women in it, not like anybody that you know or I know; your favourite Major appears rather in an amiable light, I don't know whether it is good or bad. The latter probably. Well, it is done, that's a comfort. . . .

I am going to dine with Lady Davy again, but Friday shall be a happy Friday for me, and on Saturday, when you go to Oxbridge, I shall console myself by a grand dinner at the Royal Academy, if you please, to which they have invited me, on a great card like a tea-tray. That's a great honour, none but bishops, purchasers, and other big-wigs are asked. I daresay I shall have to make an impromptu speech. Shall I come to rehearse it to you on Friday? I was going to send you a letter t'other day from a sculptor who wants to make my bust; think of that! . . .

Here is wonderful Spring weather come, and the leaves are sprouting and all the birds chirping melojoyously.

I daresay you are driving by Severn's Shore, now; then you will listen after dinner to Captain Budd on the German flute; then I daresay you will sing, after a great deal of blushing and hesitation. Is Mrs. Tidy jealous of you? I daresay she thinks you are overrated, and wonders what people see in you. So do I. . . .

Tomorrow me and Annie and Minnie are going to buy a new *gownd* for Granny, who wants it very much. Those old folks project a tour to Switzerland in the Summer, did I tell you? And my mother cannot part with the children, who must go too. Where shall I go? . . .

Here comes the proof;—shall I send this letter now or wait till tomorrow, and have something to say? perhaps I shall see William tonight. I am going to

* Mrs. Procter, the wife of the well-known poet, Barry Cornwall,—herself a most accomplished woman.—Even now at 84 years of age she retains the brilliant powers of conversation for which she was always celebrated. She was always a faithful friend to Mr. Thackeray, who had a sincere regard for her. Mrs. Procter was the mother of Adelaide, who so largely inherited her father's poetic powers.

* Pendennis.